This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

18421.40

FROM THE BRIGHT LEGACY.

Received 3 June, 1884.

Descendants of Henry Bright, jr., who died at Watertown, Mass., in 1685, are entitled to hold scholarships in Harvard College, established in 1815 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

of Waltham, Mass., with one half the income of this Legacy. Such descendants failing, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

EDITED BY HIS SON

EDWIN ELLIOTT

Rector of St. John's, Antigua

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION

TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON

1876

JUN 6 1884

[*The rights of Translation and of Reproduction are reserved.*]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
Hymn	3
The Primrose	4
Spenserian	6
Spring	6
A Shadow	7
Anticipation	9
Preston Mills	9
Famine in a Slave Ship	11
The Dying Boy to the Sloe Blossom	13
The Wonders of the Lane	17
Sleep	21
The Fatal Birth	22
Epigram	22
Transplanted Flowers	23
Spenserian	24
Spenserian	24
Hymn	25
The Excursion	27
Song	31
Spenserian	32
May	32
The Polish Fugitives	34
Spenserian	37
Spenserian	37
Spenserian	38
Spenserian	38
Come and Gone	39
A Thunder Storm in Winter	43
Prologue to the Corn Law Rhymes	44

PAGE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, *continued*—

From Goethe 45
Canning 45
Forest Worship 46
A Song in Exile 48
On an Original Sketch, drawn with a Pencil on a Wall, by my Son Francis 50
Song 51
To the Bramble Flower 52
Spenserian 54
Thomas 54
Bigotry 57
Don and Rother 58
Funeral Hymn 62
Flowers for the Heart 64
To Fanny 65
A Poet's Epitaph 66
Epigram 67
The Death-hunted 67
Lines written after seeing the Plates of Audubon's Birds of America 69
Elegy on William Cobbett 70
Lines on seeing unexpectedly a New Church, while walking in Old-Park Wood 73
Ribbledin; or, The Christening 74
The Maltby Yews 78
Burns 80
The Tricolor Cross 82
The Pilgrim Fathers 83
A Glimpse of the Future 85
The Ballot 86
Roch Abbey Gateway 88
Leaves and Men 89
William 91
Song 94
Song 96
Footpaths 97
To Hofland, the Artist 98

PAGE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, *continued*—

On a Heartless Slanderer 98
Epigram 99
A Poet 99
The Sinless Cain 101
Epistle to G. C. Holland, M.D. 106
The Broken Heart 108
Saturday 109
Holiday 111
Song 112
Rub or Rust 114
The Home of Taste 115
The Summer-house 116
Song 118
Song 119
Song 120
Song 121
The Winter Speedwell 122
A Ghost at Noon 123
Song 124
Song 125
He Went 126
He Wrote 127
He Came 129
On the Death of Earl Fitzwilliam 130
Sabbath Morning 131
Taste 132
The Woodbines of June 133
The Rejected 134
Rainbowed May 136
The Spirit of the First Emigrant 137
Hannah Ratcliffe 138
The Way Broad-Leaf 140
Prologue to Wat Tyler 141
Song 143
Coronation Ode 144
Verses on the Opening of the Sheffield and Rotherham Railway 146

PAGE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, *continued*—

Hymn 150
Trafalgar 151
Hymn 154
Lines written for the Sheffield Mechanics' First Exhibition 156
Hymn: "Lord! to the rose thy light and air" . . . 159
Hymn: "The present, future, past" 161
Hymn: "Wrong not the labouring poor" 163
Hymn: "Lord! not for vengeance" 164
Hymn: The unwritten word 164
Epitaph: "Here lies the man" 166
Epitaph: "Greater than Colon" 167
Epigram: "Prepare to meet" 167
Colonel Thompson in Palace Yard 168
Pelham 168
Inscription 169
Ann 169
Epigram 170
Written with a Pencil in Dartfield Churchyard . . . 170
Epigram 171
Steam in the Desert 171
Grace before Meat 172
Grace after Meat 172
Epitaph on a Skilful Workman 173
He is not Here 173
Beware of Dogmas 174
Who hath a Devil? 175
Let me Rest 175
British Rural Cottages in 1842 177
Epigram 177
Young England 178
Epigram 178
Poor Charles 179
On a Rose in December 180
War 180
Sonnet on a Pair of Spectacles 180
To Fanny Ann 181

PAGE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, *continued*—

Law 182
Monody on John Keats 182
To a Lady 183
To Wed, or not to Wed 184
Not for Nought 185
Thomas Hobbes in 1651 186
Adam Smith, 1766 186
Turgot in 1774 186
Song: "They say I'm old" 187
Oh! tell us 188
Religion 188
Sonnet 189
Epigram 190
Sonnet: "John" 190
Sonnet: "Some famous authors" 191
Take *v.* Give 191
Sonnet: "From cloud-swept Snowgate" 192
On the Coronation of Victoria the First 193
Farewell to Rivilin 194
The Dead are Living 195
A Coward's Blow 196
Ivy 197
Epitaph on an Active Tradesman 197
Epigram 198
Written after Reading Goethe's Faust 198
Epitaph 199
Woman 199
Lent and Lost 200
Land 201
Epigram 202
The People's Anthem 202
Love Strong in Death 204
To Thomas Lister 206
Bully Idle's Prayer 208
Hymn: "Still for rest on Sabbath day" 209
Will it Rain? 209
Good Men's Graves 210

PAGE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, *continued*—

Young Poet's Plaint 211
Artisan's Outdoor Hymn 211
The Poor Man's Day 213
Hymn: "To live in vain!" 215
Prayer 216
The Imitated Lane 216
Ode on the Marriage of Victoria the First . . . 217
The Sun's Bird 220
Scotsmen to Scotland 221
Erin, a Dirge for April, 1847 224

RHYMED RAMBLES--

PART I.

To G. C. Holland, M.D. 227
Powers of the Sonnet 227
Eugene Aram 228
Plumpton 229
Bolton Abbey 230
The Vicarage 230
Poet *v.* Parson 231
Brimham Rocks 232
Trees at Brimham 232
Rock Idol at Brimham 233
Studley 234
Criticism 234
Fountains Abbey 235
Parting Tears 236
Return to Sheffield 237

PART II.

To Thomas Lister 238
The Chained Eagle 240
Castle Howard 241
The Three Marys at Castle Howard in 1812 and 1837 . 242
Walkley 243
Words and Things 244

PAGE

RHYMED RAMBLES, *continued*—

Mausoleum at Wentworth 244
Wentworth House 245
Portrait at Wentworth 246
Bust and Portrait at Wentworth 246
Thryberg 247
Prospect from Thryberg 248
Retrospection 249
Roch Abbey 250

PART III.

To Elizabeth 252
Cloudless Stanage 254
Noon on Great Kinder 254
To Thomas Crossley 256
A Dream 256
Conisborough Castle 258
Notes to Rhymed Rambles 261

LYRICS FOR MY DAUGHTERS—

Song 263
Song 264
Chant 265
Song 265
Song 266
Song 267
Song 268
Plaint 270

THE YEAR OF SEEDS (1848) 272

BALLADS—

One of the Homes: A Health of Towns' Ballad . . 304
Devil Byron 308
The Gipsy 315
Epistle 336

ETHELINE 339
LAST LINES 415

[redacted]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

37

EXTRACT FROM A PREFACE TO A FORMER EDITION.

I THANK the readers of my two first volumes. They are, I believe, mostly poor people, who would have bought more of my books, if they had not wanted bread; and the sale, I have no doubt, will keep pace exactly with their progress in knowledge, virtue, and freedom. I know not whether my publisher is satisfied—I trust he is; but for myself, I am sufficiently rewarded, if my poetry has led one poor despairing victim of misrule from the ale-house to the fields; if I have been chosen of God to show his desolated heart, that, though his wrongs have been heavy and his fall deep, and though the spoiler is yet abroad, still in the green lanes of England the primrose is blowing, and on the mountain top the lonely fir pointing with her many fingers to our Father in heaven—to Him, whose wisdom is at once inscrutable and indubitable, and to whom ages are as a moment—to Him who has created another and a better world for all who act nobly or suffer unjustly here; a world of river-feeding mountains, to which the oak will come in his strength, and the ash in her beauty—of chiming streams, and elmy vales, where the wild flowers of our country, and, among them, the little daisy, will not refuse to bloom.

HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE PRINTERS OF SHEFFIELD.

LORD! taught by Thee, when Caxton bade
His silent words for ever speak;
A grave for tyrants then was made,
Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

For bread, for bread, the all-scorn'd man,
With study worn, his press prepared;
And knew not, Lord, thy wondrous plan,
Nor what he did, nor what he dared.

When first the might of deathless thought
Impress'd his all-instructing page,
Unconscious giant! how he smote
The fraud and force of many an age!

Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,
And they who bought her harlotry:
He shook the throned on dead men's bones,
He shakes—all evil yet to be!

The pow'r He grasp'd let none disdain;
It conquer'd once, and conquers still;
By fraud and force assail'd in vain,
It conquer'd erst, and ever will.

It conquers here ! the fight is won !
We thank thee, Lord, with many a tear !
For many a not unworthy son
Of Caxton does thy bidding here.

We help ourselves, thy cause we aid ;
We build for Heav'n, beneath the skies :
And bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made
Our daily bread of tyrants' sighs.

THE PRIMROSE.

SURELY that man is pure in thought and deed,
Whom spirits teach in breeze-borne melodies ;
For he finds tongue in every flower and weed,
And admonition in mute harmonies ;
Erect he moves, by truth and beauty led,
And climbs his throne, for such a monarch meet,
To gaze on valleys, that, around him spread,
Carpet the hall of heav'n beneath his feet.
How like a trumpet, under all the skies
Blown, to convene all forms that love his beams,
Light speaks in splendour to the poet's eyes,
O'er dizzy rocks and woods, and headlong streams !
How like the voice of woman, when she sings

To her beloved, of love and constancy,
The vernal odours, o'er the murmurings
Of distant waters, pour their melody
Into his soul, mix'd with the throstle's song
And the wren's twitter? Welcome then, again,
Love-listening primrose; though not parted long,
We meet, like lovers, after years of pain.
Oh, thou bring'st blissful childhood back to me!
Thou still art loveliest in the lonest place;
Still, as of old, day glows with love for thee,
And reads our heav'nly Father in thy face.
Surely thy thoughts are humble and devout,
Flower of the pensive gold! for why should heav'n
Deny to thee his noblest boon of thought,
If to earth's demigods 'tis vainly given?
Answer me, sinless sister! Thou hast speech
Though silent. Fragrance is thy eloquence,
Beauty thy language; and thy smile might teach
Ungrateful man to pardon Providence.

SPENSERIAN.

SUN of Destruction; ne'er again arise
The flamy gloom of flaming temples o'er,
To shout thy words of fire beneath red skies,
Athwart fire-gleaming sea, and burning shore—
"Burn, burn, till all is burnèd!" Never more
Let men say, "Light destroys." No, rather crown
The Good dethroned with beams that shone of yore;
As when a bard, of yet unborn renown,
Casts o'er his deathless page the light of suns gone down.

SPRING.

AGAIN the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindless into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.
Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!

Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossom'd thorn!
Wake, buried lily! spirit, quit thy tomb?
And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
Then, haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine, hymn the morn,
Whose dew-drops shall illume with pearly light
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under heav'n expands.

A SHADOW.

A POOR affrighted worm,
Where sky and mountain meet,
I stood before the storm,
And heard his strong heart beat.
He drew his black brows down—
My knees each other smote:
The mountains felt his frown,
His dark unutter'd thought.
The mountains, at his scowl,
Pray'd mutely to the skies:
He spoke, and shook my soul;
He scorch'd me with his eyes.

Alone, beneath the sky,
I stood the storm before:
No! God, the Storm, and I—
We trode the desert floor;
High on the mountain sod,
The whirlwind's dwellingplace,
The Worm, the Storm, and God
Were present, face to face.
From earth a shadow brake,
E'en where my feet had trode;
The shadow laugh'd and spake
And shook his hand at God.
Then up it rear'd its head,
Beneath the lightning's blaze;
"Omnipotent!" it said,
"Bring back my yesterdays."
God smiled the gloom away;
Wide earth and heav'n were bright;
In light my shadow lay,
I stood with God in light;
With Him who wings the storm,
Or bids the storm be still,
The shadow of a worm
Held converse on the hill.

ANTICIPATION.

HAIL, Realm of gloom! whose clouds are ice! whose air
Is made of thought-sick sighs!
Whose fields are dead men's dust, from which despair
Shrinks as he dies!
Though on thee, and within (sad Infinite!)
Are darkness, death, and doom;
Beyond thee shines the sun of mind and might,
The Power that made thee, God—hail, Holy Light!
I come, I come.

PRESTON MILLS.

THE day was fair, the cannon roar'd,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's Mills, by thousands, pour'd
Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free;
And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung of Liberty!

But from their lips the rose had fled.
Like "death-in-life" they smiled;
And still, as each pass'd by, I said,
Alas! is that a child?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
March'd with them, side by side:
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.

Thousands and thousands—all so white!—
With eyes so glazed and dull!
O God! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!

And, oh, the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart!
This is a wailing for the grave!
I whisper'd to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blush'd,
A sudden blasting gale,
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rush'd,
And turn'd the roses pale.

It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnet mourn'd its love,
And every thrush its young.

It was as if, in dungeon gloom,
Where chain'd despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymn'd the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groan'd heavily—
O who would be or have a child?
A mother who would be?

FAMINE IN A SLAVE SHIP.

They stood on the deck of the slave-freighted barque,
All hopeless, all dying, while waited the shark;
Sons, Fathers, and Mothers, who shriek'd as they press'd
The infants that pined till they died on the breast—
A crowd of sad mourners, who sigh'd to the gale,
While on all their dark faces the darkness grew pale.

White demons beheld them, with curse and with frown,
And cursed them, from morn till the darkness came down;

And knew not compassion, but laugh'd at their pray'r,
When they called on their God, or wept loud in despair;
Till again rose the morn, and all hush'd was the wail,
And on cheeks stark and cold the grim darkness was pale.

Then the white heartless demons, with curse and with frown,
Gave the dead to the deep, till the darkness came down:
But the angel who blasteth, unheard and unseen,
Bade the tyrants lie low where their victims had been:
And down dropp'd the waves, and stone-still hung the sail,
And black sank the dead, while more pale grew the pale.

Stern angel, how calmly his chosen he slew!
And soon the survivors were fearfully few;
For, wallid o'er their heads the red firmament stood,
And the sun saw his face in a mirror of blood;
Till they fed on each other, and drank of the sea,
And wildly cursed God in their madness of glee!

What hand sweeps the stars from the cheek of the night?
Who lifts up the sea in the wrath of his might?
Why, down from his glance, shrinks in horror the shark?
Why stumbles o'er mountains the blind foodless barque?
Lo, his lightning speaks out, from the growl of the gale!
And shrieking she sinks—while the darkness turns pale!

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM.

BEFORE thy leaves thou com'st once more,
White blossom of the sloe!
Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
For well thou know'st the frosty rime
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lowers
O'er Nature's silent shroud!
But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
High o'er the doom'd untimely flowers
In beauty bow'd.

Sweet violets, in the budding grove,
Peep where the glad waves run;
The wren below, the thrush above,
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
Hears bees chant hymns to God,
The breeze-bow'd palm, moss'd o'er with gold,
Smiles on the well in summer cold,
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretells an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the sadden'd lawn
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come! but songful spring
  Will see no leaf of mine;
Her bells will ring, her bride's-maids sing,
When my young leaves are withering
  Where no suns shine.

O might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
  When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!
But, thine before my time, O death!
I go where no flower blossometh,
  Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
  Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloom'd; and was I born
  To die as soon?

To love my mother and to die—
  To perish in my bloom!
Is this my sad brief history?—
A tear dropp'd from a mother's eye
  Into the tomb.

He lived and loved—will sorrow say—
  By early sorrow tried;
He smiled, he sigh'd, he past away;
His life was but an April day—
  He loved and died!

My mother smiles, then turns away,
But turns away to weep:
They whisper round me—what they say
I need not hear, for in the clay
I soon must sleep.

Oh, love is sorrow! sad it is
To be both tried and true;
I ever trembled in my bliss;
Now there are farewells in a kiss—
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when blue bells fade,
Where Don reflects the skies;
And many a youth in Shire-cliff's shade
Will ramble where my boyhood play'd,
Though William dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel;
But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept;
For I was stricken when he died—
I felt the arrow as he sigh'd
His last and slept.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling* spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sun-flower† of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.

* The Hedge Sparrow. † The Dandelion.
‡ The Golden-Crested Wren.

O then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure,
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature!
A world not scorn'd by Him who made
Even weakness by his might;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand!
And here, O Light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.

Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heav'n in madness flings
The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.
O God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell;
What nations, with their kings?
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruin'd realms!

Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
  Impell'd by woe or whim,
May crawl some atoms cliffs to see—
  A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
  The works of Nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
  And all to him is night!
O God of terrors! what are we?—
  Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee
  Could smite us into nought!
But should'st thou wreck our father-land
  And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand
  Thy little ones would sleep.

SLEEP.

SLEEP! to the homeless, thou art home;
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is he, where'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.
Thy stillness is the planet's speed;
Thy weakness is unmeasured might;
Sparks from the hoof of death's pale steed—
Worlds flash and perish in thy sight.
The daring will to thee alone—
The will and power are given to thee—
To lift the veil of the unknown,
The curtain of eternity—
To look uncensured, though unbidden,
On marvels from the seraph hidden!
Alone to be—where none have been!
Alone to see—what none have seen!
And to astonish'd reason tell
The secrets of th' Unsearchable!

THE FATAL BIRTH.

FOUL parent of fair child, swollen Bread-tax! Thou,
On plunder'd commerce, didst beget Reform:
We see a bright to-morrow on her brow,
And make our hope thy nursling of the storm.
But many a fangèd worm, and biped brute,
On whose dark heart the eye of love ne'er smiled,
Would fain the promise of her morn refute.
Die then, dread power! and have no other child;
For it is written that thy second-born,
If second-born thou have, will thunder-strike
Temple and tower, of strength and splendour shorn
By hands with famine lean; and, Sampson-like,
Shaking the pillars of the gold-roof'd state,
Whelm high, and low, and all, in one remorseless fate.

EPIGRAM.

"COME, at last?" said Horns to Eldon—
"Better late than never:
My Depute! Thou long hast well done;
Keep my seals for ever."

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

Ye living gems of cold and fragrant fire!
Die ye for ever, when ye die, ye flowers?
Take ye, when in your beauty ye expire,
An everlasting farewell of your bowers?
No more to listen for the wooing air,
And song-brought morn, the cloud-tinged woodlands o'er!
No more to June's soft lip your breasts to bare,
And drink fond evening's dewy breath no more!
Soon fades the sweetest, first the fairest dies,
For frail and fair are sisters; but the heart,
Fill'd with deep love, death's power to kill denies,
And sobs e'en o'er the dead, "We *cannot* part!"
Have I not seen thee, Wild Rose, in my dreams,
Like a pure spirit—beauteous as the skies,
When the clear blue is brightest, and the streams
Dance down the hills, reflecting the rich dyes
Of morning clouds, and cistus woodbine-twined?—
Didst thou not wake me from a dream of death?
Yea, and thy voice was sweeter than the wind
When it inhales the love-sick violet's breath,
Bending it down with kisses, where the bee
Hums over golden gorse, and sunny broom.
Soul of the Rose! What saidst thou then to me?

"We meet," thou saidst, "though sever'd by the tomb:
Lo, brother, this is heav'n! And, thus the just shall bloom."

SPENSERIAN.

O'ER Byron's dust our sorrows should be steel'd,
Or sternly burn, as, burning slow, he died—
Till one long groan from shuddering Greece reveal'd
That fate had done her worst; and o'er the tide
Loud yell'd the Turk his triumph-howl of pride.
Yet will they flow, these woman's drops; for thou
Didst die for woman, though her hand applied
No gentle pressure to thy fever'd brow:
O Byron, "thou, within, hadst that which passeth show!"

SPENSERIAN.

THOU, Byron, wast—like him, the iron-crown'd—
Thought-stricken, scorch'd, and "old in middle age."
"All-naked feeling's" restless victims bound,
Ill could renown your secret pangs assuage.

Two names of glory in one deathless page!
Both unbeloved, both peerless, both exil'd,
And prison'd both, though one could choose his cage;
Dying, he call'd, in vain, on wife and child;
And in your living hearts, the worm was domiciled.

HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE ROTHERHAM POLITICAL UNION, AND SUNG THERE ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE PASSING OF THE THREE REFORM BILLS.

We thank Thee, Lord of earth and heav'n,
For hope, and strength, and triumph given!
We thank Thee that the fight is won,
Although our work is but begun.

We met, we crush'd the evil powers;
A nobler task must now be ours—
Their victims maim'd and poor to feed,
And bind the bruised and broken reed.

O let not Ruin's will be done,
When Freedom's fight is fought and won!
The deed of Brougham, Russell, Grey,
Outlives the night! Lord, give us day!

Grant time, grant patience, to renew,
What England's foes and thine o'erthrew;—
If they destroy'd, let us restore,
And say to Misery, mourn no more.

Lord, let the human storm be still'd!
Lord, let the million mouths be fill'd!
Let labour cease to toil in vain!
Let England be herself again!

Then shall this land her arms stretch forth,
To bless the East, and tame the North;
On tyrants' hearths wake buried souls,
And call to life the murder'd Poles.

Sing, Britons, sing! The sound shall go
Wherever Freedom finds a foe:
This day a trumpet's voice is blown
O'er every despot's heart and throne.

THE EXCURSION.

BONE-WEARY, many-childed, trouble-tried!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day, drink health from Nature's mountain bowl;
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
Then, dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crown'd yon time-dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
O thank the Lord for all He gives or takes—
The wither'd bud, the living flower, or gem!
And He will bless us when the world forsakes!
Lo! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
With his fix'd eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo, starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side, the bloom-bow'd hawthorn tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
When sun-touch'd blossoms shed their fragrant snow;
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar.

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blythe truants in the bright and breeze-bless'd day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn grey,
And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they—
Of all self-buried things the most unbless'd:
O Morn! to them no blissful tribute pay!
O Night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

God! would they handcuff Thee? and, if they could
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field; and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose

For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud, and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind shipwreck; and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye—never may they see
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Eyebright!* loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, cluster'd smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays

* The Germander Speedwell.

The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? O come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright! while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a grey rock's foot, and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops!
While here the cotter's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there;
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops—
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red ears and shakes his long dark hair.

SONG.

WHAT! canst thou smile, thou heart of ice?
Thou! who would'st basely sacrifice,
To pet thy meanest prejudice,
The holiest hopes of man?

Or dost thou sneer, in rage and fear,
Because the hated day is near,
When gods like thee must disappear,
Or have no worshippers!

Well, smile or sneer, and worship still
Old fraud's supremacy of ill;
But bow not unto Dagon's will
The hearts of honest men.

Thy slave-adored Abaddon's name
May none but lips like thine proclaim!
And ignominious be thy fame,
Even as thy virtues are!

SPENSERIAN.

EVEN here, on earth, not altogether fade
The good and vile. Men, in their words and deeds,
Live when the hand and heart in earth are laid;
For thoughts are things, and written thoughts are seeds—
Our very dust buds forth in flowers or weeds.
Then let me write for immortality
One honest song, uncramp'd by forms or creeds,
That men unborn may read my times and me,
Taught by my living words, when I shall cease to be.

MAY.

SHADE-LOVING Hyacinth! thou com'st again;
And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the readbreast's lonely strain,
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild-flowers blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow.
Who hath condensed, O broom! in thy bright flowers
The light of mid-day suns? What virgin's cheek
Can match this apple bloom—these glowing showers
Of glistering daisies? How their blushes speak

Of rosy hues that red o'er ocean break,
When cloudy morn is calm, yet fain to weep,
Because the beautful are still the frail!
Hark! 'tis the thrush!—he sings beneath the steep,
Where coolness ever charms the fountain'd vale!
How eloquently well he tells his tale,
That love is yet on earth, and yet will be,
Though virtue struggles, and seems born to fail,
Because fall'n man, who might be great and free,
Toils for the wolf, and bribes iniquity.
Thou are not false, sweet bird! thou dost not keep
The word of promise to our ear alone,
And break it to our hearts! Maids do not weep
Because thou feign'st; for thee no victims groan;
Thy voice is truth, and love is all thy own.
Then, for thy sake, I will not loathe man's face;
Will not believe that virtues are veil'd sins;
That bounty may be mean, and kindness base;
That fortune plays the game which wisdom wins;
That human worth still ends where it begins.
Though man were wholly false, though hope were none
Of late redemption from his sin-made woes,
Yet would I trust in God and goodness. On
From sun to sun the stream of mercy flows;
And still on humble graves the little daisy grows.

THE POLISH FUGITIVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE HULL POLISH RECORD.

THE day went down in fire,
The burning ocean o'er—
A son and grey-hair'd sire
Walk'd silent, on the shore.

They walk'd, worn gaunt with cares,
Where land and billow meet—
And of that land was theirs
The dust upon their feet.

Yet they, erewhile, had lands
Which plenteous harvests bore;
But, spoil'd by Russian hands,
Their own was theirs no more.

They came to cross the foam,
And seek, beyond the deep,
A happier, safer home—
A land where sowers reap.

Yet, while the playful gold
Laugh'd into purply green
The crimson clouds that roll'd
The sea and sky between,

The youth his brow upraised
From thoughts of deepest woe,
And on the ocean gazed,
Like one who fronts a foe.

The sire was calm and mild,
And brightly shone his eye;—
How like a stately child,
He look'd on sea and sky!

But on his son's lean cheek,
And in his hands, grasp'd hard,
A heart, that scorn'd to break,
With dreadful feelings warr'd.

For he had left behind
A wife, who dungeon'd lay;
And loath'd the mournful wind,
That sobb'd—Away, away!

Five boys and girls had he:
In fetters pined they all;
And when he saw the sea,
On him he heard them call.

Oh, fiercely he dash'd down
The tear—that came, at length—
Then, almost with a frown,
He pray'd to God for strength.

"Hold up!" the father cried,
"If Poland cannot thrive,
The mother o'er the tide,
May follow with her *five*.

"But Poland yet shall fling
Dismay on Poland's foes,
As when the Wizard King*
Avenged her ancient woes.

"For soon her cause will be
Roused Europe's battle cry;
'To perish or be free!
To conquer or to die!'"

His hands clasp'd o'er his head,
The son look'd up for aid;
"So be it, Lord!" he said,
And still look'd up, and pray'd,

Till from his eyes, like rain,
When first the black clouds growl,
The agony of pain,
In tears, gush'd from his soul.

* The name which the Turks, in their superstitious dread, gave to the great Sobieski.

SPENSERIAN.

I saw a horrid thing of many names,
And many shapes. Some call'd it wealth, some power,
Some grandeur. From its heart it shot black flames,
That scorch'd the souls of millions, hour by hour;
And its proud eyes rain'd everywhere a shower
Of hopeless life, and helpless misery;
For, spoused to fraud, destruction was its dower!
But its cold brightness could not hide from me
The parent base of crime, the nurse of poverty!

SPENSERIAN.

The marble forms of mortals half divine
Yield silently the impress grand of mind
To time and ruin: long the weltering brine,
With heaven's red bolt and reinless blast combined,
Assails the rock in vain: even in the wind,
Slow burns the mighty oak, the forest-king,
Majestic still: so, lofty souls, declined
From their high deeds, a careless mantle fling
O'er cureless wounds, and smile—though life is withering.

SPENSERIAN.

A TEAR for thee? Not, Byron, if thy name
Shall be a watchword to unchain the slave,
Rolling o'er tyrants' hearts like thundering flame,
And kindling, as with soul, th' embattled wave;
Till conquering Freedom, on their briny grave,
Find Greeks like those who died at Salamis.
Arise, and equal them, ye modern brave!
Let past and future ages yield to this!
And be your names a spell, as Byron's was and is.

SPENSERIAN.

A TEAR for Byron? Weakness mourns the weak,
And Beauty dies in weeping Love's embrace,
And common frailties common sorrows seek.
But Scourger of the scourgers of thy race!
Thou aw'st me so, that to thy resting-place
I bring stern feelings, not unmix'd with fear.
Standing before the fear'd of all the base,
I, who oft wept thee, cannot weep thee here,
Bard of the broken heart, high soul, and burning tear!

COME AND GONE.

THE silent moonbeams on the drifted snow
Shine cold, and pale, and blue,
While through the cottage-door the yule log's glow
Casts on the iced oak's trunk and grey rock's brow
A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and fair,
Like happy groom and bride,
With azured green, and emerald-orange glare,
Gilding the icicles from branches bare,
Lie side by side.

The door is open, and the fire burns bright,
And Hannah, at the door
Stands—through the clear, cold, moon'd, and starry night,
Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen height,
O'er the white moor.

'Tis Christmas eve! and, from the distant town,
Her pale apprenticed son
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,
And snatch his hour of annual transport—flown
Ere well begun.

The Holy Book unread upon his knee,
Old Alfred watcheth calm;
Till Edwin comes, no solemn prayer prays he;
Till Edwin comes, the text he cannot see,
Nor chant the psalm.

And comes he not? Yea, from the wind-swept hill
The cottage-fire he sees;
While of the past remembrance drinks her fill,
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the unfrozen rill
Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er the moor;
In thought, the sheep-boy's call;
In thought, he meets his mother at the door;
In thought, he hears his father, old and poor,
"Thank God for all."

His sister he beholds, who died when he,
In London bound, wept o'er
Her last sad letter; vain her prayer to see
Poor Edwin yet again:—he ne'er will be
Her playmate more!

No more with her will hear the bittern boom
At evening's dewy close!
No more with her will wander where the broom
Contends in beauty with the hawthorn bloom
And budding rose!

Oh, love is strength! love, with divine control,
Recalls us when we roam!
In living light it bids the dimmed eye roll,
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting soul,
And bears it home.

Home!—that sweet word hath turn'd his pale lip red,
Relumed his fireless eye;
Again the morning o'er his cheek is spread;
The early rose that seem'd for ever dead,
Returns to die.

Home! home!—Behold the cottage of the moor,
That hears the sheep-boy's call!
And Hannah meets him at the open door
With faint fond scream; and Alfred, old and poor,
"Thanks God for all!"

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast
She clasps him, heart to heart;
His hands between his father's hands are press'd;
They sob with joy, caressing and caress'd:
How soon to part!

Why should they know that thou so soon, O Death!
Wilt pluck him, like a weed?
Why fear consumption in his quick-drawn breath?
Why dread the hectic flower, which blossometh
That worms may feed?

They talk of other days, when, like the birds,
He cull'd the wild flower's bloom,
And roam'd the moorland, with the houseless herds;
They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and her last words,
"Is Edwin come?"

He wept. But still, almost till morning beam'd,
They talk'd of Jane—then slept.
But, though he slept, his eyes, half open, gleam'd;
For still of dying Jane her brother dream'd,
And, dreaming, wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and sought
The churchyard where she lies.
He found her name beneath the snow-wreath wrought;
Then, from her grave, a knot of grass he brought,
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feelings deep
In the heart's depth awake.
To his sad mother, pausing oft to weep,
He gave a token, which he bade her keep
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig, and auburn tress,
Together twined and tied.
He left them, then, for ever! could they less
Than bless and love that type of tenderness?—
Childless they died!

Long in their hearts a cherish'd thought they wore;
And till their latest breath,
Bless'd him, and kiss'd his last gift o'er and o'er;
But they beheld their Edwin's face no more
In life or death!

For where the upheaved sea of trouble foams,
And sorrow's billows rave,
Men, in the wilderness of myriad homes,
Far from the desert, where the wild flock roams,
Dug Edwin's grave.

A THUNDER STORM IN WINTER.

He spake to eye and ear! and, like a tree
Rooted in heaven, shot down the branchy flame,
While the blue moonlight vanish'd suddenly.
Brighter than light on snow, the brightness came,
Filling the vales with forests of strange fire,
The streams with blood; and flinging o'er the cloud
Banners of crimson, laced with silver wire.
Down to mute earth the giant darkness bow'd,
Giving the hill immeasurable height,
That propp'd the sky; then changed the troubled form,
While from his bosom fell the headlong weight
Of volley'd hail; and, whispering through the storm,
The thunderer spake again: "What fear'st thou?
Live, poor worm!"

PROLOGUE TO THE CORN-LAW RHYMES.

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
Heedless, though ass, and wolf, and venomous worm,
Shake ears and fangs, with brandish'd bray, at me;
Alone as Crusoe on the hostile sea,
For thee, for us, for ours, do I upraise
The standard of my song! for thine and mine
I toll the knell of England's better days;
And lift my hated voice that mine and thine
May undegrade the human form divine.
Perchance that voice, if heard, is heard too late:
The buried dust of Tyre may wake, and sway
Reconquer'd seas; but what shall renovate
The dead-alive, who dread no judgment-day?
Souls, whom the lust of gold hath turn'd to clay?
And what but scorn and slander will reward
The rabble's poet, and his honest song?
Gambler for blanks! thou play'st an idiot's card;
For, sure to fall, the weak attack the strong:
Ay, but what strength is theirs, whose might is based
on wrong?

FROM GOETHE.

How like a stithy is this land!
And we lie on it like good metal
Long hammer'd by a senseless hand!
But will such thumping make a kettle?

CANNING.

He rose—a veteran proud of honest scars;
He stood—a bard, with lightning in his look;
He spoke—Apollo had the voice of Mars:
His frown all hope from phalanx'd faction took,
While flash'd his satire, like a falchion bared,
On all who meanly thought, or basely dared.
He spoke, and died. And therefore must the sky
Return to sunless, moonless, starless night?
And therefore must the hopes of commerce fly
To climes unsatrapp'd? O departing light,
Linger awhile! thy loveliness is might,
And youth, and glory. Earth, from east to west,
Uplift thy multudinous hands in prayer!
Laugh, stormy Russ! to thee the worst is best.

Shout, foes of Man! the scourge and rack prepare!
But, Erin, there is hope in thy despair.
And, Freedom! faint not thou, though Canning dies.
Weak is the State, and tottering to its fall,
That on one mind for strength and life relies;
That State should be an omen unto all
Who stand not self-supported, and appal
E'en tyrants, blindly digging their own graves.
But Freedom's hope, when other hope is none,
Calm, or perturb'd, remains; like winds and waves,
Alike surviving battles lost or won;
More deathless than the dust of Marathon.

FOREST WORSHIP.

WITHIN the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high:
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God! they can't prevent
The lone wildflowers from blowing!

High, high above the tree-tops,
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds
His speckled breast I see:
Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God! in spite of them,
The lark still warbles flying!

The preacher prays, "Lord, bless us!"
"Lord, bless us!" echo cries;
"Amen!" the breezes murmur low;
"Amen!" the rill replies:
The ceaseless toil of woe-worn hearts
The proud with pangs are paying;
But here, O God of earth and heaven!
The humble heart is praying?

How softly, in the pauses
Of song, re-echoed wide,
The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,
O'er rill and river glide!
With evil deeds of evil men
Th' affrighted land is ringing;
But still, O Lord! the pious heart
And soul-toned voice are singing!

Hush! hush! the preacher preacheth:
"Woe to the oppressor, woe!"
But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun
And sadden'd flowers below:
So frowns the Lord!—but, tyrants, ye
Deride his indignation,
And see not in his gather'd brow
Your days of tribulation!

Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher!
The tempest bursts above:
God whispers in the thunder: hear
The terrors of his love!
On useful hands, and honest hearts,
The base their wrath are wreaking;
But, thank'd be God! they can't prevent
The storm of heav'n from speaking.

A SONG IN EXILE.

Yes, with groans my lyre is strung;
Tears, from Poland's ruin wrung,
Flow in music from my tongue,
Poland's tears and Liberty's.

England saw our setting sun!
Britons! was it wisely done?
You gave Warsaw to the Hun!
Why not London, Englishman?

Lo! while Russia's iron tread,
Where we fell or whence we fled,
Shakes the dust of Poland's dead!
Europe trembles guiltily!

Tyrant! twice we overthrew
Hordes of thine, to tyrants true!
Twice we smote and twice we slew,
Recreant France! thy conquerors.

Yet, with us was Europe sold;
Gaul's delay, and England's gold,
Frighted France and Britain cold,
Bribed the Goth to purchase her.

Poland fell—and they may fall,
Crush'd on Freedom's funeral pall;
But the Lord is Lord of all;
Thou, O Father, tremblest not!

Hopeless, homeless, do we roam?
Be Revenge our hope and home!
Thoughts that quench, in gory foam,
Moscow's fiery funeral!

By Polonia's gory sod!
Dig thou wide, Polonia's God,
Dig thou deep, where freemen trod,
Russia's grave and Tyranny's.

ON AN ORIGINAL SKETCH,

DRAWN WITH A PENCIL ON A WALL, BY MY SON FRANCIS.

I SAW a head, a young but lifeless face—
On its dark hair, and two white wings, reposed,
As on a pillow. Tears had left their trace
Down each sad cheek; beneath dim eyes half-closed,
The calm lips smiled; and like a sky arose,
Amid thick curls, the forehead domed for thought.
It lay, as if the soul—though worn with woes,
And bathed in parting tears—serenely sought
For strength in sleep, before it wing'd its flight
From darkness, doubt, and dust, to dwell with God. in light.

SONG.

THEY sold the chairs, they took the bed, and went;
A fiend's look after them the husband sent;
His thin wife held him faintly, but in vain;
She saw the alehouse in his scowl of pain.

Upon her pregnant womb her hand she laid,
Then stabb'd her living child! and shriek'd, dismay'd—
"Oh, why had I a mother!" wildly said
That saddest mother, gazing on the dead.

Slowly she turn'd, and sought the silent room—
Her last-born child's lone dwellingplace and tomb!
Because they could not purchase earth and prayer,
The dear dead boy had long lain coffin'd there!

But that boy hath a sister—where is she?
Dying, where none a cherub fall'n may see:—
"Mother! O come!" she sobs, with stifled groan,
In that blest isle, where pity turns to stone.

Before the judge, the childless stood amazed,
With none to say, "My Lord! the wretch is crazed."
Crowds saw her perish, but all eyes were dry;
Drunk, in the crowd, her husband saw her die!

Around the murderer's wrists they lock the chain:
What, tyrant? whom hath Rapine's victim slain?
The widow, hunger-stung and sorrow-bent,
Who ask'd, with tears, her lodger's weekly rent!

O Wholesale Dealers in waste, want, and war!
Would that your deeds were written!—and they are!
Written and graved, on minds and hearts oppress'd;
Stamp'd deep, and blood-burnt-in, o'er realms unbless'd!

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full-well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!

How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

SPENSERIAN.

ALL unmatch'd Shakspeare, and the blind old Man
Of London, hymn in every land and clime
Our country's praise, while many an artisan
Spins for her glory school-taught lays sublime.
Them in her bosom, be they blank or rhyme,
Oblivious spirits gently will inter.
But three unborrow'd strains will to all time
Give honour, glory, highest laud to her—
Thalaba! Peter Bell! the Ancient Mariner!

THOMAS.

THOU art not dead, my son! my son!
But God hath hence removed thee:
Thou canst not die, my buried boy,
While lives the sire who loved thee.
How canst thou die, while weeps for thee
The broken heart that bore thee;
And e'en the thought that thou are not
Can to her soul restore thee?
Will grief forget thy willingness
To run before thy duty?
The love of all the good and true,
That fill'd thine eyes with beauty?

Thy pitying grace, thy dear request,
When others had offended,
That made thee look as angels look,
When great good deeds are ended?
The strength with which thy soul sustain'd
Thy woes and daily wasting?
Thy prayer, to stay with us, when sure
That thou from us wast hasting?
And that last smile, which seem'd to say—
"Why cannot ye restore me?"
Thy look'd farewell is in my heart,
And brings thee still before me.
What though the change, the fearful change,
From thought, which left thee never,
To unremembering ice and clay,
Proclaim thee gone for ever?
Thy half-closed lids, thy upturn'd eyes,
Thy still and lifeless tresses;
Thy marble lip, which moves no more,
Yet more than grief expresses;
The silence of thy coffin'd snow,
By awed remembrance cherish'd;
These dwell with me, like gather'd flowers
That in their April perish'd.
Thou art not gone, thou canst not go
My bud, my blasted blossom!
The pale rose of thy faded face
Still withers in my bosom.

O Mystery of Mysteries,
That took'st my poor boy from me!
What art thou, Death? all-dreaded Death!
If weakness can o'ercome thee?
We hear thee not! we see thee not,
E'en when thy arrows wound us;
But, viewless, printless, echoless,
Thy steps are ever round us.
Though more than life a mystery
Art thou, the undeceiver,
Amid thy trembling worshippers
Thou seest no true believer.
No!—but for life, and more than life,
No fearful search could find thee:
Tremendous shadow! who is He
That ever stands behind thee?
The Power who bids the worm deny
The beam that o'er her blazes,
And veils from us the holier light
On which the seraph gazes,
Where burns the throne of Him, whose name
The sunbeams here write faintly;
And where my child a stranger stands
Amid the blest and saintly,
And sobs aloud—while in his eyes
The tears, o'erflowing, gather—
"They come not yet!—until they come,
Heav'n is not Heav'n, my Father!

Why come they not? why comes not she
From whom thy will removes me?
O does she love me—love me still?
I know my mother loves me!
Then send her soon! and with her send
The brethren of my bosom!
My sisters too! Lord, let them all
Bloom round the parted blossom!
The only pang I could not bear
Was leaving them behind me:
I cannot bear it. Even in heaven
The tears of parting blind me!"

BIGOTRY.

When calm minds strongly shoot into the night
Their shafts of lightning, no roused hamlet screams;
But darkness dies, pierced through and through with light,
That casts in silence round its useful beams.
Not so, when Zealots twang into the dark,
Flight after flight, their mischief-whizzing spears;
Though, thunder-wing'd, they hit or miss the mark,
They never fail to fire their own long ears,
Which blaze with splendour not to be endured,
Except by them whose barns and corn-ricks are insured.

DON AND ROTHER.

AGAIN we meet, where often we have met,
Dear Rother! native Don!
We meet again, to talk, with vain regret,
Of deedless aims! and years remember'd yet—
The past and gone!

We meet again—perchance to meet no more!
O Rivers of the heart!
I hear a voice, unvoyaged billows o'er,
Which bids me hasten to their pathless shore,
And cries, "Depart!"

"Depart!" it cries. "Why linger on the stage
Where virtues are veil'd crimes?
Have I not read thee, even from youth to age?
Thou blotted book, with only one bright page!
Thy honest rhymes!

"Depart, pale Drone! What fruit-producing flower
Hast thou rear'd on the plain?
What useful moments count'st thou in thine hour?
What victim hast thou snatch'd from cruel power?
What tyrant slain?"

I will obey the power whom all obey.
Yes, Rivers of the heart!
O'er that blind deep, where morning casts no ray
To cheer the oarless wanderer on his way,
I will depart.

But first, O Rivers of my childhood! first
My soul shall talk with you;
For on your banks my infant thoughts were nursed;
Here from the bud the spirit's petals burst,
When life was new.

Before my fingers learn'd to play with flowers,
My feet through flowers to stray;
Ere my tongue lisp'd, amid your dewy bowers,
Its first glad hymn to Mercy's sunny showers,
And air, and day;

When, in my mother's arms, an infant frail,
Along your windings borne,
My blue eye caught your glimmer in the vale,
Where halcyons darted o'er your willows pale,
On wings like morn.

Ye saw my feelings round that mother grow,
Like green leaves round the root!
Then thought, with danger came, and flower'd like woe!
But deeds, the fervent deeds that blush and glow,
Are Virtue's fruit.

From infancy to youth; from schoolboy days,
When life with stones and flowers
Sports, like the stream that with the sunbeam plays
Till age counts fearfully his number'd days—
We waste our powers.

What doth the man but what the child hath done?
We live, we talk, we move!
The best of all who prate beneath the sun;
The praised of all who smile, and talk, and run;
But live and love.

And if the best are like the useless gem
That shines in idle state;
Heavy, on those who crush the useful stem—
Heavy will fall the hand of God on them
Who live and hate!

Who bruise the weak, but bind no broken reed;
Who know not ruth nor shame;
Who, flowerless, ban the flower, to plant the weed;
And curse the toiling worms on whom they feed,
In God's great name!

Can I not crush them? No. Then, warning voice,
Teach me to welcome thee!
I cannot crush them. Let me then rejoice
Because thou call'st; and make my fate my choice—
Bound and yet free.

Is it not love, to loathe the loveless? Yea,
'Tis love like God's to man!
The love of angels for their God!—Away!
Such love alone repayeth those who pay—
No other can.

They love not God, who do not hate man's foes,
With hatred—not like mine—
But deep as Hell and blacker. To loathe those
Who blast the hope of freedom as it blows,
Is love divine.

Ah! many a blossom of the holy tree
Hath blossom'd but to fade!
Poland! the tears of nations flow for thee!
Thy bud of late redemption, Italy,
In dust is laid!

But hath no hope cheer'd man's despair since first
I trod thy margin, Don?
Yea, mighty links of evil's chain are burst;
And they who curse, and will not bless, accursed
Fall, one by one.

Though Poland bleeds where Kosciusko died,
Hark! truth-taught millions say,
To thrones, crime-sceptred, "Lo, you are defied!"
And, at my birth, Redemption's angel cried,
"America!"

Then, Rivers, tell my mother earth, I come
To slumber on her breast!
For, lo, my drooping thoughts refuse to bloom!
My spirit shakes its fetters. I crave room
For rest, for rest.

FUNERAL HYMN.

FATHER! our brother's course is run,
And we bring home thy weary son;
No more he toils, no more he weeps;
And shall we mourn because he sleeps?

He thank'd Thee, God of earth and sky,
For all that creep, and all that fly;
For weeds, that silent anthems raise,
And thoughts, that make their silence praise.

For every thorn and every flower!
For conquering Right and baffled Power;
For all the meek and all the proud,
He thank'd the Lord of sun and cloud.

For soul to feel and sight to see,
In all thy works, but types of Thee;
For all thy works, and for thy word,
In life and death, he thank'd Thee, Lord.

He thank'd Thee too for struggles long;
For storms, that make the feeble strong;
For every pang thy goodness gave;
For hope deferr'd—and for the grave.

Oh, welcome in the morn, the road
That climbs to virtue's high abode!
But when descends the evening dew,
The inn of rest is welcome too.

Thou sayst to man, "Arise, and run
Thy glorious course, like yonder sun!"
But when thy children need repose,
Their Father's hand the curtain draws.

What though with eyes that yet can weep,
The sinner trembles into sleep?
Thou know'st he yet shall wake and rise
To gaze on Mercy's brightest skies.

The fearful child, though still caress'd,
Will tremble on his mother's breast,
But he, she knows, is safe from ill,
Though, watch'd by love, he trembles still.

Lord! when our brother wakes, may they,
Who watch beneath thy footstool, say,
"Another wanderer is forgiven!
Another child is born in heav'n!"

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

FLOWERS! winter flowers!—the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak:
O softly couch his little head,
Or Mary's heart will break!
Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink ribbon twine,
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine.
How like a form in cold white stone,
The coffin'd infant lies!
Look, Mother, on thy little one!
And tears will fill thine eyes.
She cannot weep—more faint she grows,
More deadly pale and still:
Flowers! oh, a flower! a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill.
Go, search the fields! the lichen wet
Bends o'er th' unfailing well;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernel.
Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
Where never froze the spring?
A daisy? Ah! bring childhood's flower!
The half-blown daisy bring!

Yes, lay the daisy's little head
Beside the little cheek;
O haste! the last of five is dead!
The childless cannot speak!

TO FANNY.

BRITONESS! angels love in thee
Angelic truth and piety;
But angels do not bow the knee
To God-defying homicides.

For others' woes thy bosom bleeds;
Deep is thy hate of hateful deeds;
But why of words, and forms, and creeds,
O why art thou the homager?

Does true religion war on mind?
Is pure religion deaf and blind?
They best serve God, who serve mankind;
Christ bade us feed his little ones.

O then contemn the base and cold!
Say to thy sons, "Be just and bold,
Unawed by power, unbribed by gold!"
Britoness! this is piety.

Thou bid'st me scorn this world of care;
"For better worlds," thou say'st, "prepare!"
Not I—if angel forms are there
Apologists of tyranny.

Where Milton's eyes, no longer dim,
See Seraphs walk with slander'd Pym,
I would not hear the cherubim
Sing Tory odes to Castlereagh.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

STOP, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow, and the moor;
His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He fear'd to scorn or hate;
And honour'd in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.

But if he loved the rich who make
The poor man's little more,
Ill could he praise the rich who take
From plunder'd labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

EPIGRAM.

When long, the drama, in a sordid age,
Had droop'd an exile; to the desert stage
Impassion'd nature, weeping as she smiled,
Led, by his trembling hand, her darling child:
Even from the worms upstarted buried spleen,
While Shakspeare's dust, in transport murmur'd—
"Kean!"

THE DEATH-HUNTED.

Methought I wander'd long and far, and slept
On purple heath flowers, where a dark stream crept,
For ever young, along its bed of stone.
But soon before my troubled spirit pass'd,
A dream of unclimb'd hills, and forest vast,
And sea-like lakes, and shadowy rivers lone.

And there a man, whose youth seem'd palsied eld,
Moved faintly, though by famish'd death impell'd:
Lean was his cheek; yet beam'd his gentle eye,
With a calm sadness, on the mountains hoar,
And the magnificent flora, on the shore
Of waters, piled against his native sky.

And, "O," he said, "false hope, that truth-like seem'd!
I thought that toil might earn hard bread! I dream'd.
Who hath had sorrows and despair like mine?
Millions! to wander, or to perish, free!
Green Erin's dower! can lightnings blast like thee?
Cold Rapine! hath the wolf a tooth like thine?

"Farewell, my Country! and oh, thank'd be thou,
Realm of the roaring surge, that part'st us now!
And hail, ye pathless swamps, ye unsail'd floods!—
Thou owest nought, thou glittering snake, to me!
Hiss! if thou wilt! I ask not bread of thee!"
And then he plunged into the night of woods.

The corpse-fed spectre, that had chased him o'er
Woe-freighted waves, stopp'd ere he reach'd the shore;
For a voice whisper'd from dim caves beneath,
"Thou may'st spare one, if millions are behind!
Turn then and cleave the blissful western wind
Back to the grave of Hope, where Love is Death!"

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING, AT MR. JOHN HEPPENSTALL'S OF UPPERTHORPE, NEAR SHEFFIELD, THE PLATES OF AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA.

"PAINTING is silent music." So said one
Whose prose is sweetest painting.* Audubon!
Thou Raphael of great Nature's woods and seas!
Thy living forms and hues, thy plants, thy trees,
Bring deathless music from the houseless waste—
The immortality of truth and taste.
Thou giv'st bright accents to the voiceless sod;
And all thy pictures are mute hymns to God.
Why hast thou power to bear th' untravell'd soul
Through farthest wilds, o'er ocean's stormy roll;
And, to the prisoner of disease, bring home
The homeless birds of ocean's roaring foam;
But that thy skill might bid the desert sing
The sun-bright plumage of th' Almighty's wing?
With his own hues thy splendid lyre is strung;
For genius speaks the universal tongue.
"Come," cries the bigot, black with pride and wine—
"Come and hear *me*—the Word of God is mine!"
"But I," saith He, who paves with suns his car,
And makes the storms his coursers from afar,

* Rousseau.

And, with a glance of his all-dazzling eye,
Smites into crashing fire the boundless sky—
"I speak in this swift sea-bird's speaking eyes,
These passion-shiver'd plumes, these lucid dyes:
This beauty is my language! in this breeze
I whisper love to forests and the seas;
I speak in this lone flower—this dew-drop cold—
That hornet's sting—yon serpent's neck of gold:
These are my accents. Hear them! and behold
How well my prophet-spoken truth agrees
With the dread truth and mystery of these
Sad, beauteous, grand, love-warbled mysteries!"
Yes, Audubon! and men shall read in thee
His language, written for eternity;
And if, immortal in its thoughts, the soul
Shall live in heaven, and spurn the tomb's control.
Angels shall retranscribe, with pens of fire,
Thy forms of Nature's terror, love, and ire,
Thy copied words of God—when death-struck suns
expire.

ELEGY ON WILLIAM COBBETT.

O BEAR him where the rain can fall,
And where the winds can blow!
And let the sun weep o'er his pall
As to the grave ye go!

And in some little lone churchyard,
Beside the growing corn,
Lay gentle Nature's stern prose bard,
Her mightest peasant-born!

Yes! let the wild-flower wed his grave,
That bees may murmur near,
When o'er his last home bend the brave,
And say—"A man lies here."

For Britons honour Cobbett's name,
Though rashly oft he spoke;
And none can scorn, and few will blame,
The low-laid heart of oak.

See, o'er his prostrate branches, see,
E'en factious hate consents
To reverence, in the fallen tree,
His British lineaments!

Though gnarl'd the storm-toss'd boughs that braved
The thunder's gather'd scowl,
Not always through his darkness raved
The storm-winds of the soul.

Oh, no! in hours of golden calm,
Morn met his forehead bold;
And breezy evening sung her psalm
Beneath his dew-dropp'd gold.

The wren its crest of fibred fire
With his rich bronze compared,
While many a youngling's songful sire
His acorn'd twiglets shared.

The lark, above, sweet tribute paid,
Where clouds with light were riven;
And true-love sought his blue-bell'd shade,
"To bless the hour of heav'n."

E'en when his stormy voice was loud,
And guilt quaked at the sound,
Beneath the frown that shook the proud
The poor a shelter found.

Dead Oak, thou liv'st! Thy smitten hands.
The thunder of thy brow,
Speak, with strange tongues, in many lands;
And tyrants hear thee NOW!

Beneath the shadow of thy name,
Inspired by thy renown,
Shall future patriots rise to fame,
And many a sun go down.

LINES

ON SEEING UNEXPECTEDLY A NEW CHURCH, WHILE WALKING, ON THE SABBATH, IN OLD-PARK WOOD, NEAR SHEFFIELD.

FROM Shirecliffe, o'er a silent sea of trees,
When evening waned o'er Wadsley's cottages,
I look'd on Loxley, Rivilin, and Don,
While at my side stood truth-loved Pemberton ;*
And wonder'd, far beneath me, to behold
A golden spire, that glow'd o'er fields of gold.
Out of the earth it rose, with sudden power,
A bright flame, growing heavenward, like a flower.
Where erst nor temple stood, nor holy psalm
Rose to the mountains in the day of calm.
There, at the altar, plighted hearts may sigh ;
There, side by side, how soon their dust may lie !
Then carven stones the old, old tale will tell,
That saddens joy with its brief chronicle,
Till Time, with pinions stolen from the dove,
Gently erase the epitaph of love ;
While rivers sing, on their unwearied way,
The song that but with earth can pass away,
That brings the tempest's accents from afar,
And breathes of woodbines where no woodbines are !

* The unequalled lecturer on the drama.

Yet deem not that Affection can expire,
Though earth and skies shall melt in fervent fire;
For truth hath written, on the stars above—
"Affection cannot die, if God is Love!"
Whene'er I pass a grave with moss o'ergrown,
Love seems to rest upon the silent stone,
Above the wreck of sublunary things,
Like a tired angel sleeping on his wings.

RIBBLEDIN; OR THE CHRISTENING.

No name hast thou! lone streamlet
That lovest Rivilin.
Here, if a bard may christen thee,
I'll call thee "Ribbledin;"
Here, where first murmuring from thine urn.
Thy voice deep joy expresses;
And down the rock, like music, flows
The wildness of thy tresses.

Here, while beneath the umbrage
Of Nature's forest bower,
Bridged o'er by many a fallen birch,
And watch'd by many a flower,

To meet thy cloud-descended love,
All trembling, thou retirest—
Here will I murmur to thy waves
The sad joy thou inspirest.

Dim world of weeping mosses!
A hundred years ago,
Yon hoary-headed holly tree
Beheld thy streamlet flow:
See how he bends him down to hear
The tune that ceases never!
Old as the rocks, wild stream, he seems,
While thou art young for ever.

Wildest and lonest streamlet!
Grey oaks, all lichen'd o'er!
Rush-bristled isles! ye ivied trunks
That marry shore to shore!
And thou, gnarl'd dwarf of centuries,
Whose snaked roots twist above me!
O for the tongue or pen of Burns,
To tell you how I love ye!

Would that I were a river,
To wander all alone
Through some sweet Eden of the wild,
In music of my own;

And bathed in bliss, and fed with dew,
  Distill'd o'er mountains hoary,
Return unto my home in heav'n
  On wings of joy and glory!

Or that I were the lichen,
  That, in this roofless cave,
(The dim geranium's lone boudoir,)
  Dwells near the shadow'd wave,
And hears the breeze-bow'd tree-tops sigh,
  While tears below are flowing,
For all the sad and lovely things
  That to the grave are going!

O that I were a primrose,
  To bask in sunny air!
Far, far from all the plagues that make
  Town-dwelling men despair!
Then would I watch the building-birds,
  Where light and shade are moving,
And lovers' whisper, and love's kiss,
  Rewards the loved and loving!

Or that I were a skylark,
  To soar and sing above,
Filling all hearts with joyful sounds,
  And my own soul with love!

Then o'er the mourner and the dead,
And o'er the good man dying,
My song should come like buds and flowers,
When music warbles flying.

O that a wing of splendour,
Like yon wild cloud, were mine!
Yon bounteous cloud, that gets to give,
And borrows to resign!
On that bright wing, to climes of spring
I'd bear all wintry bosoms,
And bid hope smile on weeping thoughts,
Like April on her blossoms;

Or like the rainbow, laughing
O'er Rivilin and Don,
When misty morning calleth up
Her mountains, one by one,
While glistening down the golden broom,
The gem-like dew-drop raineth,
And round the little rocky isles
The little wave complaineth.

O that the truth of beauty
Were married to my rhyme!
That it might wear a mountain charm
Until the death of Time!

Then, Ribbledin! would all the best
Of Sorrow's sons and daughters
See Truth reflected in my song,
Like beauty on thy waters.

No longer, nameless streamlet,
That marriest Rivilin!
Henceforth, lone Nature's devotees
Would call thee "Ribbledin,"
Whenever, listening where thy voice
Its first wild joy expresses,
And down the rocks all wildly flows
The wildness of thy tresses.

THE MALTBY YEWS.

FAMED Maltby Yews, with trunks like stone!
Are you or these grey rocks the older?
Like "death-in-life," ye strangely grow,
And, dead alive, they sternly moulder.
Memorials grand of death and life,
That seem from time new life to borrow!
Full many a race have ye outlived
Of men whose lives were crime and sorrow.

Age after age, while Time grew old,
Your writhen boughs, here, slowly lengthen'd;
Storm-stricken trees! your stormy strength
Five hundred years have darkly strengthen'd.
Yet safe beneath your mighty roots
The busy bee hath made its dwelling;
And, at your feet, the little mouse,
With lifted hands, its joy is telling.

And, high above the full-voiced lark,
The sun that loves to see you, beameth
On lonely rock or mossy trunk,
That with the rock coeval seemeth;
While, all around, the desert flowers,
Where breezes drink their freshness, gather,
As children come to kneel and bend
In prayer around their father's father.

O could I write upon your gloom
A solemn verse that would not perish,
My written thoughts should warn and bless,
And nations saved the precept cherish;
For I would bid the *dark* and *strong*
Be greatly good, and daily stronger,
That power to wrong, and will to wrong,
Like fiends divorced, might pair no longer.

BURNS.

THAT heaven's beloved die early,
Prophetic Pity mourns;
But old as Truth, although in youth,
Died giant-hearted Burns.

O that I were the daisy
That sank beneath his plough,
Or, "neighbour meet," that "skylark sweet!"
Say, are they nothing now?

That mouse, "our fellow mortal,"
Lives deep in Nature's heart;
Like earth and sky, it cannot die
Till earth and sky depart.

Thy Burns, child-honour'd Scotland!
Is many minds in one;
With thought on thought, the name is fraught
Of glory's peasant son.

Thy Chaucer is thy Milton,
And might have been thy Tell;
As Hampden fought, thy Sidney wrote
And would have fought as well.

Be proud, man-childed Scotland!
Of earth's unpolish'd gem;
And "Bonny Doon," and "heaven aboon,"
For Burns hath hallow'd them.

Be proud, though sin dishonour'd,
And grief baptized thy child;
As rivers run, in shade and sun,
He ran his courses wild.

Grieve not, though savage forests
Look'd grimly on the wave,
Where dim-eyed flowers and shaded bowers
Seem'd living in the grave.

Grieve not, though, by the torrent,
Its headlong course was riven,
When o'er it came, in clouds and flame,
Niagara from heaven!

For sometimes gently flowing,
And sometimes chafed to foam,
O'er slack and deep, by wood and steep,
He sought his heavenly home.

THE TRICOLOR CROSS.

PARODIED FROM BERANGER'S "CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

THOU took'st thy deep blue from the eyes of the soul,
And thy white from the foam of the far rolling sea:
But, Cross of the Billows! famed far as they roll,
Why stain thy bright red with the blood of the free?
Columbia beheld thee flaunt over her slain,
When she call'd up the ghosts of Pym, Hampton, and Vane;
And steep'd were thy folds in the blood of her brave,
When France broke her chain, to dig tyrants a grave.

Famed Red Cross of England, famed ever to be!
Bright Cross of the Tricolor! when wilt thou wave,
A meteor in darkness, from sea unto sea—
The symbol of justice, the hope of the slave?
Where, where wast thou waving when Poland arose,
Crying "God for Sarmatia!" to Liberty's foes?
Oh, not o'er the ranks of the sworn-to-be free,
Stain'd Cross of the Ocean, stain'd ever to be!

Stain'd ever?—No, Ocean! thy Tricolor Cross
Shall yet shame the Tricolor dreadfully fair;
Through the ranks of th' oppressor its brightness shall toss
Defiance and havoc, defeat and despair;
O'er the treason of priests, the rebellion of kings,
Our halcyon shall rise, with thy blue on his wings,
And sport with the billows wherever they roll,
Bright, bright as heav'n's depth in the eyes of the soul.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

A voice of grief and anger—
  Of pity mix'd with scorn—
Moans o'er the waters of the west,
  Through fire and darkness borne;
And fiercer voices join it—
  A wild triumphant yell!
For England's foes, on ocean slain,
  Have heard it where they fell.

What is that voice which cometh
  Athwart the spectred sea?
The voice of men who left their homes
  To make their children free;

Of men whose hearts were torches
For Freedom's quenchless fire;
Of men, whose mothers brave brought forth
The sires of Franklin's sire.

They speak!—the Pilgrim Fathers
Speak to ye from their graves!
For earth hath mutter'd to their bones
That we are soulless slaves!
The Bradfords, Carvers, Winslows,
Have heard the worm complain,
That less than men oppress the men
Whose sires were Pym and Vane!

What saith the voice which boometh
Athwart th' upbraiding waves?
"Though slaves are ye, our sons are free,
Then why will you be slaves?
The children of your fathers
Were Hampden, Pym, and Vane!"
Land of the sires of Washington,
Bring forth such men again!

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

An old man, to the field of graves
Borne, in his parish-shroud, methought,
Found, in the land of landless slaves,
The bed of rest, which long he sought.

But, after many years had flown,
That old man rose out of his grave,
And wonder'd at his native town,
And found no honest man a slave.

Where once that town of trouble stood,
And he the tyrant's frown had felt,
Men in sweet homes, by stream and wood,
Amid their own green acres dwelt.

Nor hovel now, nor temple was,
Where hovels once and temples stood;
All, all had perish'd! for, alas!
Redemption had been steep'd in blood!

Remote, an engined city groan'd
Where bad men toil'd in penal gloom;
The Agnews there the Pelhams moan'd,
The Melvilles plied the penal loom.

Tyrants, not victims, justly bound
To labour's chain, alone were slaves:
And no good man was landless found
In this sad land, where men have graves.

But things which penal toil had wrought,
Converting crime itself to good,
The blessings of all climates brought
To those sweet homes, by stream and wood.

Instinct with life, almost they seem'd,
And came and went, when call'd or sent
By tranquil thought, that star-like beam'd
On each untiring instrument.

Not only by his toiling hands,
But chiefly by his god-like mind,
Man, sowing bliss, in distant lands,
Made earth a garden for mankind.

THE BALLOT.

THE sky had no voice, and the ocean was still—
A power and a terror chain'd valley and hill;
For the spirit of Burns, upon thunder-clouds borne,
Look'd down on his country in pity and scorn;
Because the descendants of Wallace were slow,
The bonds they had loosen'd to break at a blow.

"What! give back their souls to these freemen enthrall'd?
Then give them the ballot!" o'er Scotland he call'd;
"Concede it, proud traitors! obtain it, thou thrall—
Thou robb'd of the land which the Lord made for all!
Obtain it, ye millions, who labour for drones!
Concede it, ye despots, who feast on their groans!"

The Lords of Misrule and their Master turn'd pale;
The tyrant-eyed viper seem'd weak as the snail;
The bones of the murder'd for freedom came forth
From their far-sever'd graves, with a growl like the north;*
Of millions awaking the murmur was deep;
And the face of the bard was like lightning asleep.

So hovers the eagle o'er summits of light,
Which, touch'd by his shadow, start up in affright;
While, girt by the peaks where the storm sinks to rest,
Loch Oich sees Ben Nevis sink down in the west,
When o'er the dark glare of the sky-painted lake,
Frown Coryuragen and Coriaraick.†

* The martyrs Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Gerald, and Margarot, all died in exile, except the latter, who perished for want of bread in London!!!

† Two mountains of Scotland near the source of the Ness.

ROCH ABBEY GATEWAY.

WHAT dost thou here, lorn Ireland's dying daughter?
These holy walls, that erst, with open door
Welcomed the pilgrim—offering bread and water,
Prayer, rest, and counsel, to the way-worn poor—
Now mute and barren as the manless moor,
Would not, to Christ himself, afford a crumb!
Perish, unheard, thou spurn'd of lord and boor!
Poor Erin's waif! be Supplication dumb
Where Charity is deaf. At hallow'd gates
Hop'st thou for succour? Outcast! over them
Mourns ivied Ruin; or, within them, waits
Obstruction loop'd and ring'd with gold and gem;
And Mammon, plotting woe to harpied states,
Scowls from beneath his cloven diadem.
Fair was she, and her famish'd child was like her;
Nought lovelier mourns beneath the laughing skies.
As I approach'd, I saw the baby strike her; *
It *raged* for food, while tears gushed from her eyes!
Why did she marry, in the land of sighs,

* "I saw a baby beat its dying mother;
I had starved the one, and was starving the other!"
COLERIDGE.

Where crimes, call'd laws, made by the lawless, named
Her child "Benoni?" Let the basely wise
Say, rather, why, self-duped and unashamed,
They curse God's blessings; and, with blasphemies,
Hallow the arrow at our vitals aim'd,
Lauding the madness that makes precious things,
Yea, things most precious, worthless! Heav'n is blamed,
And hope and action droop their palsied wings,
Because our lords are bread-tax-eating kings.

LEAVES AND MEN.

DROP, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,
Drop, drop into the grave;
Thy acorn's grown, thy acorn's sown—
Drop, drop into the grave.
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,
Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf;
Drop, drop into the grave!

The birds, in spring, will sweetly sing
That death alone is sad;
The grass will grow, the primrose show
That death alone is sad.

Lament above thy grave, Old Leaf!
For what has life to do with grief?
'Tis death alone that's sad.

What then? We two have both lived through
The sunshine and the rain;
And bless'd be He, to me and thee,
Who sent his sun and rain!
We've had our sun and rain, Old Leaf,
And God will send again, Old Leaf,
The sunshine and the rain.

Race after race of leaves and men,
Bloom, wither, and are gone;
As winds and waters rise and fall,
So life and death roll on;
And long as ocean heaves, Old Leaf,
And bud and fade the leaves, Old Leaf,
Will life and death roll on.

How like am I to thee, Old Leaf!
We'll drop together down;
How like art thou to me, Old Leaf!
We'll drop together down.
I'm gray and thou art brown, Old Leaf!
We'll drop together down, Old Leaf,
We'll drop together down!

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,
Drop, drop into the grave;
Thy acorn's grown, thy acorn's sown—
Drop, drop into the grave.
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,
Above thy forest grave, Old Leaf;
Drop, drop into the grave!

WILLIAM.

"LIFT, lift me up! my broken heart
Must speak before I go:
O Mother! it is *death* to part
From you—I love you so!

"The doctor shunn'd my eyes, and brook'd
Few words from my despair;
But through and through his heart I look'd,
And saw my coffin there.

"*You* did not tell me I should die,
You fear'd your child would grieve;
But I *am* dying! One is nigh
Whom kindness can't deceive.

"The dim light sickens round my bed,
Your looks seem sick with woe,
The air feels sick, as, o'er my head
Its pantings come and go.

"Oh, I am sick in every limb,
Sick, sick in every vein!
My eyes and brain with sickness swim,
My bones are sick with pain!

"What is this weary helplessness,
This breathless toil for breath?
This tossing aching weariness—
What is it?—It is Death!

"Mother, I feel as in a dream;
My dark'ning senses reel,
Like moonlight on a troubled stream:
This cannot last, I feel.

"Yet, it *has* lasted—Oh, how long
This sick dream seems to me!
My God! why is my weakness strong
To bear such agony?

"'Tis sad to quit a world so fair,
To warm young hearts like mine;
And, doom'd so early, hard to bear
This heavy hand of thine.

"I, like a youngling from the nest,
By rude hands torn away,
Would fain cling to my mother's breast—
But cannot, must not, stay.

"From her and hers, and our sweet home,
My soul seems forced afar,
O'er frozen seas of sable foam,
Through gloom without a star.

"I go where voice was never heard,
Where sunbeam ne'er was seen,
Where dust beholds nor flow'r nor bird,
As if life ne'er had been!

"I go where Thomas went before;
I hear him sob 'Prepare!'
And I have borne what Thomas bore:
Who knows what he can bear?

"Farewell!—farewell! to *meet* again!
But, oh, why *part* to meet?
I know my mother's heart is fain
To share my winding-sheet!

"Can't you die with me, mother? Come
And clasp me!—not so fast!
How close and airless is the room!
O mother!"—It is past!

The breath is gone, the soul is flown,
The lips no longer move;
God o'er my child hath slowly thrown
His veil of dreadful love.

O thou changed dust! pale form that tak'st
All hope from fond complaint!
Thou sad mute eloquence, that mak'st
The listener's *spirit* faint.

And, oh, ye dreamy fears, that rest
On dark realities! *
Why preach ye to the trembling breast,
Truths which are mysteries.

SONG.

TUNE.—"*Mary's Dream.*"

MOTHER! I come from God and bliss;
O bless me with a mother's kiss!
Though dead, I spurn the tomb's control,
And clasp thee in th' embrace of soul.

* Opium-eater.

No terrors daunt, no cares annoy,
No tyrants vex thy buried boy;
Why mourn for him who smiles on thee?
Dear Mother! weep no more for me.

Where angels dwell—in glen and grove—
I sought the flowers which *Mothers* love;
And in my garden I have set
The primrose and the violet:
For thee, the woe-mark'd cowslip grows,
For thee the little daisy blows;
When wilt thou come my flowers to see?
Nay, Mother! weep no more for me.

Christ's Mother wept on earth for Him,
When wept in heaven the Seraphim,
And, o'er the Eternal Throne, the light
Grew dim, and sadden'd into night;
But where through bliss heaven's rivers run,
That Mother now is with her Son;
They miss me there, and wait for thee—
Come, Mother, come! why weep for me?

I set a rose our home beside—
I know the poor memorial died;
The frost hath chipp'd my letter'd stone;
My very name from earth is gone!

But in my bower, that knows not woe,
The wild hedge-rose and woodbine glow,
And red-breasts sing of home to me:
Come, Mother, come! we wait for thee.

SONG.

MAN-LIKE her lover was to see,
But stern and cold of soul was he,
Of cold and sordid kindred born;
And when he found the maid was poor,
He pass'd in scorn her decent door,
He dug her grave with scorn.

Unstain'd as vernal snow, she died;
Like snow, that melts on Rother's side,
When April's sun in trouble sets:
Her life was but a day of showers;
And, oh, it closed o'er songless bowers
And drooping violets!

FOOTPATHS.

THE poor man's walk they take away,
The solace of his only day,
Where now, unseen, the flowers are blowing,
And, all unheard, the stream is flowing!

In solitude unbroken,
Where rill and river glide,
The lover's elm, itself a grove,
Laments the absent voice of love;
How bless'd I oft sat there with Fanny,
When tiny Jem and little Annie
Were fairies at my side!

O dew-dropp'd rose! O woodbine!
They close the bowery way,
Where oft my father's father stray'd,
And with the leaves and sunbeams play'd,
Or, like the river by the wild wood,
Ran with that river, in his childhood,
The gayest child of May!

Where little feet o'er bluebells,
Pursued the sun-bless'd bee,
No more the child-loved daisy hears
The voice of childhood's hopes and fears;

Thrush! never more, by thy lone dwelling,
Where fountain'd vales thy tale are telling,
Will childhood startle thee?

The poor man's path they take away,
His solace on the Sabbath day;
The sick heart's dewy path of roses,
Where day's eye lingers ere it closes!

TO HOFLAND, THE ARTIST.

Go, Bard and Painter! to the desert. Limn
The mountain's soul, and bid that spirit stay.
So shall thy canvas be a glowing hymn
To God, in his great works; sung every day
By every eye that sees it with the heart,
While age-long years grow grey, and rock-built pomps depart.

ON A HEARTLESS SLANDERER.

"THE unco guid" should pray with tears,
That thou may'st live a thousand years,
To hunt out flaws, and snarl, and laugh,
And then write Virtue's epitaph.

EPIGRAM.

LIFE is short, and time is swift,
Roses fade, and shadows shift;
But the ocean and the river
Rise and fall and flow for ever:
Bard! not vainly heaves the ocean;
Bard! not vainly flows the river;
Be thy song then like their motion.
Blessing now, and blessing ever.

A POET.

CHILD of the Hopeless! two hearts broke
When thou wast orphan'd here:
They left a treasure in thy breast,
The soul of Pity's tear.
And thou must be—not what thou wilt;—
Say then, what would'st thou be?
"A Poet!" Oh, if thou would'st steep
Deep thoughts in ecstasy,

Nor poet of the rich be thou,
  Nor poet of the poor;
Nor harper of the swarming town,
  Nor minstrel of the moor;
But be the bard of all mankind,
  The prophet of all time,
And tempt the saints in heav'n to steal
  Earth's truth-created rhyme.

Be the Columbus of a world
  Where wisdom knows not fear;
The Homer of a race of men
  Who need not sword and spear.
God in thy heart, and God in them,
  If thou to men canst show,
Thou makest mortals angels here,
  Their home a heav'n below.

Upon a rock thou sett'st thy feet,
  And callest Death thy slave:
"Here lies a man!" Eternity
  Shall write upon thy grave;
"A Bard lies here!—O softly tread,
  Ye never-wearied years!
And bless, O World, a memory
  Immortal as thy tears!"

THE SINLESS CAIN.

A BALLAD.

WHAT is that flesh-bound spectre,
Whose thoughts none understand?
The sleeping mastiff heareth
The shunn'd of every land.
The spirit in his famish'd eyes,
Seems bare to sun and sky;
And insolence grows mad with pride,
When that sad form comes nigh.

In every clime and country
There lives a man of pain,
Whose nerves, like chords of lightning,
Bring fire into his brain;
To him a whisper is a wound,
A look or sneer a blow;
More pangs he feels in years or months
Than dunce-throng'd ages know.

Yet Pity speaks, like Hatred,
Of him, where'er he goes;
As if his soul were marble,
Men polish it with woes.

Though soft and warm as "weeping blood,"
And true, his heart, as truth,
They coffin winter in his thoughts,
And crown with snow his youth.

He drinks the wine of curses,
He eats reproach for bread,
The fire unblown of slander
Is flame upon his head:
So, in to-morrow's unmade grave,
He counts life's heavy hours;
While rancour makes his bed of snakes,
And mockery calls them flowers.

Amid the bless'd a stranger,
Or foodless with his mate;
From home and hope an exile,
Or paid for love with hate;
All lonely by some throng'd fireside,
Or homeless in his home;
Well may he wish to herd with wolves,
Or marry ocean's foam.

"Why was I given in marriage?
Said Love, when he was born:
Behold him! the Benoni
Of glory's natal morn!

The mind of man shall be his shroud;
His life is deathless death;
Bleach'd on the surge of endless years,
He sighs—and hath no breath.

Why marvel that his spirit
Seems dry as dead men's bones?
That maidens fear his gestures,
And start to hear his tones?
Why marvel that, with maniac steps,
He moveth fast and slow,
If he was call'd a man of grief
Six thousand years ago?

By Babylonian rivers,
In Israel's dreadful day,
With soul bow'd like the willows,
For prostrate Solyma,
He, saddest, sweetest bard of all
Whom God's dark wing had swept
From pride into captivity,
Remembering Zion, wept.

Ere Rome was, he wrote ballads
On Troy, the fate-o'erthrown;
And he will sigh for London,
In manless ruin strown;

Then o'er Australia, hungering,
Poor waif of land and sea,
Ask bread through valleys yet unbuilt,
Where London is to be.

Or from some Pandour'd palace,
That looks o'er slaves afar,
Say to his royal legions—
"Go, tame the earth with war!"
That unborn scribes may write again
The tale of chain'd or free,
Unless mankind, meantime, recant
Their blood-idolatry.

Behold him! say what art thou
Whose thoughts none understand?
The sleeping mastiff hears thee,
Thou scorn'd of every land.
Famine, that laid thy vitals bare
To wind, and sun, and sky,
Sees nothing sadder than thy cheek,
Or wilder than thine eye.

What art thou? Did thy boyhood
Cull shells on Severn's side?
Art thou "the wondrous stripling
That perish'd in his pride?"

Or art thou he whom wonder call'd
The Avonian's youthful peer,
The second Shakspeare? Bread! O Bread!
Poor Otway!—it is here.

Thou changest—Art thou Dante,
The famed in peace and war,
Whom weeps ungrateful Florence,
Beneath her mournful star?
Then hast thou known "how sad the sound
Of feet on strangers' stairs—
How bitter strangers' bread" to him
Who eats it, and despairs!

Thou changest—Trampled Hargraves!
Rejoin thy nameless dust;
Not even to the lifeless
Will cruel man be just.
Changed! thought-worn Crompton! thy sad face
Casts gloom on cloudless day;
Fool, even in death! why linger here,
Trade's meek reproach?—away!

Thou changest—Art thou Byron,
Who barter'd peace for stone?
And *did'st* thou wed a shadow,
To perish all alone?

Changed! Art thou he, once many-thron'd,
Who wifeless, sonless, died,
While son and wife, walk'd, clad in smiles,
His paltry foe beside!

Again thou changest. Sad one!
How want-worn is thine hand!
No diadem *thou* wearest,
Thou scorn'd of every land!
The eagle in thy famish'd eyes,
Looks faintly on the sky;
And insult waxeth red with rage,
When thy pale form draws nigh.

EPISTLE TO G. C. HOLLAND, ESQ., M.D.,

WITH MRS. LOUDON'S "PHILANTHROPIC ECONOMY; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS."

DOCTOR, I send you, with this scrawl,
A thing by no means common;
For, by the Power that made us all,
I send—a perfect woman!

I do not praise her cheek's rich hue,
Her dress, her air of fashion;
I say not that the soul's deep blue
Melts in her eye of passion;

But I commend her to the heart
  On which your own reposes,
Because her stern worth can impart
  A grace like rain on roses;

And teach parental flowers to teach
  The love of gainful duty
To every plant within her reach,
  And all their buds of beauty.

The meek-tress'd angel of your home
  May take to her own bosom
Thoughts bright and pure as ocean's foam,
  And fresh as morning's blossom.

Nor need she dread a rival's look,
  Or hate a rival's merit:
I send—a woman in a book!
  A world-awaking spirit!

A charm! a host! a scourge! a sting!
  By tyrants seen with sadness!
A truth-taught POWER! whose mental wing
  Shall smite them into madness!

Oh, thanks to Loudon and to thee,
  Sword-breaking might of letters!
Enfranchised woman shall set free
  The slave who forged her fetters!

For Truth is freedom unto those
Whose souls have strength to seize her;
They play a game which none can lose,
Who seek her

EBENEZER.

THE BROKEN HEART.

STOP, passenger! for I am weak,
And heavy are my failing feet—
Stop! till I gather strength to speak:
Twice have I seen thee cross the street,
Where woe and wild-flowers seldom meet.

O give a pallid flower to her
Who ne'er again will see one grow!
Give me a primrose, passenger!
That I may bless it ere I go
To my false love, in death laid low.

Sweet—sweet! it breathes of Rother's bowers,
Where, like the stream, my childhood play'd;
And, happy as the birds and flowers,
My love and I together strayed,
Far from the dim town's deadly shade.

Why did he leave my mother's cot?
My days of trouble then began:
I followed—but he knew me not!
The stripling had become a man!
And now in heaven he waits for Ann.

Back from consumption's streeted gloom,
To death's green fields, I fain would fly;
In yon churchyard there is no room
For broken-hearted flowers to sigh,
And look on heaven before they die.

SATURDAY.

To-MORROW will be Sunday, Ann—
Get up, my child, with me;
Thy father rose at four o'clock
To toil for me and thee.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
And praise it when they dine;
For John has taste—so we'll be neat,
Altho' we can't be fine.

Then let us shake the carpet well,
And wash and scour the floor,
And hang the weather-glass he made
Beside the cupboard door.

And polish thou the grate, my love;
I'll mend the sofa arm;
The autumn winds blow damp and chill;
And John loves to be warm.

And bring the new white curtain out,
And string the pink tape on—
Mechanics should be neat and clean:
And I'll take heed for John.

And brush the little table, child,
And fetch the ancient books—
John loves to read; and, when he reads,
How like a king he looks!

And fill the music-glasses up
With water fresh and clear;
To-morrow, when he sings and plays,
The *street* will stop to hear.

And throw the dead flowers from the vase,
And rub it till it glows;
For in the leafless garden yet
He'll find a winter rose.

And lichen from the wood he'll bring,
And mosses from the dell;
And from the sheltered stubble-field,
The scarlet pimpernell.

HOLIDAY.

O BLESSÈD! when some holiday
  Brings townsmen to the moor,
And, in the sunbeams, brighten up
  The sad looks of the poor.
The bee puts on his richest gold,
  As if that worker knew—
How hardly (and for little) they
  Their sunless task pursue.
But from their souls the sense of wrong
  On dove-like pinion flies;
And, throned o'er all, Forgiveness sees
  His image in their eyes.
Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
  On marjoram and thyme,
And through his grated fingers sees
  The falcon's flight sublime;
Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
  Grow darkly blue with light,
And his lips redden like the bloom
  O'er miles of mountains bright.
The little lovely maiden-hair
  Turns up its happy face,
And saith unto the poor man's heart,
  "Thou'rt welcome to this place."

The infant river leapeth free,
Amid the bracken tall,
And cries, "FOR EVER there is ONE
Who reigneth over all;
And unto Him, as unto me,
Thou'rt welcome to partake
His gift of light, his gift of air,
O'er mountain, glen, and lake.
Our Father loves us, want-worn man!
And know thou this from me:
The pride that makes thy pain his couch,
May wake to envy thee.
Hard, hard to bear are want and toil,
As thy worn features tell;
But wealth is armed with fortitude,
And bears thy sufferings well."

SONG.

NOR alehouse scores, nor alehouse broils
Turn my good woman pale;
For in my pantry I've a keg
Of home-brewed ale.
The devil keeps a newspaper
Where tavern-wranglers rail,
Because it tempts his doomed and lost
To drink bad ale.

But I read news at second-hand,
Nor find it flat and stale;
While Hume's or Hindley's health I drink
In home-brew'd ale.
My boys and girls delight to see
My friends and me regale,
While Nancy, curtsying, deigns to sip
Our home-brew'd ale;
And when the widow'd pauper comes,
To tell her monthly tale,
I sometimes cheer her with a drop
Of home-brew'd ale;
It tells her heart of better days,
Ere she grew thin and pale,
When James, before the banker fail'd,
Drank home-brew'd ale.
I'll melt no money in my drink,
Where ruffians fight and rail:
The gauger never dipp'd his stick
In my cheap ale.
But when we household suffrage get,
And honest men prevail;
Then, hey, mechanics, for free trade,
And cheaper ale!

RUB OR RUST.

IDLER, why lie down to die?
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
"Die when die thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—
"Better rub than rust:
Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want;
Nought for nought is just—
Won't do, *must* do, when he *can't*;
"Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust."

THE HOME OF TASTE.

You seek the home of taste, and find
  The proud mechanic there,
Rich as a king, and less a slave,
  Throned in his elbow-chair!
Or on his sofa reading Locke,
  Beside his open door! *
Why start?—why envy worth like his
  The carpet on his floor?

You seek the home of sluttery—
  "Is John at home?" you say.
"No, sir; he's at the 'Sportsman's Arms;'
  The dog-fight's o'er the way."
O lift the workman's heart and mind
  Above low sensual sin!
Give him a home! the home of taste!
  Outbid the house of gin! †

* This is not an overcharged picture of the condition of some of the mechanics of Sheffield.

† O that I could express in rhyme this sentiment, as it came, clothed in beauty and holiness, from the lips of Dr. Knight, at our last cutlers' feast!

O give him taste! it is the link
  Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows, thrown across
  The gulph of tears and sighs;
Or like a widower's little one—
  An angel in a child—
That leads him to her mother's chair,
  And shows him how she smiled.

THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

Go, Mary, to the summer-house,
  And sweep the wooden floor,
And light the little fire, and wash
  The pretty varnish'd door;
For there the London gentleman,
  Who lately lectured here,
Will smoke a pipe with Jonathan,
  And taste our home-brew'd beer.

Go, bind the dahlias, that our guest
  May praise their fading dyes;
But strip of every wither'd bloom
  The flower that won the prize!

And take thy father's knife, and prune
  The roses that remain;
And let the fallen hollyhock
  Peep through the broken pane.

And spunge his view of Blacklowscar,
  Till bright, on moor and town,
The painted sun, and stormy crest,
  O'er leagues of cloud look down.
He rose at three, to work till four—
  The evenings still are long—
And still for every lingering flower
  The redbreast hath a song.

I'll follow in an hour or two;
  Be sure I will not fail
To bring his flute and spying-glass,
  The pipes and bottled ale;
And that grand music which he made
  About the child in bliss;
Our guest shall hear it sung and play'd,
  And feel how grand it is!

SONG.

LET idlers despair! there is hope for the wise,
Who rely on their own hearts and hands;
And we read in their souls, by the flash of their eyes,
That our land is the noblest of lands.
Let knaves fear for England, whose thoughts wear a mask,
While a war on our trenchers they wage;
Free trade and no favour is all that we ask!
Fair play, and the world for a stage!

Secure in their baseness, the lofty and bold
Look down on their victims beneath;
Like snow on a skylight, exalted and cold,
They shine o'er the shadow of death;
In the warm sun of knowledge, that kindles our blood,
And fills our cheer'd spirits with day,
Their splendour, contemn'd by the brave and the good,
Like a palace of ice melts away.

Our compass, which married the East to the West,
Our press, which makes many minds one,
Our steam-sinew'd giant that toils without rest,
Proclaim that our perils are gone.

We want but the right, which the God of the right
Denies not to birds and to bees;
The charter of Nature! that bids the wing'd light
Fly chainless as winds o'er the seas.

SONG.

With hair grown grey, we look behind
On passions whose wild reign is o'er—
Virtues, whose failure stings the mind,
And troubles that molest no more:

Slow pass'd the days of toil and care;
Yet, oh! how fast they seem to fly,
When we look back on our despair,
And call it hope, yet know not why.

And still they pass, and shade on shade
Deepens, their woe-mark path along;
But Thou, O God! art strong to aid;
Ay, and in Thee the weak are strong.

SONG.

FREE Trade, like religion, hath doctrines of love,
And the promise of plenty and health;
It proclaims, while the angels look down from above,
The marriage of Labour and Wealth.

Free Trade, like religion, hath doctrines of peace,
Universal as God's vital air;
And, throned o'er doom'd evil, he hails its increase,
While his enemies only despair.

By all who their blood on Truth's altars resign'd,
To enfranchise a sin-fetter'd race!
Our sons shall be freed from the curse of the blind,
And redeem'd from the bonds of the base.

The ark of our triumph, far, far as seas roll,
Shall ride o'er the wealth-freighted waves;
The chain'd of the drones be the chainless in soul,
And tyrants made men by their slaves.

The hall of our fathers, with heav'n for its dome,
And the steps of its portals the sea—
Of labour and comfort will then be the home,
And the temple where worship the Free.

SONG.

O'ER Polonia's plains of glory,
Freedom tower'd—a stately tree;
From all storms, a sky of branches
Shelter'd mine and shelter'd me.

Underneath the tree of ages,
Many a merry song sung we;
Carved his rind, and kiss'd his shadow;
Oh, we loved the glorious tree!

Now, alas! no sky of branches
Shelters mine and shelters me!
Now, alas! the tree of Poland
Low is fall'n, as low can be!

And, as on Euphrates' waters,
When the mournful moonbeam slept,
Israel's wanderers, sad for Zion,
With the weeping willows wept,

So we mourn, and, all unheeded,
Make our roof the unpillar'd sky;
So we roam, and friendless, hopeless,
Shed the tear of memory.

THE WINTER SPEEDWELL.

Ye wintry flowers, whose pensive dyes
  Wake when the summer's lily sleeps!
Ye are like orphans, in whose eyes
  Their low-laid mother's beauty weeps.

Oh, not like stars that come at eve,
  Through dim clouds glimmering one by one,
And teach the failing heart to grieve,
  Because another day is gone!

But like the hopes that linger yet
  Upon the grave of sorrow's love,
And dare Affection to forget
  The form below, the soul above;

Or like the thoughts that bid Despair
  Repose in faith on Mercy's breast;
Givers of wings—from toil and care—
  To fly away and be at rest!

A GHOST AT NOON.

THE day was dark, save when the beam
  Of noon through darkness broke;
In gloom I sate, as in a dream,
  Beneath my orchard oak;
Lo! splendour, like a spirit, came,
  A shadow like a tree!
While there I sat, and named her name,
  Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear;
  I look'd around in awe;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
  Though all that was I saw;
The seat, the tree, where oft, in tears,
  She mourn'd her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joys cut off in early years,
  Like gather'd flowers half-blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
  But Mary did not come;
And e'en the rose, which she had set,
  Was fated ne'er to bloom!

The thrush proclaim'd, in accents sweet,
  The winter's reign was o'er;
The bluebells throng'd around my feet,
  But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
  Awake to thought again?
A voice of comfort answers me,
  That God does nought in vain:
He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
  Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
And will He waste the hope which grief
  Hath planted in the grave?

SONG.

LIKE a rootless rose or lily;
  Like a sad and life-long sigh;
Like a bird pursued and weary,
  Doom'd to flutter till it die;
Landless, restless, joyless, hopeless,
  Gasping still for bread and breath,
To their graves by trouble hunted,
  Albion's helots toil for death.

Tardy day of hoarded ruin,
Wild Niagara of blood!
Coming sea of headlong millions,
Vainly seeking work and food!
Why is famine reaped for harvest?
Planted curses always grow;
Where the plough makes want its symbol,
Fools will gather as they sow.

SONG.

SLEEP, sleep my love! thy gentle bard
Shall wake, his fever'd maid to guard:
The moon in heaven rides high;
The dim stars through thy curtains peep;
Whilst thou, poor sufferer, triest to sleep,
They hear thy feeble cry.

She sleeps! but pain, though baffled, streaks,
With intermitting blush, her cheeks,
And haunts her troubled dream:
Yet shalt thou wake to health, my love,
And seek again the bluebell'd grove
And music-haunted stream.

HE WENT.

He left me sad, and cross'd the deep,
A home for me to seek;
He never will come back again;
My heart, my heart will break!
To see me toil for scanty food,
He could not bear, he said,
But promised to come back again,
His faithful Ann to wed.

Bad men had turn'd into a hell
The country of his birth;
And he is gone who should have stay'd
To make it heaven on earth:
A heaven to me it would have been
Had he remain'd with me;
O bring my William back again,
Thou wild heart-breaking sea!

He should have stay'd to overthrow
The men who do us wrong;
When such as he fly far away,
They make oppressors strong:

But, oh, though worlds of cruel waves
  Between our torn hearts rise,
My William, thou art present still
  Before my weeping eyes.

Why hast thou sought a foreign land,
  And left me here to weep?
Man! man! thou should'st have sent our foes
  Beyond that dismal deep!
For when I die, who then will toil,
  My mother's life to save?
What hope will then remain for her?
  A trampled workhouse grave!

HE WROTE.

He did not come, but letters came,
  And money came in one;
But he would quickly come, they said—
  "When I," she sigh'd, "am gone!"
Thenceforth she almost welcomed death,
  With feelings high and brave;
Because she knew that her true love
  Would weep upon her grave.

"No parish hirelings," oft she said,
"My wasted corpse shall bear;
The honest labour of my hands
Hath purchased earth and prayer:
Nor childless will my mother be;"
The dying sufferer smiled;
"Thou wilt not want, for William's heart
Is wedded to thy child!"

But Death seem'd loath to strike a form
So beautiful and young;
And o'er her long, with lifted dart,
The pensive tyrant hung;
And life in her seem'd like a sleep,
As she drew nearer home;
But when she waked, more eagerly
She ask'd, "Is William come?"

"Is William come?" she wildly ask'd;
The answer still was, "No!"—
She's dead!—but through her closing lids
The tears were trickling slow;
And like the fragrance of a rose,
Whose snowy life is o'er,
Pale beauty linger'd on the lips
Which he will kiss no more.

HE CAME.

At length he came. None welcomed him;
The decent door was closed;
But near it stood a matron meek,
With pensive looks, composed:
She knew his face, though it was changed,
And gloom came o'er her brow;
"They're gone," she said, "but you're in time;
They're in the churchyard now."

He reach'd the grave, and sternly bade
The impatient shovel wait:
"Ann Spencer, aged twenty-five,"
He read upon the plate.
"Why did'st thou seek a foreign land,
And leave me here to die?"
The sad inscriptions seem'd to say—
But he made no reply.

Her mother saw him through her tears,
But not a word she said—
Nor could he know that days had pass'd
Since last she tasted bread.

She stood in comely mourning there,
Self-stay'd in her distress;
The dead maid's toil bought earth and prayer;
Sleep on, proud Britoness!

But thou, meet parent of the dead!
Where now wilt thou abide?
With William in a foreign land;
Or by thy daughter's side?
Oh! William's broken heart is sworn
To cross no more the foam!
Full soon will men cry—"Hark! again!
Three now! they're *all* at home!"

ON THE DEATH OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

O YE who died, trampled, at Peterloo,
By England's Juggernaut! Ye too who drank
Slowly life's bitterest cup, not drugg'd with rue,
But brimm'd with hopeless pain; and ye who sar
In blood at Wexford, rolling rank o'er rank,
Like storm-swept waves! the golden door throw wi
(It needs no golden key,) and hail and thank
The meek, the merciful, who ne'er denied
His aid to want and grief, when they for suc
cried.

But ye who plough the flint with curses ! ye
Who scalding tears o'er wrongs inflicted weep,
And drink them from your eyes of misery,
To quench with fire the burning soul, or creep
To cold discomfort's bed, and, dreaming, steep
Your straw in agonies ! keep, pallid slaves,
Who still wear chains ! your worm that dies not keep !
And kneeling, in your hearts, on tyrants' graves,
Swear deathless hate to them, their gods, their fools and knaves.

SABBATH MORNING.

Rise, young Mechanic ! Idle darkness leaves
The dingy town, and cloudless morning glows :
O rise and worship Him who spins and weaves
Into the petals of the hedge-side rose
Day's golden beams and all-embracing air !
Rise ! for the morn of Sabbath riseth fair !
The clouds expect thee—Rise ! the stonechat hops
Among the mosses of thy granite chair :
Go tell the plover, on the mountain tops,
That *we* have cherish'd nests and hidden wings.
Wings ? Ay, like those on which the seraph flings
His sun-bright speed from star to star abroad ;
And we have Music, like the whisperings
Of streams in Heav'n—our *labour* is an ode

Of sweet sad praise to Him who loves the right.
And cannot He who spins the beauteous light,
And weaves the air into the wild flowers hues,
Give to thy soul the mountain torrent's might,
Or fill thy veins with sunbeams, and diffuse
Over thy thoughts the greenwood's melody?
Yea, this and more He can and will for thee,
If thou wilt read, engraven on the skies
And restless waves, that "sloth is misery;
And that our worth from our necessities
Flows, as the rivers from his clouds descend!"

TASTE.

WHEN, o'er her dying child, we hear
The hopeless mother sigh;
"There is a better world," we sob;
"Can such affection die?"
Perhaps it can—for wolves and worms
Have their affections too;
And passion sometimes loves the false
Even better than the true.

But Taste, in its infinity,
Its beauty, and its might,
Walks thro' the beams of common day
In robes of heavenly light:

A spirit—ay, a deathless Eve,
To man's pure bosom given:
They meet—earth's Eden is not lost!
They part—to meet in Heaven!

What power like that which turns to bliss
The mournful and the dull,
And from the dust beneath our feet
Calls up the beautiful,
Can bid the hopes of frailty soar,
Undying life, to thee?
Pride dies with man; but Taste predicts
His immortality.

THE WOODBINES OF JUNE.

Broom glow'd in the valley,
For William and Sally,
The rose with the rill was in tune;
Love fluttering their bosoms,
As breezes the blossoms,
They stray'd thro' the woodbines of June.

Oft, oft he caress'd her,
And to his heart press'd her,
The rose with the woodbine was twined;
Her cheek on his bosom,
Like dew on the blossom,
Enchanted the tale-telling wind.

Poor Sally was bonny,
But Mary had money,
Ay, money, and beauty beside;
And wilt thou, sweet Mary,
Thou fond and unwary,
Deprive the wise fool of his bride?

Yes, bee-haunted valley!
Poor heart-broken Sally
No more, with her William, will stray—
"He marries another!
I'm dying!—O mother!
Take, take that sweet woodbine away!"

THE REJECTED.

His hand clasp'd in hers, she look'd up in the face
That once gazed as fondly on me;
Two boys and a girl, in their butterfly chase,
Ran before them with laughter and glee.

He saw me—he knew me—his brown cheek turn'd pale,
"Oh, still doth he love me?" I sigh'd;
But my heart how it sank! and I felt my knees fail,
As I look'd on his beautiful bride.

In their comely attire, and their calm thankful air,
The tale of their virtues was told;
While, childless and mateless, in want and despair,
Was the woman who spurn'd him for gold.

Oh, even at the altar, when coldly I gave
My hand to the thing I had bought,
Remorse told my heart, in a voice from my grave,
That I barter'd a shadow for nought!

Nought! call ye it nought to applaud what ye hate?
To honour, yet feign to contemn?
To borrow of servants? and, apeing the great,
Envy all that's look'd down on by them?

Till at last; but, O Henry! my doom I could bear,
Might I know that thou weepest for me;
And feel, while the robe of my weaving I wear,
That I still am remember'd by thee?

That while thou tread'st humbly, with truth for thy stay,
The path that to competence led,
Thou pitiest the proud one who threw thee away,
And think'st of her desolate bed.

RAINBOWED MAY.

Now, over violets the chaffinch hops,
And bursts of sunshine startle wood and copse,
With bluebells gay;
For heav'n is dim with showers, and mountain-tops
Look down on rainbow'd May:
Haste then, mechanic, take thy spade and hoes;
Haste to thy garden, while thy soul o'erflows
With hope and joy;
And with thee take, rejoicing as he goes,
Thy heart-awaken'd boy.

Lo! his cheek reddens as he lifts his eyes!
He grasps his rusted rake with joyful cries
And sinews stark;
And to his shout his smoke-dried dog replies,
With dusty frisk and bark;
For to the garden, where the red-breast hops,
Through gleams of light that startle wood and copse
They take their way;
While, bathed in dewy air, the mountain tops
Look down on rainbow'd May.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FIRST EMIGRANT.

Upon the dreadful battle-field, methought,
High on Breed's Hill, after the fight was done,
Amid the dead, yet fearing not the dead,
I stood before a form, that sadden'd night.
"Featureless presence! Are thy tresses mist?
Or hast thou lineaments? The blast unveils thee,
Visage of mystery! and swirls the cloud
That seems thy carpet." From the earth it rose
Slow, from a nameless tomb, with human gore
Polluted in the fight of yesterday,
Nor scatter'd the red death-dews from a flower;
A dim form, mingling with the tempest's light,
All indistinct, as the moon's shrouded beams,
Seen thro' the snow flakes, when they fluttering fall,
Muffling the mountain echoes silently.
The seeming brow was turn'd to heav'n, the hands
In deprecation waved. "Cloud-involved moon!
Stars, that from earth's blood-bolter'd face withdraw
Your blasted beams," exclaim'd a hollow voice;
"For peace I cross'd the sable rolling seas,
Left country, friends, all, but my God, for peace
To worship Him in truth and purity.
I first, from persecution flying, rear'd
The white man's home amid Columbian woods,

God's altar, in the unhewn temple wild
Of Nature. There, where bright Connecticut
Waters a sin-found Eden, with my sons
I kneel'd, and gave the God of deserts praise.
I kiss'd their hands; I bade them live in love,
And sometimes think of me; and then I slept.
They wept; they dug, near ocean's echoing shore,
My narrow bed of rest; and unknown flowers
Bloom'd o'er it, drooping lonely. But the blood
Of murder hath profaned the shuddering tomb,
And call'd the slumberer from his bed of worms.
In vain for peace, for peace I cross'd the seas,
And vainly left, far east, my mother's grave;
Nor may my children's children dwell in peace,
Nor worship God in truth and purity."

HANNAH RATCLIFFE.

If e'er she knew an evil thought,
She spoke no evil word.
Peace to the gentle! she hath sought
The bosom of her Lord.

She lived to love, and loved to bless
Whatever He hath made;
But early on her gentleness
His chastening hand He laid.

Like a maim'd linnet, nursed with care,
She graced a home of bliss;
And dwelt in thankful quiet there,
To show what goodness is.

Her presence was a noiseless power,
That sooth'd us day by day—
A modest, meek, secluded flower,
That smiled, and pass'd away.

So meek she was, that, when she died,
We miss'd the lonely one,
As when we feel, on Loxley's side,
The silent sunshine gone.

But memory brings to sunless bowers
The light they knew before;
And Hannah's quiet smile is ours,
Though Hannah is no more.

Her pale face visits yet my heart
And oft my guest will be;
O White Rose! thou shalt not depart;
But wither here with me.

THE WAY BROAD-LEAF.

WHEN Winter howls along the hill,
We find the broad-leaf'd plantain still;
The way broad-leaf, of herbs the chief,
We never miss the way broad-leaf;
'Tis common as the poor.

To soothe the cruel scorner's woes,
Beneath the scorner's feet it grows;
Neglected, trampled, still it thrives,
A creature of unnumber'd lives;
How like the trampled poor!

When roses die, it still remains;
Hoof-crush'd, beneath unpitying rains,
Roll'd o'er by ringing carts and wains,
It suffers still, but ne'er complains;
Just like the helpless poor!

Scorn'd by the bluebells—or bent o'er
Their graves beneath the sycamore—
Meek, modest, silent, useful still,
It loves to do the gentle will
Of Him who loves the poor!

PROLOGUE TO WATT TYLER.

A PLAY, BY JOHN WATKINS.

WHILE they whose sordid lusts oppress a state,
Forestall, because they dread, the public hate,
Slow to resent are nations; man endures
The curse of bondage, better than he cures.
We tremble when the ocean, white with foam,
Hails the deep voice of rivers roaring home,
And the black sky, which fire's wild instinct rends,
Like a Niagara of clouds descends;
But calm succeeds, the mountain'd plain subsides,
In music soon the meeken'd river glides,
And when the wholesome hurricane is o'er,
Earth wears a look more lovely than before.
Not always thus, when nations, stung to rage,
On kings and priests a war of vengeance wage;
E'en though triumphant, oft with ruin fraught,
The human tempest strengthens what it smote;
O'er rout or victory, derision names
A Louis Philippe, or a second James;
A Cromwell or Napoleon, cursed with might,
Turns hope to darkness, with portentous light,
Plague from the enthusiast's sinless Eden brings,
And plumed by Freedom, tramples on her wings.

Too seldom, if the righteous fight is won,
Rebellion boasts a Tell or Washington;
But if the champion of the People fail,
Foes only live to tell Misfortune's tale,
And meanness blots, while none to praise is nigh,
The hero's virtues, with a coward's lie.
To-night we bring, from his insulted grave,
A man too honest to become a slave:
How few admire him! few, perhaps, bewail'd!
He was a vulgar hero—for he fail'd:
Such glorious honours soothe the patriot's shade!
Of such materials History is made!
But had his followers triumph'd, where he fell
Fame would have hymn'd her village Hampden well,
And Watt the Tyler been a William Tell.

SONG.

BRIGHT Word of God! that shin'st on high,
Beneath his footstool of the sky!
Thou say'st He made thee bright for all,
For rich and poor, for great and small;
And canst thou lie?

Lo! on the prisoner's dungeon'd eye,
Cut off from heaven's warm blasonry,
Thy beams of glory cannot fall!
Yet say'st thou, light was made for all;
And dost thou lie?

The sons of Want and Labour sigh
For air, for light, and, poison'd, die!
Life is to them a funeral pall!
Yet say'st thou, light is bright for all;
O do not lie!

To thee the lark, the eagle cry,
The tiny wren, the little fly;
On thee the seas, the mountains call:
Thou say'st, God made thee bright for all,
And dost not lie.

CORONATION ODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SHEFFIELD WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

VICTORIA, cypress-crown'd! thou good in vain!
How the red wreath, with which thy name is bound—
The page which tells the first deeds of thy reign,
Black and blood-bloated—cheer the Calmuck hound,
Whose growl o'er Brunswick hails thee, cypress-crown'd!

Canada weeps—and yet her *dead* are free!
Throned o'er their blood! who would not be a Queen?
The Queen *of new-made graves*, who would not be?
Of glory's royal flowers the loveliest seen!
So young! yet all that the deplored have been!

Here too, O Queen, thy woe-worn people feel
The load they bear is *more* than they can bear!
Beneath it twenty million workers reel!
While fifty thousand idlers rob and glare,
And mock the sufferings which they yet may share!

The drama soon will end. Four acts are past:
The curtain rises o'er embracing foes!
But each dark smiler hugs his dagger fast!
While Doom prepares his match, and waits the close!
Queen of the Earthquake! would'st thou win or lose?

Still shall the Car of Juggernaut roll on,
O'er broken hearts and children born in vain,
Banner'd with fire! while "thousand men as one"
Sink down beneath its coward wheels of pain,
That crush our souls, through crunching blood and brain!

Stop!—for to ruin Antoinette was led,
By men, who only when they died awoke!
Base nobles who, o'er France vain darkness spread,
And, goading her faint steeds with stroke on stroke,
Loaded the wain—until the axles broke!

Stop!—"*for the blasting engine's iron Laws*,"
Then saved not thrones from outraged Heav'n's control,
When hunger urged up to the cannon's jaws
A sea of men, with only one wild soul!
Hark! still I hear the echo of its roll!

VERSES

ON THE OPENING OF THE SHEFFIELD AND ROTHERHAM RAILWAY.

FORESTS!—thou river'd landscape wide!—
  Beneath storm-threatening skies,*
I stand on war-mark'd Winco's side,
  And see, with gladdened eyes,
Another triumph for mankind—
Another victory of mind
  O'er man's worst enemies.

They come! the shrieking steam ascends
  Slow moves the banner'd train;
They rush! the towering vapour bends—
  The kindled wave again
Screams over thousands, thronging all
To witness now the funeral
  Of law-created pain.

Behold it—Osgathorpe, behold!†
  Look down, and cry "All hail!"
Skies! brighten into blue and gold,
  O'er all the living vale!

* The morning was clouded, but burst into sudden splendour over the rushing trains.

† A beautiful eminence between Sheffield and Winco-bank, and, like the latter, overlooking a landscape of equal beauty.

Wan, lingering foxglove! you, ye trees!
Thou wood of Tinsley! tell the breeze
That hell's dark cheek turns pale;

For Mind shall conquer time and space;
Bid East and West shake hands!
Bring, over Ocean, face to face,
Earth's ocean-sever'd strands;
And, on his path of iron, bear
Words that shall wither, in despair,
The tyrants of all lands.

Eternal River!—roaring still,
As roar'd thy foamy wave
When first each wild-rose-skirted rill
Heard moorland echoes rave;—
Thou seest, amid thy meadows green,
The goodliest sight that earth hath seen
Since man made fire his slave.

Fire-kindling Man! how weak wast thou
Ere thou hadst conquer'd fire!
How like a worm, on Canklow's brow,
Thou shrank'st from winter's ire!
Or heard'st the torrent-gathering night
Awake the wolf, with thee to fight,
Where these broad shades aspire!

How dismal was thy airy hall,
Thy throne for hearthless kings!
But glorious was thy funeral pall;
And there are direr things
Than thy red-rule of forest law,
Thy last home in the raven's maw,
Thy hearse of living wings.

Yes he whom scorn and hunger ban,
Whom ease and law belie,
Who vainly asks his fellow man
For "leave to toil" and die,
Is sadder, weaker, than wast thou,
When naked here, on Winco's brow,
Thou didst the wolf defy.

In vain thou mak'st the air a slave
That works and will not tire;
And burn'st the flame-destroying wave,
And rid'st on harness'd fire;
In vain—if millions toil half-fed,
And Crompton's children, begging bread,
Wealth-hated, curse their sire.

Fire-kindling man! thy life-stream runs,
Even yet, through sighs and groans:
Too long thy Watts and Stephensons,
With brains have fatten'd drones;

O Genius! all too long, too oft,
At thee the souls of clay have scoff'd,
And sold thy little ones!

Sold them to Misery's dungeon gloom;
To Rapine's menial blow;
To beggary's brawl-fill'd lodging-room,
Where Famine curses woe;
Then to the death-den's workhouse floor,
To which good Christians bring the poor,
By stages sure and slow.

But, lo! the train!—On! onward!—still
Loud shrieks the kindled wave;
And back fly hamlet, tree, and hill,
White steam, and banners brave;
And thoughts on vapoury wings are hurl'd,
To shake old thrones and change a world,
And dig Abaddon's grave.

Mountains, that were when graves were not!
Time-humbled Templestowe,*
Thou tell'st of eagled Rome and Scott,
What dateless years shall know!
Lo! Mind prepares the final fall;
The many-nation'd funeral
Of law-created woe!

* The remains of a fortification at the Ickles, near Rotherham. See Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe."

Eternal River!—roaring now,
As erst, in earlier years,
Ere grief began, with youthful brow,
To live an age of tears;
Thou hear'st, beneath this brightening sky,
A voice of Power that will not die
While man hath hopes and fears.

He, (conquering fire, and time, and space,)
Bids East and West shake hands;
Brings, over ocean, face to face,
Earth's ocean-sever'd strands;
And, on his iron road, will bear
Words that shall wither, in despair,
The tyrants of all lands.

HYMN.

ANOTHER wave is swallow'd by the sea
Of sumless waves!
Another year, thou past Eternity,
Hath roll'd o'er new-made graves!
They open yet—to bid the living weep,
Where tears are vain;
While I, unswept into the ruthless deep,
Storm-tried and sad, remain.

Why am *I* spared? Surely to wear away,
By useful deeds,
Vile traces, left beneath th' upbraiding spray,
Of empty shells and weeds.
If there are deeds, which no repentance need,
And all can do,
Why should one heart with vain contrition bleed,
Self-tried, and found untrue?
But there are things which time devoureth not;
Thoughts, whose green youth
Flowers o'er the ashes of the unforgot,
And words, whose fruit is truth.
Are ye not imaged in the eternal sea,
Things of to-day?
Deeds which are harvest for Eternity!
Ye cannot pass away.

TRAFALGAR.

Above the howl of ocean
And frowning Trafalgar,
From bursting cloud, went forth the voice
Of elemental war;

And, louder than the tempest,
From man, the insect, came,
Beneath the frown of Trafalgar,
His deadly voice of flame.

But, ere it rent the blackness
Which God's stern brow cast wide,
"Now, Victory or Westminster!"
Said Nelson, in his pride.

"My comrades, do your duty!
Or what will England say?"*
"They shall!" cried accents from the deep,
Where dead men weltering lay.

Red Horror tore the tempest;
Down stoop'd both sea and sky;
And, like a flood on Collingwood,
The clouds rush'd from on high.

Life pledged for life, arm'd thousands
Join'd then in horrid strife.
O Life, thou art an awful thing!—
For what is God but Life?

Shouts, groans, and man's dread thunder,
Made up one dismal cry:
The affrighted storm ask'd what it meant,
And Death made no reply.

* "England expects every man to do his duty."

But, on the grave of thousands,
A silent spirit trod;
He clasp'd them in th' *embrace* of Death—
And what is Death but God?

He cared not for their glory,
He ask'd not of their cause;
While, right or wrong, the weak and strong
Obeyed alike his laws.

One tyrant lost his war-ships;
Worse tyrants summ'd their gains;
And toil-worn nations sang and danced,
(As maniacs dance,) in chains!

How like an empty bubble
The turmoil pass'd away!
"Where are the weak?" said sun and cloud—
"The mighty!—where are they?"

And birds of light and calmness—
Where dolphins gamboll'd free,
And heroes in their glory lay—
Flew over the smooth sea.

And, from his throne of silence,
The God of Peace look'd down,
Though sternly, on their bed of death,
With pity in his frown.

For Spaniard, Frank, and Briton,
All peaceful in one grave,
Like babies in their nurses' arms,
Slept under the green wave.

Image of God! through horrors
"That make the angels weep,"
Why seek the gift that comes unsought—
His boon of dreadful sleep?

HYMN.

NURSE of the Pilgrim Sires, who sought,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
For fearless truth and honest thought,
A refuge and a home!
Who would not be of them or thee
A not unworthy son,
That hears, amid the chain'd or free,
The name of Washington?

Cradle of Shakspeare, Milton, Knox!
King-shaming Cromwell's throne!
Home of the Russells, Watts, and Lockes!
Earth's greatest are thine own:

And shall thy children forge base chains
For men that would be free?
No! by thy ELLIOTS, HAMPDENS, VANES,
PYMS, SYDNEYS, yet to be!

No!—for the blood which kings have gorged
Hath made their victims wise,
While every lie that Fraud hath forged
Veils wisdom from his eyes:
But time shall change the despot's mood:
And Mind is mightiest then,
When turning evil into good,
And monsters into men.

If round the *soul* the chains are bound
That hold the world in thrall—
If tyrants laugh when men are found
In brutal fray to fall—
Lord! let not Britain arm her hands,
Her sister states to ban;
But bless through her all other lands,
Thy family of Man.

For freedom if thy HAMPDEN fought,
For peace if FALKLAND fell;
For peace and love if BENTHAM wrote,
And BURNS sang wildly well—

Let Knowledge, strongest of the strong,
Bid hate and discord cease;
Be this the burden of her song:
"Love, Liberty, and Peace!"

Then, Father, will the nations all,
As with the sound of seas,
In universal festival,
Sing words of joy, like these:—
Let each love all, and all be free,
Receiving as they give;
Lord!—Jesus died for Love and Thee!
So let thy children live!

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SHEFFIELD MECHANICS' FIRST EXHIBITION.

SPRING, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
Come duly, as of old;
Winds blow, suns set, and morning saith,
"Ye hills, put on your gold!"
Gray Stanage and his mountain'd sea
Roll, granite-billow'd, ever;
And Loxley, Sheaf, and Ewden, leave
Their dewy valleys never.

The song of Homer liveth;
Dead Solon is not dead;
Thy splendid name Pythagoras,
O'er realms of suns is spread!
If Milton's lay could pass from earth,
Heaven's bards that lay might cherish;
And Watt's great deed hath changed a world,
And will not, cannot perish.

But Babylon and Memphis
Are letters traced in dust:—
Read them, earth's tyrants!—ponder well
The might in which ye trust!
They rose, while all the depths of guilt
Their vain creators sounded:
They fell, because on fraud and force
Their corner-stones were founded.

Truth, Mercy, Knowledge, Justice,
Are powers that ever stand;
They build their temples in the soul,
They work with God's right hand;
Their sword is thought! the minds they teach
Grow daily, hourly wiser;
But Memphian Kings found ignorance
Their true and *last* adviser!

Then, Trader, Lord, or Yeoman,
If thou a patriot art—
If thou would'st weep to see the light
Of England's name depart,
Her streets blood-flooded, and her plains
In boundless conflagration—
Instruct her poor benighted sons,
And save a sinking nation!

Shall we not lift the lowly,
Whom law and custom ban?
O help us to exalt and praise
God, in the mind of man!
Art thou a Man? Then, haste to aid,
Perchance, a sireless brother!
And in his parent, worn with want,
"O son! behold thy mother!"

Friends of the chain'd in spirit!
Set free our soul-bound slaves!
And a redeemed and thankful world
Shall smile upon your graves;
Age after age shall see your deeds
In useful beauty growing—
Still gathering strength to save and bless—
Like streams to ocean flowing.

Ye too, whose aims are selfish,
  Who plough that ye may reap!
Come hither! here for harvest sow,
  And give to get and keep!
Bless and be bless'd, thou sordid son,
  And thou more sordid father!
Plant gloom with light—and you and yours
  A thousandfold shall gather.

Like sunbeams to the moorland,
  Or rest to weary woe,
Or silence to the Sabbath hills,
  Your names will come and go!
Your worth, like Ewden, lingering
  Around his hawthorn blossoms—
Or Stanage beckoning to his clouds—
  Shall live in other bosoms.

HYMN.

LORD! to the rose thy light and air
Impart the glory which they share;
To air's embrace her sweets she owes—
With morn's warm kiss her beauty glows.

Hark! how it floats the vale along!
'Tis music's voice! 'tis Nature's song!
It charms the woods, the rocks, the skies;
And, hark! how echo's soul replies!

The lone flower hears the skylark sing,
And trembles like his raptured wing;
But pays the song that cheer'd and bless'd,
With dewdrops, shed beside his nest.

The wild bird bears the foodful seed
To farthest wilds, where birds would feed;
Lo! food springs up where hunger died,
And beauty clothes the desert wide!

Streams trade with clouds, seas trade with heav'n,
Air trades with light, and is forgiv'n;
While man would make all climes his own,
But chain'd by man, laments alone.

Where torrid climes intensely glow,
Lo, trade buys gold with polar snow!
Then let Bordeaux hire Glasgow's loom,
And in our hearts Gaul's vintage bloom!

Thy winds, O God! are free to blow;
Thy streams are free to chime and flow;
Thy clouds are free to roam the sky;
Let man be free his arts to ply!

The fiends would chain the winds and sea,
Who famish men and libel Thee;
Lord! give us hope! O banish fear!
"From every face wipe every tear!"

THE present, future, past,
What are they, Lord, but Thee?
Thou art, and ever wast,
What hath been and will be.

Thou only seest the sun
To which slow ages tend—
And art the Unbegun,
Which is, and cannot end.

The generations gone,
What are they but a word?
All, all that all have done,
Is but thy whisper, Lord.

The deeds which, in old song,
Like stars of morning shine,
Are accents from thy tongue—
Unwritten words of thine.

Before Thee, Homer's name,
  Ere Greece was named, went forth;
And, like a word of flame,
  Glared Alaric from the North.

Methinks I hear thy voice,
  Prophetic, at this hour—
Where evil powers rejoice,
  And worship evil power.

A word of fatal tone,
  The blind shall hear and see;
A word of fire unblown
  On them shall written be.

Lo! things of earth combine,
  To curse the blessèd sod!
Bid God his power resign!
  And clench their fists at God.

And dreadful art Thou, Lord,
  Thy words are dreadful then,
When men make law a sword,
  To smite the rights of men!

The dust of patriots dead
  Hears then thy stillest tones;
Pale tyrants, waxing red,
  Crouch frighted on their thrones;

For wrongs go forth in might,
Like whirlwind on the sea;
When vengeance strikes for right,
What is he, Lord, but Thee?

WRONG not the labouring poor by whom ye live!
Wrong not your humble fellow-worms, ye proud!
For God will not the poor man's wrongs forgive,
But hear his plea, and have his plea allowed.

O be not like the vapours, splendour roll'd,
That, sprung from earth's green breast, usurp the sky,
Then spread around contagion black and cold,
Till all who mourn the dead prepare to die!

No! imitate the bounteous clouds, that rise,
Freighted with bliss, from river, vale, and plain;
The thankful clouds, that beautify the skies,
Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Yes! emulate the mountain and the flood,
That trade in blessings with the mighty deep;
Till, sooth'd to peace, and satisfied with good,
Man's heart be happy as a child asleep.

LORD! not for vengeance rave the wrong'd,
The withering hopes, the woes prolong'd!
Our cause is just, our Judge divine;
But judgment, God of all! is thine.
We call not on thy foes the doom
That scourged the proud of wretched Rome,
Who stole, for few, the lands of all,
To make all life a funeral.
But not in vain thy millions call
On thee, if thou art Lord of all;
And, by thy works, and by thy word,
Hark! millions cry for justice, Lord!

THE UNWRITTEN WORD.

HAST thou not spoken, God,
When wrongs unchain the slave;
And slaves make every sod
A slave's or tyrant's grave?

Dost Thou not speak to all,
When names, made bright by thee,
Blaze comet-like, and fall
From heaven to obloquy?

How like a trumpet's blast,
By thee in whirlwind blown,
Thy stern Napoleon past
Through shrieks of states o'erthrown!

What crush'd him, disarray'd,
When perish'd man and steed?
Thy outraged laws of trade!
They crush'd him, like a weed!

A voice of many sighs,
Woe's still small voice of doom,
Whisper'd!—and seas and skies
Sang, "Lo, the Island-Tomb!"

For hosts, of many tongues,
That voice array'd in might;
A universe of wrongs
Arm'd wrongers for the right.

But cursed by battles won,
What learn'd they, triumph-taught?
That victory, self-undone,
Hath lost the fight unfought.

Napoleon could not shake
What pigmies have o'erthrown!
O outraged England, wake!
O Nature, claim thy own!

When shall we hear again
Thy still small whisper, God?
O break the bondman's chain!
Uncurse the tax-plough'd sod!

If still thy name is love,
Be Labour's sons thy care!
And from thy earth remove
The vermin all can spare.

Deaf reptiles! they devour
The honey and the tree,
Root, branches, fruit, and flower;
But not our trust in Thee!

EPITAPH.

FOR A MONUMENT TO MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

HERE lies the man, for virtues only known,
Who look'd on Truth's fair face, and saw his own:
Therefore, this humble verse attention craves;
For good men's lives are holier than their graves.

EPITAPH.

GREATER than Colon, name renown'd
In famed Discovery's rolls,
Here lies Charles Dickens, who first found
That poor folks may have souls.*

EPIGRAM.

"PREPARE to meet the King of Terrors," cried
To prayerless Want, his plunderer ferret-eyed:
"I am the King of Terrors," Want replied.†

* But Dickens will not thank us for doing him more than justice. Let it not be forgotten that he had in Bulwer a precursor worthy of him; nor let the class whom that precursor has so highly honoured in being one of them, fail to add four words to the question asked by one of his humble characters: "If little Paul should be scragged?" Who is to blame!

† Colonel Thompson.

COLONEL THOMPSON IN PALACE YARD.

WHO is that small Napoleon-featured pleader?
The sage, whose metaphors are demonstrations;
The bard, whose music yet shall teach all nations
That ignorance is want, war, waste, and treason;
Thompson, the Hadyn and Molière of reason.
Clear-voiced as evening's throstle, o'er the booming
Of conscious forests heard when storms are coming,
He stills these thousands, like a people's leader.

PELHAM.

WE spoke of Bulwer. "He was great
In style and thought." Could he create?
"He could both execute and plan."
His book was making then a stir,
And a still youth beside us sate.
"What do you think of Bulwer, Sir?"
And, placid-eyed, the youth replied,
"He is a Gentleman."

INSCRIPTION.

HERE lies the man who stripp'd Sin bare,
And kept her lean, on hard-earn'd fare;
Who forced the poor at home to stay,
But rode to church on Sabbath-day;
And went to heav'n, the sinless say,
Because he bother'd God with prayer,
And would not let Him have his way.

ANN.

THE broken heart, that loves in vain,
Resigns the loved one never,
But, in despair, still hopes to gain
The lost for ever:
Then, greet the shy morn's treacherous glow,
Thou pale autumnal blossom,
Ere chill November's sleet and snow
Beat on thy bosom!

So, Ann still loved: it was her doom
To love, in shame and sorrow:
Charles came no more! but "He will come,"
She said, "to-morrow."
Oh, yet for her, deep bliss remain'd!
She dream'd he came, and kiss'd her!
And, in that hour, the angels gain'd
Another sister.

EPIGRAM.

SAID Death to Pol Sly, "Put no rum in thy tea,
Or die as thy mother died, aged twenty-three."
Pol gave him an answer that struck the churl dumb,
"My mother, you know, put no tea in her rum."

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL IN DARTFIELD CHURCHYARD.

MAN draws his fleeting breath
In doubt and fear,
Though life for ever blooms,
And smiling ev'n on tombs,
Bids beauty say to death,
"What dost thou here?"

EPIGRAM.

THE scoundrel's virtues Candid takes on trust,
But sifts for good men's faults their very dust.

STEAM IN THE DESERT.

"GOD made all nations of one blood,"
And bade the nation-wedding flood
  Bear good-for-good to men:
Lo, interchange is happiness!
The mindless are the riverless!
  The shipless have no pen!

What deed sublime by them is wrought?
What type have they of speech or thought,
  What soul-ennobled page?
No record tells their tale of pain!
Th' Unwritten History of Cain
  Is theirs, from age to age.

Steam!—if the nations grow not old
That see broad ocean's "back of gold,"
  Or hear him in the wind—
Why dost not thou thy banner shake
O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
  One nation of mankind?

If rivers are but seeking rest,
Ev'n when they climb from ocean's breast
To plant on earth the rose;
If good for good is doubly bless'd;
Oh, let the sever'd east and west
In action find repose!

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
The voiceless champaign hear the voice
Of millions long estranged;
That waste, and want, and war may cease!
And all men know, That Love and Peace
Are—Good for Good Exchanged!

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
By honest, useful efforts won:
Requite us still with good for good!
So let thy will on earth be done.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Lord, Thou hast given, oh, ever give
The food by which thy children live!
Blessings to them who blessings earn,
Not ill for ill, wilt Thou return.

EPITAPH ON A SKILFUL WORKMAN.

No column's capital lies shatter'd here;
Reader! a column's base demands thy tear.

HE IS NOT HERE.

I FOUND him in his sleep unending,
And could not shed a tear;
I kiss'd his lips, long o'er him bending,
And sobb'd, "He is not here."

Men bore him to the home of sleepers;
I walk'd behind the bier;
Around him many were the weepers;
I sobb'd, "He is not here."

I sought the place where he was sleeping,
When none but we were near;
I knelt upon his grave-stone weeping,
And sigh'd, "He is not here."

BEWARE OF DOGMAS.

Two pilgrims, broiling in the sun,
Did once to Glasgow come.
Each had but twopence. James bought rum,
With all his cash; and Charles a bun—
Of his two pennies saving one.
Charles died of fever in a week!
James lives and thrives, is stout and sleek,
And keeps, abjuring rum and gin,
A Temperance inn.*

* While Temperance is practised by all freetraders, Teetotal is preached by almost every advocate of the monopolists. To the latter, anything but the right thing is the one thing needful. Their legislation prohibits hope; and as a rule, scarcely admitting an exception, it may be said that drunkenness is despair. I never met with a teetotalist who could fathom the profundity of their stock argument, "That strong liquors would not be drunk if nobody drank them;" nor with one who could give a good reason why alcohol should not be sold without license, as other poisons are. Few persons take aquafortis in excess; I am a waterdrinker because I find that alcohol is injurious to me; but I am not an interdicter of alcohol to those whom it blesses; and they are many! Even to me, after much toil, a chrystal of it, melted in a calm cup of rest, is a great blessing.

WHO HATH A DEVIL?

WRONGS, in themselves, are feeble weeds,
  And yet how fast they grow!
For slaves make tyrants, and the seeds
  Of all that tyrants sow.
Weeds, tyrants know, wherever sown,
  Will clothe in weeds the sod:
Therefore they say, "Man, mind thy own,
  And leave the rest to God."
But God hath will'd that wretched man
  Shall work while it is day,
And help his brethren, if he can,
  Along their painful way;
Nor fail to plant, as on he goes
  From humble door to door,
Soul-featured Beauty's pink or rose,
  To bless and raise the poor.

LET ME REST.

HE does well who does his best:
Is he weary? let him rest:
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.

After toiling oft in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain;
Let me rest—But lay me low,
Where the hedgeside roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
When the winds a-maying go;
Where the footpath rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God;
Where His pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded throstle sings;
Where the young bird tries his wings;
Where the wailing plover swings
Near the runlet's rushy springs!
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er;
To be heard by me no more!
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child, that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

BRITISH RURAL COTTAGES IN 1842.

THE scentless rose, train'd by the poor,
May sometimes grace the peasant's door;
But when will comfort enter there?
Beauty without, hides death within,
Like flowers upon the shroud of sin:
For ev'n the poor man's marriage-joys,
His wife, his sad-lipp'd girls and boys,
In mercy or in mockery given,
But brighten, with their "hour of heav'n,"
A life of ghastly toil and care:
His pay is pain, his hope despair,
Although the cottage-rose is fair!
Out of his weekly pittance small,
Three crowns, for children, wife, and all,
Poor British Slave! how can he save
A pittance for his evening's close?
No roses deck the workhouse-grave!
Where is the aged pauper's rose!

EPIGRAM.

I KNOW, thy vileness is thy might,
And that thou 'rt in thy weakness strong;
I do not ask thee to do right;
But, paltry creature, do no wrong.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

I MET a sage who had been dead
A hundred years and more;
And still he said what he had said
A hundred years before:
Then, met I one (a rogue's sly son,)
Who printed what the other said,
And praised it, ev'n with tears:
Alas! he also had been dead
A hundred years.

EPIGRAM.

IN speech and print, in prose and song,
Still aiding Starveall's right to wrong,
How oft the people's knaves have shown,
"That mine is his, and his his own!" *

* *See* lines by C. R. Pemberton. Poor Charles!

POOR CHARLES.

SHUNN'D by the rich, the vain, the dull,
  Truth's all-forgiving son,
The gentlest of the beautiful,
  His painful course hath run;
Content to live, to die resign'd,
In meekness proud of wishes kind,
  And duties nobly done.

A godlike child hath left the earth;
  In heav'n a child is born:
Cold World! thou could'st not know his worth,
  And well he earn'd thy scorn;
For he believed that all may be
What martyrs are, in spite of thee,
  Nor wear thy crown of thorn.

Smiling, he bound it round his brain,
  And dared what martyrs dare;
For God, who wastes nor joy nor pain,
  Had arm'd his soul to bear;
But vain his hope to find below
That peace which heav'n alone can know;
  He died—to seek it there.

ON A ROSE IN DECEMBER.

STAY yet, pale flower, though coming storms will tear thee,
My soul grows darker, and I cannot spare thee.

WAR.

THE victories of mind,
Are won for all mankind;
But war wastes what it wins,
Ends worse than it begins,
And is a game of woes,
Which nations always lose:
Though tyrant tyrant kill,
The slayer liveth still.

SONNET ON A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

How many men, who liv'd to bless mankind,
Have died unthank'd! Far-teaching and self-taught,
They did what learning scorns to learn or teach;
Their deeds are portion of the general thought;
Their thoughts have pass'd into the common speech,
And labour's wages; yet they left behind

Nor name, nor record ! save the good which grew
Out of the sacrifice that gives and saves.
Lo, what a tree is rising from their graves,
To shelter, ev'n on earth, the wise and true !
Then, worship not famed words, which, like the winds,
Or Homer's song, seem things that cannot die,
And ever lived : they are but names of minds
Whose good or evil speaks immortally.

TO FANNY ANN.

As the flower bloweth,
As the stream floweth,
Daughter of beauty,
Do thou thy duty.
What, though the morrow
May dawn in sorrow ?
Ev'n as light hasteth,
Darkness, too, wasteth :
Morn then discloses,
Raindrops on roses !
Daughter of beauty,
What, then, is duty ?
Time says, " Death knoweth !"
Death says, " Time showeth !"

LAW.

LAWGIVER, if thy aim is good,
Make thy laws known, and understood.*

MONODY ON JOHN KEATS.

HE lived and loved! He was a power
That left its thought more felt than spoken:
"A fading flower! a falling shower!
A breaking wave!" which now is broken.†

Can greatness die, and be unborn?
It cannot, thou in scorn repliest:
He perish'd in his "scorn of scorn,"
And lowest deem'd, of all was highest.

* I know a young lady who, when four years of age, could not learn her letters. Often chided, and at last severely, she burst into tears. Her mother wept too, and without suspecting the cause of the evil, wrote an alphabet in large letters, which the child mastered in a week. But when she returned to school, she still could not learn. It was then discovered that she was born short-sighted; and it is affecting now to hear her say, that whenever she had been chided, she believed she was in fault. How many victims of our conservators of ignorance have gone to the scaffold with a similar perplexing conviction on their minds, and hearing, even in death, the death-chaplain (ignorantly, but not therefore innocently,) advocate the murderous cause!

† See Shelley's Adonais.

A vapour quench'd his visions grand:
Ah, hope destroy'd is worth's undoing!
He left the deathless deed he plann'd
A deed undone—And what a ruin!*

TO A LADY,

WHO COMPLAINED THAT SHE COULD NOT DECYPHER MY SIGNATURE, AND THAT I HAD ADDRESSED HER AS A "CEMENT MANUFACTURER," WHEREAS SHE WAS MOVING IN THE FIRST CIRCLES OF SOCIETY.

I'm sorry that my ill-scrawl'd name
Defeated my intent;
And that I styled so grand a dame,
"A maker of cement."
Forgive me, Madam! I confess,
A grievous fault was mine:
I own'd your claim to usefulness,
But knew not you were fine.

* Hyperion, A Fragment.

TO WED, OR NOT TO WED.

THOMAS.

I'M tired of single life;
I'll live alone no more;
I'll wed a loved and loving wife;
My sire did so before:
How brightly, then, my fire will blaze!
How sweetly Ann will sing!
We shall be merry all our days,
As skylarks on the wing.

WILLIAM.

Bless'd is the mated bird;
And where she, brooding, cowers,
Melodies of the heart are heard,
Amid the hawthorn-flowers.
Though richest wines, their sweetness fled,
Grow dull, and acrid too;
I say not, "Thomas, do not wed!"
For God says, "Thomas, do!"

NOT FOR NOUGHT.

Do and suffer nought in vain :
  Let no trifle trifling be :
If the salt of life is pain,
  Let ev'n wrongs bring good to thee ;
Good to others, few or many;
Good to all, or good to any.

If men curse thee, plant their lies
  Where, for truth, they best may grow;
Let the railers make thee wise,
  Preaching peace, where'er thou go :
God no useless plant hath planted,
Evil (wisely used) is wanted.

If the nation-feeding corn
  Thriveth under icèd snow ;
If the small bird, on the thorn,
  Useth well its guarded sloe ;
Bid thy cares thy comforts double ;
Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.

See the Rivers ! how they run
  Strong in gloom, and strong in light !
Like the never-wearied sun,
  Through the day, and through the night,
Each along his path of duty,
Turning coldness into beauty !

THOMAS HOBBES IN 1651.

THE labour that but stirs the earth
Imparts to worthless matter worth.

ADAM SMITH 1766.

WEALTH is not only coin or gold,
But beef, cloth, brandy, rye;
And all that can be bought or sold
Is property.

TURGOT IN 1774.

THE right to buy is the right to sell,
And the right to get and save:
Free commerce is a consequence
Of the right to earn and have.

SONG.

THEY say I'm old, because I'm grey,
The aged bard, they now call me!
But grey or green, I boldly say,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Though sixty years and ten may doom
Tired men to rest with worms and me;
With sixty gone, and ten to come,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

My eyes flash flame, my heart is glad,
When poor men shake their sides with glee;
And though they cry, "Come on, Old Lad!"
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

While soars the skylark high and higher,
And bids the mountains wake, to see,
How morn can fill my veins with fire,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Thou brightening cloud, that sail'st afar
Where screams the falcon, wheeling free!
Tell yonder fading, winking star,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

OH, TELL US!

COMPANION'D each by all and none,
A mob of souls, yet each alone,
We journey to the dread Unknown.

In nothing found, in all things shown,
In all life living, yet alone,
Where may it be, that dread Unknown?

Oh, who, or what, so dreadly shown,
And world-attended, yet alone,
Is that all-sought, all-known Unknown?

RELIGION.

WHAT is Religion? "Speak the truth in love."
Reject no good. Mend, if thou canst, thy lot.
Doubting, enquire,—nor dictate till thou prove.
Enjoy thy own—exceed not, trespass not.
Pity the scorners of life's meanest thing.
If wrong'd, forgive—that Hate may lose his sting.
Think, speak, work, get—bestow, or wisely keep.
So live, that thou may'st smile, and no one weep.

Be bless'd—like birds, that sing because they love;
And bless—like rivers, singing to the sun,
Giving and taking blessings, as they run;
Or soft-voiced showers, that cool the answering grove,
When cloudy wings are wide in heav'n display'd,
And blessings brighten o'er the freshen'd sod,
Till earth is like the countenance of God.
This is Religion! saith the bard of trade.

SONNET.

In these days, every mother's son or daughter
Writes verse, which no one reads except the writer,
Although, unink'd, the paper would be whiter,
And worth, per ream, a hare, when you have caught her.
Hundreds of unstaunch'd Shelleys daily water
Unanswering dust; a thousand Wordsworths scribble;
And twice a thousand Cornlaw Rhymers dribble
Rhymed prose, unread. Hymners of fraud and slaughter,
By cant call'd other names, alone find buyers—
Who buy, but read not. "What a loss in paper,"
Groans each immortal of the host of sighers!
"What profanation of the midnight taper
In expirations vile! But I write well,
And wisely print. Why don't my poems sell?"

EPIGRAM.

FREE Trade means work for beef, not bone;
It means that men are brothers;
That every man should have his own,
And nobody another's.

SONNET.

JOHN. In the sound of that rebellious word
There is brave music. Jack, and Jacobin,
Are vulgar terms; law-link'd to shame and sin,
They have a twang of Jack the Hangman's cord:
Yet John hath merit which can well afford
To be call'd Jack's. By life's strange offs and ons!
Glory hath had great dealings with the Johns,
Since history first awaked where fable snored.
John Cade, John Huss, John Hampden, and John Knox!
Ay, these were names of fellows who had will.
John Wilson's name, far sounded, sounds not ill;
But how unlike John Milton's, or John Locke's!
John Bright, like Locke and Milton, scorns paid sloth;
And Johnson might have liked to gibbet both.

SONNET.

SOME famous authors trade in mental sleep,
Lulling grown babies with a printed beebee:
Profound the learn'd them call, the vulgar deep:
Though o'er their pages none can laugh or weep,
And dull as coffin'd dust may he or she be,
Their dear no-meaning sells, and that's enough:
If I don't understand Sir Riddles' stuff,
Sir Riddles does—how clever, then, must he be!
At shrines whose mysteries have gods of wood,
The age-long pilgrimage brings crowds to pray;
But in a month, a fortnight, or a day,
Dead drops th' immortal who is understood!
Clear as the crystal pane that fronts the north,
His worth is seen through, therefore nothing worth.

TAKE *v.* GIVE.

SAID Play to Work, "Our tax on food
Is useful, though I say it."
"To you it may be," Work replied,
"Or why force me to pay it?"

SONNET.

FROM cloud-swept Snowgate, Dearne! now swift, now slow,
Thou comest, playing still a busy tune;
And while rich woodbines braid the locks of June,
And wild hedge-roses in her bosom glow,
That tune is sweet. On, sky-fed Wanderer, go!
Waste not at monkish Burton this bright hour;
Pass Darfield's meads, and many a blossom'd bower;
Bid Wath good night! and sleep at Conisbro',
In Don's cold arms. Here, scarcely heard to lisp,
Thy waters bask in evening's purply gold,
And round thy lilies — fresh, blush-tinged, and crisp—
Linger, as loth to leave this loveliest scene—
Bard of the Rustic Wreath! my tale is told;
I stand again, where thou hast often been.

ON THE CORONATION OF VICTORIA THE FIRST.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRINTERS OF SHEFFIELD.

WHAT! here again, Old Caxton?
Thou'rt welcome, as before:
Calm emblem of long-slumbering strength,
That, like a giant, waked, at length,
To sleep no more!

Evil lives long, Old Caxton!
Long, too, live sky and sea;
And Truth's worst foes as well might try
To tame and fetter sea and sky,
As conquer thee.

Yet since we last beheld thee,
Five years of shame have past;
And still the toil-worn millions groan,
And traitors still call ours their own,
And grasp it fast.

This is not well, Old Caxton!
Yet still in truth we trust;
If rocks are worn by sea and sky,
The Press may Freedom's foes defy;
They are but dust.

Thou noblest apparition
That mortal eye hath seen,
Since Power went down to Death's dark shore!
Could fitter symbol stand before
A British Queen?

FAREWELL TO RIVILIN.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC, AT THE REQUEST OF A. WOOD, ESQ.

BEAUTIFUL River! goldenly shining,
Where with the cistus woodbines are twining;
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee,)
Rivilin wildest! do I not love thee?

Why do I love thee, Heart-breaking River?
Love thee, and leave thee? Leave thee for ever!
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!

Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming
Beauty in music, Sister of Wiming!
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbledin's Sister! sad in thy gladness.

Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing
Man is a shadow? River undying!
Dream-like he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
E'en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

Oh, when thy poet, weary, reposes,
Coffin'd in slander, far from thy roses,
Tell all thy pilgrims, Heart-breaking River!
Tell them I loved thee—love thee for ever!

Yes, for the spirit blooms ever vernal;
River of Beauty! love is eternal:
While the rock reeleth, storm-struck and riven,
Safe is the fountain flowing from heav'n.

There wilt thou hail me, joyfully chiming
Beauty in music, Sister of Wiming!
Homed with the angels, hasten to greet me,
Glad as the heathflower, glowing to meet thee.

THE DEAD ARE LIVING.

Ask not the unreplying tomb,
" Where are the dead?"
But ask the hawthorn-bloom,
Returning still
To vale and hill;
The verdure, spread
Wide as the seas;
The flowers, the trees,
The river's song;

The gain that laughs, the loss that weeps
The strong deed of the strong,
That ever works, and never sleeps.
Or ask the ever-taking, ever-giving,
Deep ocean, and blue sky;
And they will tell thee, that the dead are living,
And cannot die.

A COWARD'S BLOW.

THE strong man smote his wife;
No help for her was nigh;
No strength had she, to fight for life:
She died, and he must die!

Sad is it to be weak,
And sadder to be wrong;
But if the strong God's statutes break,
'Tis saddest to be strong.

IVY.

"LET me forget," the sufferer prays,
"Past failings, faults, and sorrows!
There is no use in Yesterdays
That do not bless To-morrows;
Who would not faint on life's dread waste,
And sicken at man's doings,
If the slow ivy made not haste
To cover the soul's ruins?"

EPITAPH,

ON AN ACTIVE TRADESMAN.

THIS headless column on a stone—
What may this mournful shaft betoken?
Pale orphans answer, with their moan,
"The key-stone of an arch is gone!
A mother's heart is broken."

EPIGRAM.

COMPANIONSHIP in toil or sorrow
Makes every man a brother:
Till we have work'd or wept together
We do not know each other.

WRITTEN AFTER READING GOETHE'S FAUST.

CLOTHE truth in light, and men shall deem thee mad;
But give to thought a dream's profundities,
And learning's self, for worth they never had,
Shall praise thy pages, and pronounce thee wise:
Old readers still shall find thee new to them,
As o'er thy lines for hidden wealth they pore,
To prop the Ancient House of Fallacies:
At each old nothing wondering more and more;
Shouting, "Eureka," as they turn it o'er;
Shall each discoverer laud his special gem!
For deep and safe the buried meaning lies
That never lived, and therefore never dies.

EPITAPH.

READER! since God expects thee, too,
Be, like our brother, kind and true;
Then, will three words thy worth express,
Honesty, Love, and Usefulness.

WOMAN.

WHAT highest prize hath woman won
In science, or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Boasts city, field, or mart?
"She hath no Raphael!" Painting saith;
"No Newton!" Learning cries;
"Show us her Steam-ship! her Macbeth!
Her thought-won victories."

Wait, boastful Man! Though worthy are
Thy deeds, when thou art true,
Things worthier still, and holier far,
Our sister yet will do;

For this the worth of woman shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
He honours her the more.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heav'n!
And in her garden of the sun
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun!
Her advent yet to come!*

LENT AND LOST.

Of Mary, by heav'n lent,
Heav'n has bereft us;
And from her home all comfort went,
When Mary left us.

* Educated woman, through her self-denying, self-aggrandising refusal to marry, without first securing a certain standard of comfort, is destined to save mankind, and in the language of St. Paul, "Lift us up!"

We fear no ills, no foes,
Though they surround us;
Pass on, thou cloud of many woes!
The worst has found us.

If lowest cannot fall,
Need we be wary?
We lost fear, joy, hope, danger, all,
When we lost Mary.

In vain, vex'd Sea of Change,
Thou thy rocks chafest!
Secure, thy dreaded verge we range:
Saddest is safest.

LAND.

He ties up hands
Who locks up lands:
The lands which can't be sold and bought
Bring men and states to worse than nought:
The lands which can be freely sold
Are worth a world of barren gold.*

* Land, in Britain, is withdrawn from competition by the law of primogeniture, and in France by that of equal division among all the children of a marriage, to the great danger of both countries.

EPIGRAM.

WHAT is a communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings:
Idler, or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny, and pocket your shilling.*

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC, AT THE REQUEST OF W. T. WOOD, ESQ.

WHEN wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, oh, God, are they!
Let them not pass, like weeds, away!
Their heritage a sunless day!
God, save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, oh, Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?

* And he has two names, Legion and Danger.

"No!" say thy mountains; "No!" thy skies:
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard, instead of sighs."
God, save the people!

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God! save the people! thine they are,
Thy children, as thy angels fair:
Save them from bondage, and despair!
God! save the people!*

* And who are the people? They are all those persons who, by honestly maintaining themselves, and, perhaps earning a surplus,—or by honestly living on the precious earnings and savings of others—prove their right to govern the community through their representatives. I deny that any human being is born possessed of a right to vote for members of parliament. All men, and all women, are born possessed of the right to acquire the power of doing so; just as all boys are born possessed of the right to acquire the power of using edgetools. But no boy is born possessed of a right to cut even his own fingers; and before any person meddle with mine I would have him understand the nature of edgetools. The right to vote for members of parliament is founded on property and knowledge, that property and knowledge which every self-sustained person possesses, in the labour, or skill, which enables him, or her, to live; and taxation and representation ought to be co-extensive, because Taxes are paid by self-sustained persons alone.

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

We watch'd him, while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek,
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak:
"I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake:
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight, like lead:
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed:
I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache:
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

Some little token give me,
  Which I may kiss in sleep—
To make me feel I'm near you,
  And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
  But, then, their heads they shake:
Oh, Mother, give me something
  To cherish for your sake!
Why can't I see the poplar,
  The moonlit stream and hill,
Where, Fanny says, good angels
  Dream, when the woods are still?
Why can't I see you, Mother?
  I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
  To cherish for your sake!"
His little bosom heaves not;
  The fire hath left his cheek:
The fine chord—is it broken?
  The strong chord—could it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
  Hath wing'd his flight away:
A mother and two sisters
  Look down on lifeless clay.

TO THOMAS LISTER.

FRIEND, I return your English Hexameters, thanking you for them.
More than forty years since, I constructed such verses,
Choosing a lofty theme, too often worded unsimply.
Even now, I remember one stol'n line of the anthem:
"Thou for ever and ever, God, Omnipotent, reignest!"
Though my verbiage pleased me, long ago did it journey
Whither dead things tend. For Homer's world-famous metre
Cannot in English be pleasing. Saxon may write it in Saxon,
Oft for dactyl and spondee using iambic and trochee,
Pleased—and making a boast of his wasted labour and lost time;
But with grace and simplicity none can write it in our tongue,
Though the sturdy gothic oft runs into it promptly,
As it grandly does in these fine lines from the Bible:
"How art thou fall'n from heav'n, oh, Lucifer, son of the Morn!" and

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"
Not unpleasing always, mostly 'tis feeble, yet stilted,
Wanting, in wanting ease, the might which is mightiest, beauty.
Yet can it finely paint the beauty of form and of colour;
Skies, and the sea; or mountains cloud-like in distance, and stealing
Azure from heav'n; or the daisy fresh in the dew-gleam of dawn; or
Young June's blush-tinted hawthorn, that scatters the snow of its dropp'd flowers
Over the faded cowslip, and roses embraced by the woodbine,
Under the mute, or songful, or thunder-whispering forest;
But from man's heart seldom it brings the tear, which the angels,
Knowing not sorrow, might almost in their blessedness envy.
Slow or rapid, sweet or solemn, in Greek and in Latin,
It is in English undignified, loose, and worse than the worst prose.
One advantage it has—it must be utter'd as prose is;
And as it may be wanted, if only as changes are wanted,
I subjoin the rule for its fitting or modern construction:

Every line must consist of six feet, dactyls and spondees,
Dactyls and trochees, or dactyls and both: A dactyl the fifth foot
Must be; a spondee or trochee the sixth: Each line must contain not
More than sixteen syllables, and not fewer than thirteen.

BULLY IDLE'S PRAYER.

LORD, send us weeks of Sundays,
A saint's day every day,
Shirts gratis, ditto breeches,
No work, and double pay!
Tell Short and Long they're both short now;
To Slow and Fast one meed allow;
Let Louis Blanc take Ashley's cow,
And Richmond give him hay!*

* Twenty-four years ago our Protectionists had notice given them, by me, that they would have imitators; and they must not be allowed to forget, that out of their cornlaws sprung the Trade's Union which is now (March 1848) the French government!

HYMN.

STILL for rest on Sabbath day,
Air and light on "Labour's day,"
Let us toil—if toil we may;
Toil till death, if toil we may,
Toil till death for pauper's pay,
And our blessèd Sabbath day.

WILL IT RAIN?

"BREAD!" the starver faintly sigheth;
"I have none!" the robb'd replieth;
Doall loseth, Starveall winneth;
Cheatall laugheth, while he sinneth;
Work grim-gaspeth o'er spare diet;
And the Million-Tongued is quiet.

When the forest breatheth deeply,
Darkèd sun down shining steeply;
When the noon-night scarcely shifteth;
And the windy cloud uplifteth
Not a leaf the mute heav'ns under;
Then, the thoughtful look for thunder!

GOOD MEN'S GRAVES.

LONE, they rest. Nor Snap, nor Snivel,
Robs, or pities virtue's dust!
Marble insults, Cant and Drivel
Build not o'er the just.
Them, in thought, the honest only
Visit, while they toil as slaves:
Oh, 'Tis true! the stars shine lonely
Over good men's graves.
All in silence, not in sorrow,
Read they on the wordless sod,
"These men's deeds will speak, to-morrow;
They are words of God;
Heard in heav'n, with tears of gladness;
Mute on earth! yet working there;
Bringing chains for rapine's madness,
Wings for chain'd despair."

YOUNG POET'S PLAINT.

GOD, release our dying sister!
Beauteous blight hath sadly kiss'd her:
Whiter than the wild, white roses,
Famine in her face discloses
Mute submission, patience holy,
Passing fair! but passing slowly.
Though she said, "You know I'm dying,"
In her heart green trees are sighing;
Not of them hath pain bereft her,
In the city, where we left her:
"Bring," she said, "a hedgeside blossom!"
Love shall lay it on her bosom.

ARTISAN'S OUTDOOR HYMN.

AGAIN, oh, Lord, we humbly pray
That Thou wilt guide our steps aright:
Bless here, this day, tired Labour's day!
Oh, fill our souls with love and light!

For failing food, six days in seven,
We till the black town's dust and gloom:
But here we drink the breath of heav'n,
And here to pray the poor have room.
The stately temple, built with hands,
Throws wide its doors to pomp and pride;
But in the porch their beadle stands,
And thrusts the child of toil aside.
Therefore we seek the daisied plain,
Or climb thy hills, to touch thy feet;
Here, far from splendour's city-fane,
Thy weary sons and daughters meet.
Is it a crime to tell Thee here,
That here the sorely-tried are met?
To seek thy face, and find Thee near?
And on thy rock our feet to set?
Where, wheeling wide, the plover flies;
Where sings the woodlark on the tree;
Beneath the music of thy skies,
Is it a crime to worship Thee?
"We waited long, and sought Thee, Lord,"
Content to toil, but not to pine;
And with the weapons of thy Word
Alone, assail'd our foes and thine.
Thy truth and Thee, we bade them fear;
They spurn thy truth, and mock our moan!
"Thy counsels, Lord, they will not hear,
And Thou hast left them to their own."

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

GRAHAME.

SABBATH holy!
To the lowly
Still art thou a welcome day.
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-waked forest!
Bird, that soarest
O'er the mute, empurpled moor!
Throstle's song, that stream-like flowest!
Wind, that over dewdrop goest!
Welcome now the woe-worn poor.

Little river,
Young for ever!
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee!
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping!
Gnat, within the wild rose keeping!
Oh, that they were bless'd as ye!

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For affliction's sons and daughters,
Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters,
Pray to God, the poor man's God!

From the fever,
(Idle never
Where on Hope Want bars the door,)
From the gloom of airless alleys,
Lead thou to green hills and valleys
Weary Lordland's trampled poor!

Pale young mother!
Gasping brother!
Sister, toiling in despair!
Grief-bow'd sire, that life-long diest!
White-lipp'd child, that sleeping sighest!
Come, and drink the light and air.

Still God liveth;
Still he giveth
What no law can take away;
And, oh, Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day!"

HYMN.

To live in vain! to live in pain!
  To toil in hopeless sadness!
Is this the doom of godlike man,
  Oh, God of Love and Gladness?
Not so the rose in summer blows,
Not so the moon her changes knows,
  Not so the storm his madness.

From storms that rock the oak to sleep,
  Thy woods their beauty borrow;
And flowers, to-day, unheeded weep,
  Whose seeds will live to-morrow:
So man, by painful ages taught,
Will build, at last, on truthful thought,
  And wisdom, won from sorrow.

Else, what a lie were written wide,
  By thy right hand, my Father,
O'er all thy seas, in crimson dyed
  When Morning is a bather;
O'er all thy vales of growing gold;
Or where, on mountains black with cold,
  Thy clouds to battle gather.

PRAYER.

BLESS'D be thy name, Eternal One!
Thy kingdom come! thy will be done!
Give us, this day, our daily food;
Requite us, Lord, with good for good!
Aid us temptation to repel;
And from all evil guard us well:
For thine the kingdom still will be,
All glory, and all sov'reignty.

THE IMITATED LANE.

Now, Landscape-Maker, that with living trees
Createst Painting! thou should'st hither come,
And here learn how the town-sick heart to please.
Can'st thou not, in thy tiny wild, find room
For a wild lane, that with capricious ease
Shading or brightening self-taught branch or flower,
Will saunter gently to a seated bower?
Or lead thee through a cloudlet of green gloom,
Cheer'd by the music of its hidden rills,

To sudden sunburst? where the hunter's cot
Looks down on rivers, and the distant hills
Climb to the firmament, yet marry not
Their purple to the orange-blaze, that fills
O'er-arching heav'n with pomp,
And peace, and power!

ODE ON THE MARRIAGE OF VICTORIA THE FIRST.

QUEEN of our Hearts! true marriage
  Is made of solid bread;
Not so, that Many-Childed Plague
  Which curseth board and bed:
The ghastly league of woe with crime,
  To which starved men are driven,
Though marriage call'd by law-made saints,
  Hath other names in heav'n.

Lady! may all the blessings
  Which thou would'st give to all
Who call thee queen, or God their lord,
  On thee, thrice blessèd, fall!

If 'tis thy wish that every pair
  Should live in love for ever,
May God return thee good for good,
  And love desert thee never!

But want and crime, Victoria,
  Law-wedded in this land,
Are curses, million-multiplied,
  That frown on every hand;
And thou wilt wake, with him thou lov'st,
  From brief and troubled slumbers,
If law of thine deal lessening loaves
  To famine's doubling numbers.

Beautiful as the cistus,
  That o'er the stonechat's nest
Stoops, when the moorland clouds lie down
  On evening's lap to rest,
Art thou, my Queen! the morning dews
  Upon the orchard blossom,
Are not more pure than is the heart
  Within thy royal bosom.

But can the Queen be happy,
  If millions round her weep?
In love's elysium, while hope faints,
  Can Hope's Victoria sleep?

No. Bringer of Redemption! thou,
In love's elysium sleeping,
Would'st wake, to grieve with starving men,
And worth in dungeons weeping.

The woodbine's cluster'd beauty,
That hides the brooding thrush,
And weds the wild hedgerose, when Morn
Shakes pearls from tree and bush,
All trembling like the skylark's wing,
Would dread his voice of gladness,
And hate the marriages of Spring,
If dower'd with hate and sadness.

THE SUN'S BIRD.

THE cloud of the rain is beneath thee. Thou singest,
Palaced in glory; but Morn hath begun
A dark day for man, while the sunbeams thou wingest,
Bird of the Sun! Bird of the Sun!

They hear thee, but see thee not—sleepy bees hear thee,
While under sad boughs the sad rivulets run;
But thou art all music! care cannot get near thee,
Bird of the Sun! Bird of the Sun!

And when from Light's fields thou descendest, and over
Thy nest the wide gloom spreads its canopy dun,
How sweet will thy sleep be among the sweet clover,
Bird of the Sun! Bird of the Sun!

And, there, a white network of dewdrops the fairies,
To chain leaf and flower, in a frolic have spun;
While nigh thy dear home the tipp'd ear of the hare is,
Bird of the Sun! Bird of the Sun!

SCOTSMEN TO SCOTLAND,

WRITTEN FOR THE SCOTSMEN OF SHEFFIELD.

THY Men of Men shall we forget,
Old Scotland? No. Where'er we be,
All lonely, or in exile met,
We think of them and thee.
Mother of Knox! "hast thou a charm"
That gives to all thy name who bear
Thoughts which unnerve the despot's arm,
And Will, to do and dare?
Thou bad'st him build on tyrant's bones
An altar to the Lord of Lords;
Thou gav'st him power to shatter thrones,
And vanquish kings, with words.
Stern Mother of the deathless dead!
Where stands a Scot, a freeman stands,
Self-stay'd, if poor—self-clothed, self-fed,
Mind-mighty, in all lands.
No mitred pleader need thy sons,
To save the wretch whom Mercy spurns;
No classic lore thy little ones,
Who find a Bard in Burns.
Their path, though dark, they will not miss;
Secure, they tread on danger's brink;
They say, "This shall be!" and it is;
For, ere they act, they think.

Mother of Burns! thy woe-nursed bard
Not always wisely thought or said;
He err'd, he sinn'd—but, oh, 'tis hard
To ban the voiceless dead!
Mother! h hath power
The hear ill to move;
But none hall or bower,
I Bard of Love.
Who l htning? Who
Wi s stormy rhyme?
der, true,
Terse, terrible, sublime?
Who bade thy bard, in thrall, maintain
A freeman's port, where'er he trod?
Who taught the peasant to disdain
Proud Fashion's Minstrels? God.
Who gave the child of toil a lyre,
With living sunbeams wildly strung?
And taught his soul of living fire
Truth's universal tongue?
God.* But with torture Faction fill'd
The cup he drain'd in gloomy pride:
What marvel, if the poison kill'd?
What marvel, if he died?
Few were his days, his fortunes foul;
Bravely he struggled, though not long;

* See Coleridge's Hymn to Sunrise.

And with a poet's glowing soul,
Drew near to God in song.
For Conscience to thy poet said,
"Burns! be a martyr!" "For the truth,
I will," he cried—and bow'd his head,
And died, grey-hair'd in youth.
With little men he might not stay,
But hasted from a world unkind:
Oh, guess the worth he threw away,
By what he left behind!
And what a wreath his fame had worn,
Amid a world's immortal tears,
Had he, like England's Milton, borne
The fruit of sixty years!
But shall it of our sires be told
That they their "brother poor" forsook?
No! for they gave him more than gold;
They bought the brave man's Book!
Scotland! thy sons—and not unearn'd
This day of pleasing tears returns—
Are met to mourn thy trampled, spurn'd,
Poor, broken-hearted Burns.
And oft again, the kind, the brave,
Who sorrow's feast, like him, have shared,
Will meet, to honour in his grave
Thy glorious rustic bard.
Oh, spare his frailties!—write them not
On mute Misfortune's coffin-lid!—

Ev'n Bacon err'd, and greater Scott
Not always greatly did.
A fearful gift is flame from heav'n,
To him who bears it in his breast:
Self-fired, and blasted, but forgiv'n,
Let Robert's ashes rest.

ERIN, A DIRGE, FOR APRIL, 1847.

Oh, for snow, strange April snow,
Cold and cheap! a shroud of woe
For pale dead Erin's nakedness!
Snow-clad Broom, oh, drooping broom,
Hearse of snow, of plumes a plume,
Weep over Erin coffinless!

There are colder things than snow,
Sadder things than death and woe,
Proud Rapine's cold hard-heartedness!
And that saddest, helpless pain
Which, when struck, strikes not again!
Now wordless, lifeless, coffinless.

Insect, that would'st God enthrall!
Earning nought and taking all!

Art thou thy country's nothingness?
Man! whom that vile insect's will
Yet may torture, starve, and kill!
Remember Erin coffinless.

How men treat subjected man,
When they may do what they can,
Well knows scourged India's wofulness;
Well, Bengal, thy famish'd dead
(Victim-myriads o'er thee spread!)
Forespoke of Erin coffinless.

Oh, thou snow-clad forest-bough!
In thy sun-lit glory now,
Laugh not at death's wide wastefulness;
But lament, while brightly glows
April's noon o'er Winter snows,
A nation dead and coffinless!

And—oh! pale unshrouded one,
Cover'd by the heav'ns alone!
A white sheet now shall cover thee:
Help is vain, but help is nigh;
And thy friend, the pitying sky
Shall throw a cold sheet over thee.

RHYMED RAMBLES.

IN THREE PARTS.

PREFACE.

If Mr. Housman of Lune Banks had not sent me a copy of his collection of English sonnets, I should have been the author of one sonnet only. I never liked the measure of the legitimate or Petrarchan sonnet. There is a disagreeable break in the melody, after the eighth line. That Milton felt this, is proved by the fact, that he frequently ran the eighth line into the ninth, contrary to law.

Nor can I agree with Mr. Housman, that a sonnet ending with a couplet is therefore faulty; on the contrary, a couplet at the close of a sonnet has often a fine effect. So thought and so proved Cowper, and our elder poets; and there are in Mr. Housman's collection five most harmonious, yet not Petrarchan sonnets, by Fitzadam, composed of three elegiac stanzas and a couplet, all disconnected in rhyme, but not in metre; which fully show that the measure of the sonnet, as he has managed it, is as proper for a long and serious poem as the Spenserian stanza itself.

The sonnet, I believe, has become popular in those languages only in which it is more difficult to avoid similar rhymes than to find them. The Spenserian stanza, requiring four rhymes, is quite as difficult as the Petrarchan sonnet, the latter being little more than a series of couplets and triplets; and I venture to suggest that—preceded by five lines, linked to it in melody, and concluding occasionally with an Alexandrine—or preceded by four lines only, if concluding with a triplet—the far-famed measure of Spenser is the best which the English sonneteer can employ. Of this the reader may judge for himself; as, in these sonnets, (if sonnets they are,) I have used the legitimate, the Spenserian, and other forms.

PART FIRST.

TO G. C. HOLLAND, M.D.

HOLLAND! thou lov'st the little songful lyre,
On which, well-pleased thy bidding to obey,
For the first time, I now attempt to play,
Fretting, with skill-less touch, the sonnet's wire.
Alas! the strings of this small harp require,
To bring forth half their worth, a master's hand!
Yet, as I wander through a lovely land,
And stop, at times, its marvels to admire,
May I not sing them too? Yea, while the breeze,
Sighing o'er moated grange, or castle bold,
Awakes the music of their ancient trees,
The lyre, beloved of bards whose fires re-cold,
That sweetest lyre I'll place before my knees,
And make my theme the wonders I behold.

POWERS OF THE SONNET.

WHY should the tiny harp be chain'd to themes
In fourteen lines with pedant rigour bound?
The sonnet's might is mighter than it seems:
Witness the bard of Eden lost and found.

Meantime, Fitzadam's mournful music sh
That the scorn'd sonnet's charm may yet
Some long deep strain, or lay of well-told
Such as, in Byron's couplet, brings a tear
To manly cheeks, or o'er his stanza throws
Rapture and grief, solemnity and fear.

EUGENE ARAM.

KNARESBRO'! thou wilt be famous through
Because poor Aram's history imparts
A dreadful unsolv'd riddle to all hearts—
A half-told secret, in its gloom sublime,
Though trite and common are death, want, a
But Bulw[illegible]

Will to the slanderers of the great and just,
And the grim ghost of buried envy, say—
"Though Time hath plough'd your graves and ground thy bust,
I am not of the things which pass away."

PLUMPTON.

WHO would not here become a hermit? here
Grow old in song? here die, on Nature's breast,
Hush'd, like yon wild bird on the lake, to rest?
Then laid asleep beneath the branches sere,
Till the Awakener in the east appear,
And call the dead to judgment? Quietness,
Methinks the heart-whole rustic loves thee less
Than the town's thought-worn smiler. Oh! most dear
Art thou to him who flies from care to bowers
That breathe of sainted calmness! and, to me,
More welcome than the breath of hawthorn flowers
To children of the city, when delight
Leads them from smoke to cowslips, is the sight
Of these green shades, those rocks, this little sea.

BOLTON ABBEY.

Spirits of wonder, loveliness, and fear,
Dwell in these groves, beneath o'er-arching trees,
With the dim presence of their mysteries
Haunting the rocks and mountain shadows near:
They pass the lone enthusiast, wandering here,
By strangled Wharfe, or Barden's ancient tower;
Pass him, nor shake a dew-drop from a flower,
But with their whispers soothe his soul-taught ear,
As with a dream of prayer; until he starts,
Awaken'd from deep thoughts of Time's calm might
And Nature's beauty, and in awe departs;—
When, to the Abbey's moonlight-tinted walls,
The demon of the spectred river calls,(*)
Mock'd by the voices of mysterious night.

THE VICARAGE.

The Vicar's house is smother'd in its roses,
His garden glows with dahlias large and new;
"Bees murmur in his limes the summer through;"
And on the seat beneath them often dozes

A better man than Calumny supposes.
His living is three hundred pounds a-year;
" But not of servants, wife, and children clear."
He gives away his common right and closes,
And keeps no horse. When winter strips the tree,
To poor men's homes his wife and daughters go,
With needful gifts of flannel, food, or fire,
And made-wines for the sick. Now, would not he,
Who deem'd the labourer worth of his hire,
Have paid it to his faithful servant?—No.

POET *v.* PARSON.

A HIRELING'S wages to the priest are paid;
While lives and dies, in want and rags, the bard!
But preaching ought to be its own reward,
And not a sordid, if an honest trade.
Paul, labouring proudly with his hands, array'd
Regenerated hearts in peace and love;
And when, with power, they preach'd the mystic dove,
Penn, Barclay, Clarkson, ask'd not Mammon's aid.
As, for its own sake, poetry is sweet
To poets—so, on tasks of mercy bound,
Religion travels with unsandaled feet,
Making the flinty desert holy ground;
And never will her triumph be complete
While one paid pilgrim upon earth is found.

BRIMHAM ROCKS.

Rocks! sacred deem'd to eldest fraud, when fear
First darken'd death's reality with dreams!
The spirit of your cruel worship seems,
Like a wolf's shadow, yet to linger here,
Deepening the gloom with peril still too near;
For guile and knowledge long have been allies,
Most pious found when preaching blasphemies,
Most treacherous when most trusted. But the year,
Whose seasons are all winters, soon must close;
Knowledge hath join'd the millions; and mankind
Are learning to distinguish friends from foes;
The eagle-eyed give sight unto the blind;
The eagle-wing'd are chasing crime-made woes;
The mighty-voiced are heard in every wind.

TREES AT BRIMHAM.

Gnarl'd oak and holly! stone-cropp'd like the stone!
Are ye of it, or is it part of you?
Your union strange is marvellously true,
And makes the granite, which I stand upon,
Seem like the vision of an empire gone—
Gone, yet still present, thou it never was,
Save as a shadow—let the shadow pass!
So perish human glories, every one!

But Rocks! ye are not shadows; Trees! ye cast
Th' Almighty's shadow o'er the homeward bee,
His name on Brimham! yea, the coming blast,
Beneath his curtains, reads it here with me;
And pauses not to number marvels past,
But speeds the thunder on o'er land and sea.

ROCK IDOL AT BRIMHAM.

STONE! did the hand of sacerdotal fraud
Shape thee into this vital type of things?
Or did a million winters, on their wings
Of scythe-like perseverance come abroad,
To bid Conjecture stand before thee awed,
And, almost severing thee from parent-earth,
Make thee a marvel? Vainly giv'st thou birth
To solemn fancies, building an abode
Around thee, for a world of shapeless ghosts;
Vainly they rise before me, calling up
Kings and their masters, and imagined hosts
That fight for clouds. What then? The heath-
flower's cup
With dew-drops feeds this fountain ever clear,
And the ring'd ouzel whistles—"God is here!"

STUDLEY.

BEHOLD! the Medicean Venus! O
Is not this beauty? Yes, for it is truth.
See how she bends in her eternal youth!
E'en thus she charm'd ten thousand years ago;
Ere painting's magic bade the canvas glow,
Or soul inspired the marble; thus she stood
Before her own Adonis of the wood!
The master-piece of sculpture? Artist! No.
In all divine perfection as she stands,
So came she, perfect, from th' Almighty's hands,
The masterpiece of Nature. Everywhere
His spirit walks; but he who in strange lands
Seeks her fair form, turns homeward in despair,
Then seeks it in his soul, and finds it there.

CRITICISM.

YET art hath less of instinct than of thought,
All instinct though it seems; for as the flower
Which blooms in solitude, by noiseless power,
And skill divine, is wonderfully wrought,

So from deep study art's high charm is caught;
And as the sunny air, and dewy light,
Are spun in heavenly looms, till blossoms, bright
With honey'd wealth and sweetness, droop o'er-
fraught,
And our eyes breathe of beauty; so the bard
Wrings from slow time inimitable grace;
So wins immortal Music her reward,
E'en with a bee's industry; and we trace
The sculptor's home-thoughts thro' his labours hard,
Till beams, with deathless love, the chisell'd face.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Abbey! for ever smiling pensively,
How like a thing of Nature dost thou rise,
Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies,
Clouded with grief, were arch'd thy roof to be,
And the tall trees were copied all from thee!
Mourning thy fortunes—while the waters dim
Flow like the memory of thy evening hymn;
Beautiful in their sorrowing sympathy;
As if they with a weeping sister wept,
Winds name thy name! But thou, though sad, art
calm,

And time with thee his plighted troth hath kept;
For harebells deck thy brow, and, at thy feet,
Where sleep the proud, the bee and red-breast meet,
Mixing thy sighs with Nature's lonely psalm.

PARTING TEARS.

Scenes which renew my youth, and wake again
Its earliest dreams of love and beauty!—here,
E'en as in heaven, found perfect, though the tear
Of frailty dims them with its earthly stain
Too often and too soon! I can remain
With you no longer; I must haste to things
That drink the ice, which in a moment brings
The chill of fifty winters, and their pain,
To the sick heart. Already I grow cold
In spirit; and the thought of leaving you
For alien scenes, where nothing good or new
Remains for crowds to show, or men to say,
Instructs me—not that I in years am old,
But that the tresses of my soul are grey.

RETURN TO SHEFFIELD.

To swelter in the town's distemper'd glow,
Heart-sick to sleep, and weary wake to strife,
To make a curse of hope, a broil of life,
And blight the rose to bid the cypress grow,
Pain's angel calls me; and I rise to go
Back from the castled wood, the sainted tower—
Scenes where man's home is lovely as a flower,
And he himself still fair, though stain'd with woe!
Where Nid, and Aire, and Wharfe through Eden glide,
Or Brimham's rocks of Druid terrors tell,
No longer, little lyre, may I abide;
No more with Nature's lonely powers to dweli,
I leave thee here on Skell's all-beauteous side;
Toy of the Titans! tiny Harp, farewell!!

PART SECOND.

TO THOMAS LISTER.

BARD of the Future! as the morning glows
O'er lessening shadows, shine thou in this land.
Till the rich drone pays Labour what he owes,
"Strive unto death" against his plundering hand;
And bid the temple of free conscience stand
Roof'd by the sky, for ever. "As the rose,
Growing beside the streamlet of the field,"
Send sweetness forth on every breeze that blows;
Bloom like the woodbines where the linnets build;
Be to the mourner as the clouds, that shield,
With wings of meeken'd flame, the summer flower;
Still, in thy season, beautifully yield
The seeds of beauty; sow eternal power;
And wed eternal truth! though suffering be her dower

Don whispers audibly; but Wharncliffe's dread,
Like speechless adoration, hymns the Lord;
While, smiting his broad lyre, with thunder stored,
He makes the clouds his harp-strings. Gloom is spread
O'er Midhope, gloom o'er Tankersley, with red
Streak'd; and noon's midnight silence doth afford
Deep meanings, like the preaching of the Word

To dying men. Then, let thy heart be fed
With honest thoughts! and be it made a lyre,
That God may wake its soul of living fire,
And listen to the music. O do thou,
Minstrel serene! to useful aims aspire!
And, scorning idle men and low desire,
Look on our Father's face with meek submitted brow.

Yes, Lister! bear to him who toils and sighs
The primrose and the daisy, in thy rhyme;
Bring to his workshop odorous mint and thyme;
Shine like the stars on graves, and say, Arise,
Seed sown in sorrow! that our Father's eyes
May see "the bright consummate flower" of mind;
And the great heart of ransom'd human kind
Sing in all homes the anthem of the wise:
"Freedom is peace! Knowledge is Liberty!
Truth is religion." O canst thou refuse
To emulate the glory of the sun,
That feedeth ocean from the earth-fed sky;
And to the storm, and to the rain-cloud's hues,
Saith, "All that God commandeth shall be done!"

THE CHAINED EAGLE.

SLOW Time seems swift. Since Charles stood here with me
Three years have pass'd o'er Wharncliffe's wood and stream;
And Charles is busy still, where'er he be,
Willing to labour, if he may but dream.
Poor Pemberton! the forest speaks of thee;
The eagles? No; they dwell with other things; (b)
But he who caged them here, though chain'd, is free,
And might do better for us, with his wings,
Than flap his mental bonds, to flatter kings.
When will he fly away, and be at rest?
Can he roll back the ocean to its springs?
Ye chain'd in soul! what *must* be, shall be best:
To Space and Time, their food Improvement brings;
"We dwell with God in both," Obstruction's poet sings.

CASTLE HOWARD.

PALFREYMAN! hither, with toil-strengthen'd frame,
What time Napoleon warr'd on Russian snows,
I came, a wanderer's privilege to claim,
And gaze on deathless death, and deathless woes.
The soul of truth glow'd then, as now it glows,
O'er all the life and glory of these walls;
Ideal Power, in pomp of gloom and flame,
Call'd on my spirit then as now he calls:
"Do not my sons," he said, "deserve their fame?"
I could not scorn his bright star-written name,
Though, in her majesty heart-deified,
A beauteous friend, all graceful, with me came;
Yet I turn'd from him with a husband's pride,
And bless'd the LIVING WOMAN at my side.

THE THREE MARYS AT CASTLE HOWARD, IN 1812 AND 1837.

THE lifeless son—the mother's agony,
O'erstrain'd till agony refused to feel—
That sinner too I *then* dry-eyed could see;
For I was harden'd in my selfish weel,
And strength and joy had strung my soul with steel.
I knew not then that man may live to be
A thing of life, that feels he lives in vain—
A taper, to be quench'd in misery!
Forgive me, then, Caracci! if I seek
To look on this, thy tale of tears, again;
For now the swift is slow, the strong is weak.
Mother of Christ! how merciful is pain!
But, if I longer view thy tear-stain'd cheek,
Heart-broken Magdalene! my heart will break.

WALKLEY.

SARAH and William Adams! here we stood,
Roof'd by the cloud, which cast his frown between
Wardsend and Loxley's moorlands. From the wood
Of one-starr'd Grenno, like a sea unseen,
The wind swept o'er us, seeming, in his might,
To shake the steadfast rocks; while, rushing keen
Beyond the edge of darkness, stormy light,
As from a league-wide trumpet, on the scene
A cataract of glory pour'd; and, bright
In gloom, the hill-tops islanded the night
Of billowy shade around us. Vale and hill,
Forest and cloud, were restless as a fight;
They seem'd as they would never more be still;
While, anchor'd over all, the high-poised kite
Saw the foam'd rivers dash their blue with white.

WORDS AND THINGS.

OUR wordy friend in metaphor transcends
All mortal scribes—his figures always strike!
And when he makes of far-sought odds and ends
Pictures of *nothing*, wonderfully like,
He calls them "THOUGHTS that startle!" Evening blends
Green with her red and purple with her gold;
And, while yon all-hued sun-born rainbow bends
O'er blush-tinged peak, cragged glen, and shadowed wold,
Harmonized melodies in light are roll'd
Wherever lake reflects her dying beam,
Or mourns in Eden sad-voiced breeze, or stream,
Or showery cloud! but ne'er will man behold
The truth of beauty in a pedant's dream,
Cold as his sympathies, and false as cold.

MAUSOLEUM AT WENTWORTH.

HITHER I came—when life itself was new,
And new this form of greatness dead and gone—
To tremble in the gloom which draws and drew
A purple veil o'er deathlike life in stone.

This man a pitying look on frailty threw:
Have I not heard a matron, good and true,
Speak of him, with a tear upon her cheek?
Knaves call'd him weak—but when was virtue weak?
O ye who wring the heart until it break,
And scourge pale nations with the wealth ye steal!
Here, if late pardon for your crimes ye seek,
To your cold souls the thoughts ye dread reveal;
Think of our vulture with the gory beak!
And of meek Rockingham, with humbled malice, speak.

WENTWORTH HOUSE.

"Now, for the enchanted palace of our youth!"
But what have I with palaces to do,
Taught as I am, by Nature, time, and truth,
That pride can envy pomp, and hate it too?
Yes; but the ideal of the fair and true
Lives here in marble, by creative mind
Made sacred to the glory of mankind;
And if ideal beauty cannot woo
Thy steps to enter Taste's proud temple—Go!
Yet, wherefore? Wentworth's princely halls can show,
By Vandyke limn'd, the form of one who knew
How best to strike a tyrant's basest blow.
Behold him! nor to curse his crimes be slow—
Behold fell Strafford! man's and freedom's foe!

PORTRAIT AT WENTWORTH.

Was he then human? Tools of Tyrants! could
This face be Strafford's? Strafford's! who his hands
Wrung in Hibernia's hair, and, drunk with blood,
Call'd murder wisdom! Brutal as his bands,
He startled hell with crime. His savage mood
Nor pity sooth'd nor reason's might could bow.
But Hampden dared withstand him, Pym withstood;
And men were found who laid his master low,
And sent the servant—whither tyrants go.
And, lo, at length, strange pangs his heart have riven!
There is a touch of feeling on his brow,
"For pledges left him by a saint in heav'n."
No more than this, could royal Charles allow?
"Put not your trust in princes!" Why didst thou?

BUST AND PORTRAIT AT WENTWORTH.

This bust, which beautifully doth relate
What heav'n's beloved are born to do and be;
These lines, these hues, which long shall renovate

Thy gentleness, thy truth, thy purity;
Are all, Fitzwilliam! that remain of thee.
The steward of the trampled poor is gone!
The prince of charity hath bow'd to fate!
The godlike friend of him that wanteth one,
Finds good deeds done on earth his best estate.
How long for thee God bade his angel wait!
O reverend brow! thou conquerest Envy's frown,
And dead, half-humanizest Faction's hate;
As when a poet of time-tried renown
Casts o'er the world he left the light of suns gone down.

THRYBERG.

Scenes of my thoughtless youth! here are ye all;
Dalton! and Dalton school! and Dalton Deign!
But changed ye are! or I am. Mean and small
Ye seem, and humbled. Sunk into the plain,
The hill is dwarf'd with age. Its coronal
The glen hath lost, its ferny plumes, and, more
Than these, its freedom! Thryberg's verdant wall
Is here, and here the oak I knew of yore;
But who, to me, their grandeur can restore?
My heart hath made them bankrupt. Where they stood

Stand Wentworth's halls; but not, as heretofore,
Portall'd for gods. O far-known Silverwood!
O cavern'd Ravensfield! Don, flowing o'er
A narrower bed, bathes now a tamer shore.

PROSPECT FROM THRYBERG.

THOU only, Wincobank, reign'st undespoiled,
King of the valley of my youth and prime,
Through which the river, like a snake uncoil'd,
Wanders, though tamed, a match for conquering time.
Behind thee mountains, solemn and sublime,
Take from the stooping skies their purply gold;
And could I in that brightness steep my rhyme,
And steal yon glow of green and crimson, roll'd
Far o'er the realms of evening's western clime,
A tale of Nature's splendour should be told
Which Byron might transcribe for Scott, and deem
That earth, like heav'n, hath scenes which grow not old;
O let me dip my pencil in thy beam,
Thou setting sun! ere death cut short this fever'd dream.

RETROSPECTION.

World of my boyhood! art thou what thou wast?
Seen through the melancholy mist of years,
Thy woods a pale diminish'd shadow cast
O'er thoughts grown grey, and feelings dimm'd with tears.
Our spirits, biggen'd by their griefs and fears,
Sadden and dwindle, with their backward view,
All they behold. Chang'd world! thy face appears
Poor as the toy that pleas'd when life was new;
And mournful as th' inscription, trite and true,
That lingers on our little sister's grave.
Roch Abbey! Canklow! Aldwark! if I crave,
Now, a boy's joy, from some lone flower's deep blue,
Will your loved flowers assume a pensive hue?
Or smile as once they smiled, still growing where they grew?

ROCH ABBEY.

Pale ruin! no—they come no more, the days
When thought was like a bee within a rose,
Happier and busier than the beam that plays
On this thy stream. The stream sings, as it flows,
A song of valleys, where the hawthorn blows;
And wandering through a world of flowery-ways,
Even as of old; but never will it bring
Back to my heart my guileless love of praise.—
The blossomy hours of life's all-beauteous spring,
When joy and hope were ever on the wing,
Chasing the redstart for its flamy glare,
The corn craik for its secret. Who can wring
A healing balsam from the dregs of care,
And turn to auburn curls the soul's grey hair?

Yet, Abbey! pleased, I greet thee once again;
Shake hands, old friend, for I in soul am old.
But storms assault thy golden front in vain;
Unchanged thou seem'st, though times are changed and cold;
While to thy side I bring a man of pain,
With youthful cheeks in furrows deep and wide,
Plough'd up by Fortune's volley'd hail and rain;

To truth a martyr, hated and belied ;
Of freedom's cause a champion true and tried.
O take him to thy heart ! for Pemberton
Loves thee and thine, *because* your might hath died—
Because thy friends are dead, thy glories gone—
Because, like him, thy batter'd walls abide
A thousand wrongs, and smile at power and pride.

O bid him welcome then ! and let his eyes
Look on thy beauty, until blissful tears
Flood the deep channels, worn by agonies,
Which leave a wreck more sad than that of years.
Yes ; let him see the evening-purpled skies,
Above thy glowing lake bend down to thee ;
And the love-list'ning vesper-star arise,
Slowly, o'er silent earth's tranquillity ;
And all thy ruins weeping silently ;
Then, be his weakness pitied and forgiv'n,
If when the moon illumes her deep blue sea,
His soul could wish to dream of thee in heav'n,
And, with a friend his bosom'd mate to be,
Wander through endless years, by silver'd arch and tree.

Part Third.

TO ELIZABETH.

"Write me a song for Betsy," said thy sire:
Lady! it is already written—here,
On the charged brain, in tears, and gloom, and fire:
Read it when I am dust. My waning year
Is shaking down its leaves. I soon shall be
Safe, even from myself, where pain and fear
Disturb not him who sleepeth. Then to thee
The buried dead shall speak, and thou shalt hear
A spirit's voiceless words. He shall appear
To thee when awe is silence in thy soul—
Yea, thou with him shalt go withersoe'er
His feet have been. The lifeless shall control
The living: and, though worlds between us roll,
Dwell with thee in my thoughts, or linger near.

Then, lady! gaze with me o'er Wharncliffe lone;
Or stand, in thought, on Kinder's crest sublime;
Or hear a prophet's voice, from Grina stone,
Denounce thy country's tyrants, in my rhyme.
O that Peronnet Thompson's mental might,
Or thy stern lyre, John Milton, were my own;
Or that my voice were mountain thunders, blown,

As from a trumpet, in the dead of night!
Then would I do the poor of Britain right;
Then should my song, like Russia's winter, freeze
Abaddon's host, guilt-petrified in flight;
And the roused spirit of Demosthenes,
Strong as heaven's flame from tempests ranged for fight,
Fulmine o'er darkened lands a storm of light.

"My voice," men say, "is like a convent bell,
Rung by red light'nings, at the midnight hour,
While, crashing from the tempest-shaken tower,
Its moss-grown fragments mingle with the yell
Of winds that howl o'er graves." But if I swell
The fire-toned thunder's hymn, I have no power
To shake to-morrow's rain-drop from a flower,
No wish to bring the deluge I foretell.
Yet, while the bell of ages tolls in vain
O'er buried tyrants, may I not be heard
By tyrants living, sinning, hated, fear'd;
And, like the midnight cannon's friendly roar,
Flash'd through the portals of the wind and rain,
Warn haughty navies from a fatal shore?

CLOUDLESS STANAGE.

WHY, shower-loved [illegible]nt! have the rainbows left thee?
Mam-Tor! Win-Hill! a single falcon sails
Between ye; but no airy music wails.
Who, mountains! of your soft hues hath bereft ye,
And stolen the dewy freshness of your dales?
Dove-stone! thy cold drip-drinking fountain fails;
Sun-darken'd shadows, motionless, are on ye;
Silence to his embrace of fire hath won ye;
And light, as with a shroud of glory, veils
The Peak and all his marvels. Slowly trails
One streak of silver o'er the deep dark blue
Its feathery stillness, while of whispered tales
The ash, where late his quivering shade he threw,
Dreams o'er the thoughtful plant that hoards its drops of dew.

NOON ON GREAT KINDER.

WHEN last I look'd on thee, thy brow was black
With trouble, and beneath it flames flashed out;
While on thine awful face the heav'ns flung back
The red glare of thy lightnings, Kinderscout!

And all thy brethren answered with a shout
Their monarch's voice, that spake from sea to sea,
O'er all their cataracts. But now the trout
Sleeps in thy voiceless runlets. Now the bee
Alone is restless here: he sings to thee
An ode of praise, where, reddening like the rose,
Amid the hoof-marks of the thunder, glows
The cloud-fed berry; and the clouds, to me,
(While blusheth wide around the purple flower,)
Seem mute, in honour of thy noontide hour.

Mountains! ye awe and tire me. Fare ye well!
And let the tempests love ye. But, below,
The happy homed-and-hearth'd affections dwell.
Amid yon floral sea, where daisies blow
And children gather them, the village bell
Saith that the young are married; while the old
Talk of glad yesterdays, or fondly tell
Of buried loves. For joy is grief foretold!
And there young widows' hearts grow deadly cold,
And the poor orphan's smile is faint and brief,
When marriage chimes are heard o'er grange and wold.
Yet comfort there I seek, and joy in grief;
For man, by feelings strong as death controll'd,
Gives heart for heart, and knows that hearts are never sold.

TO THOMAS CROSSLEY.

"POETRY," critics say, "is dead or dying."
Is life then dead, or can religion die?
She whose broad pinions gather strength by flying
O'er new-made graves, or manless halls, where sighs
The wind of midnight to the clouded sky,
And hurrying stars! E'en as the skylark flies,
Poetry lives and still will soar, while flows
A daughter's tear because her mother dies;
While on a child's grave grass or daisy grows;
Or o'er his coffin'd son a father bows
His locks of snow. Yes, Bard of Ovenden, (c)
Poetry lives! for, lo! with thee she goes
Where leaps the streamlet down the breezy glen;
With me, where God bids law cursed slaves be men!

A DREAM.

I DREAM'D that, tired with travel, I return'd
To Blacklow's (d) summit, and stood there with God
Alone, at midnight. Side by side we trod
The heath; and while around us rock'd and burn'd

The mountains, like a mountain'd sea of flame,
A gilded worm pronounced in scorn His name!
I, with my foot, the reptile would have spurn'd,
But could not. We stood still as death! That worm
Then spun slim films around th' Almighty's form,
Binding the hands that lift the seas, the feet
That will tread out the stars! and while, in mirth,
It spake this curse, I heard my own heart beat:
"With worse than barrenness I curse thee, Earth!
Henceforth, let every child be hopeless from his birth!"

But God said, "No! surely thou shalt not see
Every child hopeless, because thou art vile;
For thou art thy own victim, watch'd by me,
And I sheath vengeance in a dreadful smile.
But ere I bless thy curses for mankind,
And make them curses infinite to thee,
Thousands of thousands, foodless as the wind—
Yea, thousand, thousand, thousand men shall be
Care-hunted to the grave, by thine and thee.
And thou more crimes and criminals shalt make,
Than all earth's monsters heretofore have made:
Hell from beneath shall rise to bless thee, Snake!
And Death, to sum his profits by thy trade,
Count through all ages past, their men and states betray'd."

CONISBOROUGH CASTLE.

In other days, time-darken'd Conisb'rough,
Men thought of Hengist when they spoke of thee!
My native river murmurs near thee now,
As then it murmur'd, hasting to the sea,
Through hazel bowers, where memory loves to be;
But in these days, thy pilgrims whisper low
The name of Scott, and join with his thy name.
Him, the Napoleon of Parnassus, thou
Hast seen with Shakspeare equal deem'd in fame;
Nor may the Cæsar of the Muses claim,
His throne unshared. Twice thirteen years are past,
Since hither, almost dead with care, I came,
What time another Cæsar fiercely cast
O'er earth his stormy shade, which kings beheld aghast.

Through Russian wastes that Cæsar chased a cloud:
Calm was its aspect; for it had the power
To make his crowded host a lifeless crowd,
He being conquer'd in that fated hour,
Which gave his queen destruction for a dower.
Slow was its motion, and few accents loud
Broke from its chamber'd thunder as it fled;
But, when it stopp'd and spake, the conqueror bow'd.

Lower than vanquish'd kings, his laurel'd head.
They, waking from the vileness of their dread,
Gazed on the self-crown'd wretch, in mean surprise;
Then, with the vulgar dust, which he had spread
Around the consul's chair, bedimm'd his eyes,
And bade him die, as baffled baseness dies.

Yet better was it, that the Fool of Force
Triumph'd by force, and fell by force subdued,
Than that the ancient thrones of foot and horse
Had quelled, at once, the uproused multitude,
Whom giant wrongs with Titan might embued.
Well fought the people under Terror's wing;
And banded monarchs trembled, fled, and sued;
For Terror *reign'd*, Gaul's omnipresent king!
And *homed*, on tyrants' hearths the storm they brewed!
They serve us still, with strife! still, still renew'd;
The fight of fate accelerates their doom;
Themselves they mar, by battle, fraud, and feud;
And in large letters, of mixed flame and gloom,
Write, "The Republic! cometh, and will come."

Come the Republic then! Or come the will
Of one wise despot! Let the Nation sway
Or be swayed well! (*) But we will not be still
Of fifty thousand kingly-wolves the prey:
O Britain, sweep them from thy hearth away!

What! shall they reign alone, like the simoom,
Kings of the dead? Not so! we toil, and pay;
And here we perish pall'd beneath their gloom—
Ere Mockery, throned o'er London's ashes, say,
"Behold a manless land! a nation's tomb!"
The heavens shall cry, Ha, ha! and shout their doom;
Their names shall be a byword of dismay;
Chaff for the whirlwind shall their pomp become;
Their homes be graves, and dust for ruin they.
Come the republic then! but not the strife
Of want-struck millions for immediate bread!
"The labour of the poor man is his life,"
And on our lives shall palaced fraud be fed?
"They who rob him, strike Me!" the Lord hath said;
"They break my everlasting covenant!
And therefore worms beneath their pride are spread;
For are not murderers number'd with the dead?
Fainting, their sons shall ask, their daughters pant,
For drink and bread, in vain; and both shall flee
Unbless'd, go where they may, o'er land or sea,
And learn how hard to bear are scorn and want!
For I (the poor man's God) his strength will be,
And shake the dead leaves down, but save the tree!" (f)

NOTES TO RHYMED RAMBLES.

(a) About five years ago, a young lady came from London on a visit to a relative near Bolton Abbey, and with a presentiment that she would be drowned in the Strid of mournful memory. For some time she refused to see it; but, at last, overcome by the persuasion and ridicule of her friends, consented to do so. On approaching the water, which was forty-five feet deep, she threatened, with seeming levity, to leap in, exclaiming—"I am gone!" A piercing shriek followed. She had taken the fatal plunge! A gentleman, a few yards below, caught hold of her bonnet, but the strings broke—and she was drowned.

(b) The caged eagles of Wharncliffe have been removed to the Sheffield Botanical Gardens.

(c) Thomas Ovenden, author of "Flowers of Ebor."

(d) Blacklow Stone, near Glossop, the highest of the Derbyshire hills.

(e) "How happy might nations be, if they had not governments to hinder them!" says Colonel Thompson, in his letters of a representative. "All the good which is attributed to governments, society does for itself," says a prohibited author.

"They spat in the faces of their gigantic husbands," says Gibbon, speaking of the wives of certain Goths, who had surrendered a fortress to the eunuch Narses. But our matrons urge their husbands to submit to laws, which, interdicting our best affections, convert marriage into a crime and a curse, multiplied by the number of its births! If their daughters had one drop of true Gothic blood in their veins, the worst enemies of man (who, for the honour of human nature, it is hoped, have nothing human about them but the form) would soon, owl-like, hide themselves from the light of day in those woods which they still call their own.

(f) "If military men," says De Staël, "look with scorn on men of letters, it is because the latter seldom speak out. But when the

art of composition becomes a weapon, eloquence is action; tyranny finds itself attacked by its most formidable foes, reason and indignation; and what is called 'protection,' being of the very essence of despotism, all tyrants have dreaded and hated the natural enemies of 'protection'—men who, thinking deeply, speak honestly, that is, fearlessly." Yet when we complain of the greatest wrong ever inflicted on the world by a faction, we are told we must speak meekly of its authors—cauterize with milk and water—and by no means convert a sarcasm into an argument, as if it were possible to address to such persons a sarcasm which is not an argument! That it is not possible I will endeavour to demonstrate. Instead of the word "argument" then, read "gallows;" and I will defy them to show that it ever was more properly applied as a punishment to any criminal, than it might be to about five hundred of their number, whom it would be easy to name, and, perhaps, in the highest degree prudent.

LYRICS FOR MY DAUGHTERS.

SONG.

Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonny Doon.

Oh, Love, thou art a heav'n on earth,
And earth is heav'n enough for thee!
But souls must have their second birth,
And far, far hence thy home must be:
We go to join the lost and true,
Our task perform'd, our foes forgiv'n:
In wind and rain, on earth we grew,
And need not fear the calm of heav'n.

Beneath dim star, and clouded moon,
Torn hearts may blissful secrets tell:
Bright shines the ice on rocks at noon,
And hoary locks become thee well:
What, though 'tis sad our way to wing
From cares that give a charm to pain?
Our withering autumn shall be spring,
And these dry branches bud again.

SONG.

Auld Lang Syne.

"THE Home of Taste," say souls of dust,
"Is not for men who toil:
For bread alone they till, and must,
Life's hopeless soil."

But here comes he whom no one knows,
The thrall of tasteless power;
Why plucks he, as he homeward goes,
The hawthorn flower?

Red Rose, that lov'st the cottage door,
If hope within there be!
Why stops a wretch so tired and poor,
To look on thee?

Oh, yet the greatest and the least
A Home of Taste will find!
And Knowledge spread her beauteous feast
For all mankind!

The only high and heart-based throne
Is unclass'd virtue's prize;
For who are great? The good alone,
They only wise.

And what, sweet rose, sweet hawthorn flower,
To hind, or artisan,
Are Taste's pure charm, and Beauty's power,
But God in Man?

CHANT.

THE angels are our brothers;
Let us like them become,
And emulate in beauty
The first-born of our home:
Lord! we are thine, and they are thine:
In rescued Eden, let us twine
With mortal virtues love divine,
And be earth's angels!

SONG.

The Light of other Days.

WHEN days of frost and snow were over,
I told the sleepless moon,
I told the stars, that my true lover
Would see his Mary soon:

Now, children seek the daisied closes,
  Birds sing the green world o'er,
And woodbines wed the wild hedge roses,
  But William comes no more!

Ere wintry days again are over,
  Ere daisies come again,
I shall not need a faithless lover,
  Nor wish for rest in vain:
Oh, Woodbine flower, our last was spoken
  Where now thou flauntest free!
Oh, wild Hedge Rose, my heart is broken!
  Thou bloom'st in vain for me.

SONG.

Long Ago.

SING her a song of the white-headed one,
  Gone, gone before! Gone, gone before!
Sing to her tears of the sire who is gone!
  When to come more? Never more!
Heart-breaking sea, when she weepeth alone,
Tell his sad child that the white-headed one
Went to the grave blessing her who was gone
  Wide, wide waves o'er! Wide waves o'er!

Now sighs the widow unto the lone sea,
" Bring her again ! Bring her again !
Sea, let the sad find a helper in thee !
Bring her again ! Soon again ! "
Wild was the parting, but may there not be
Tears which are blissful ? when sings the old sea,
" Mother and Child ! thank the Good God for me ;
Meet, meet again ! Meet again ! "

SONG.

God Save the Queen.

For Spring, and flowers of Spring,
Blossoms, and what they bring,
Be our thanks given ;
Thanks for the maiden's bloom ;
For the sad prison's gloom ;
And for the sadder tomb ;
E'en as for Heav'n !

Great God, thy will is done,
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks ;
Done when the righteous bleed ;
When the wrong'd vainly plead ;
Done in th' unended deed,
When the heart breaks.

Lo, how the dutiful
Snows, clothe in beautiful
Life, the dead earth!
Lo, how the clouds distil
Riches o'er vale and hill,
While the storm's evil-will
Dies in its birth!

Bless'd is th' unpeopled down;
Bless'd is the crowded town,
Where the tired groan;
Pain but appears to be;
What are Man's fears to Thee,
God! if all tears shall be
Gems on thy throne?

SONG.

Robin Adair.

When the pale worker faints,
Making no moan,
Though his unutter'd plaints
Rise to God's throne,

What from despair can keep
Languor too tired to sleep,
Sorrow too sad to weep?
Music alone!*

Milton, poor, old, and blind,
Fated to bear
Worst woes that scourge his kind,
Did not despair:
What, behind curtains worn,
Where his night knew no morn,
Held up his heart forlorn?
Music was there.

Then, to the hopeless one,
Thus, if you can,
Sing, weary wife or son,
Wasted and wan:
"Though pain our portion be,
High is our destiny:
Born thrall of poverty,
Still thou art Man!"

"Homer and Plato were
Kindred of thine;
With thee the angels share
Utt'rance divine;

* It costs nothing, and the starving man has nothing. Bring music to the *poor man's hearth*, and he will not seek it in the ale-house.

Heav'n hath thine image got;
Jesus partook thy lot;
And where night cometh not
"Thy sun will shine."

PLAINT.

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Unto the land which no knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
Alone he goes where no wind blows,
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
And none can go for him who goes;
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, his shadow—doom'd, he goes:
That God is there the shadow shows.

Oh, shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!
And, thou, oh, Land which no one knows!
That God is All, His shadow shows.

THE YEAR OF SEEDS.

1848.

TO WILLOUGHBY WOOD, ESQ.,

DEPLORING ITS UNWORTHINESS THE MORE, BECAUSE EXCELLENCE ALONE CAN HARMONIZE WITH WORTH LIKE HIS; AND ALTHOUGH HIS BROTHER FOXHUNTERS WILL MARVEL WHY SUCH A COMPOSITION SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO ONE OF THEM;—I DEDICATE THIS CYCLE OF REVOLUTIONARY SONNETS.

I.

Toy of the Titans! Tiny Harp! again
I quarrel with the order of thy strings,
Establish'd by the law of sonnet-kings,
And used by giants who do nought in vain.
Was Petrarch, then mistaken in the strain
That charms Italia? Were they tasteless things
That Milton wrought? And are they mutterings
Untuneful, that pay Wordsworth with pleased pain?
No. But I see that tyrants come of slaves;
That states are won by rush of robbers' steel;
And millions starved and tortured to their graves,
Because as they are taught men think and feel;
Therefore, I change the sonnet's slavish notes
For cheaper music, suited to my thoughts.

II.

Far uplands, gleaming suddenly, advance;
And under the broad moon their farthest snows
Shine like the sunbright lakes of new-found lands;
While from her forehead she her dark hair throws,
And (lord of midnight,) the rapt poet stands
Mute as the Roman, from the shore of France
Gazing on Britain o'er the virgin sea;
And weaving then the fates that were to be,
For generations, times, and climes, and strands,
Unknown and unconceived. Oh, unborn Year!
Disclose the comings which the past commands,
The joy, the woe, the crime, the hope, the fear,
That bid the future join the ages gone,
Still uttering the eternal mandate, "On!"

III.

In the mark'd hut, whose flamed-up smoke declares
That morn approaches, heavily snores one
Who loves the moon, and seldom sees the sun:
Upon his chested picklocks, gun, and snares,
He sits, and nods. Starting, he wakes, and stares
Red as the fire, after his boys, who run
Through the quick-closing door, into the dun
Cold road, for warmth; while his gloom'd wife pre-
pares

His morning supper. Why do men deny
His right to live by honest labour? Why,
Ev'n as the desert's tiger, is he free?
Gamekeeper once, now poacher, (When to be
Burglar and cutthroat?) the world's worst he dares;
Because he stole one of our Master's hares!

IV.

Why do the tears swell in his gloom'd wife's eyes?
To her and hers he is already lost.
Oh, conscious river, crisping in the frost!
Thou snow, that stiflest echo! and ye skies,
Alive with stars, that seem to watch the glade,
And, there, some object, that all ghastly lies!
The last night of the dying Year hath seen
Two widows and twelve orphans newly made!
And Law will have another victim soon.
Not ten yards from our Lady's wayside spring;
Where daisy-rill, iced o'er, is glittering,
The lover's gate, and gospel-thorn between;
Upon its back lies stark a horrid thing,
With dead eyes staring at the ghastly moon.

V.

Not die? Who saith that Nature cannot die?
Everywhere spreadeth, all things covereth
Echoless, motionless, unbounded snow

The vagrant's footfall waketh no reply:
Starved wretch! he pauseth—Whither would he go?
He listeneth finger-lipp'd, and nothing saith
Of all the thoughts that fill'd his soul with woe,
But, freezing into stiffness, lacketh breath.
Dumb deadness pilloweth day on every hill.
Earth has no sound, no motion the dead sky;
No current, sensible to ear or eye,
The muffled stream's unconquerable will.
The pulse of Being seemeth standing still;
And January is the King of Death.

VI.

Give not our blankets, tax-fed Squire, to him,
Thy willing pauper, with the dangerous brow!
He is not worthier, generous Squire, than thou,
But stronger far, and sound in wind and limb.
Know'st thou yon widow? She is wise and chaste;
And comely, though her famish'd eyes wax dim.
Her husband built a house upon the waste,
And lost it: they who found it should make haste
With help for her who, else, will die to-day.
She hath no blankets! and no parish-pay:
But she hath frosted feet, a fireless grate,
A well-swept floor—by neighbour's feet untrod!
Tears, which are ice; a starved dog, a clean plate.
Her wedding ring, her bible—and her God!

VII.

Ralph Leech believes (and he can read and write,)
That Conference Sunday-schools have saved the nation.
He would compel the dark to seek his light,
Yet hates, for freedom's sake, state-education.
That corn laws are "Man's wisdom, and God's mercy;"
That Prairie is the Book of Common Prayer;
And that one Shakspeare is a fat old Player;
He doubts no more than that Canton's in Jersey.
Though cold the night, how fast his chapel fills!
Why? Sir De Suckem hath a message sent,
Urging the Suckems of the People's Cause
To prop Saint Suckem's Navigation laws;
Therefore, our friends petition Parliament
Against cheap sugar, slavery, and steam mills!

VIII.

All hail, Westknab! Great Kinder! Blakelowscar!
Stanedge! Winhill! Storm's Blackstone! From afar
When ye come forth in ether clear and still,
Sad tidings ye convey to Hargate-rill
Of coming wreck and elemental war.
While broadens the bright sun, or noontide star;

As if, corrupted by their uncurb'd will,
The lofty and the bright rejoiced in ill.
So, when drew nigh doom'd Britain's baleful hour,
Portents of mightiest Evil Spirits cast
Dire brightness on the face of Evil Power;
And love and labour, heart-struck, stood aghast,
While horror wrote, beneath th' affrighted sky
A blood-red warning for eternity.

IX.

Rivers are torrents, vales and plains are lakes,
When February draws her curtains down.
Rain! rain! The universal snow forsakes
Moorland and mountain, forest, farm, and town.
Rain! Rain! it pours, it pours. Red land-floods drown
Blue ocean's baffled tide. With calm cold frown,
The cold grey rock, that saw death's cradle, wakes
From his old dream of drowth, to find his home
In cloud-hung deluge. The old forest shakes
His wrinkled forehead o'er the whirling foam
Of inland sea; and with the haste that takes
Life's sad last blessing, down the revels come
Of sky and upland, mix'd in cataract
That rioteth in waste, like one who long hath lack'd.

X.

How like the clear, bright ether, which brings fire,
Wind, rain, and da[illegible] cruel eye
Of plotting Statecra[illegible]ere conspire
Thrones, and thy [illegible]udality,
To crush the hope [illegible]everywhere.
The spoil of nations i[illegible]mon fund.
Their first card was the [illegible]Sonderbund;
They play'd and lost! and still to lose prepare.
But thou art reckless, Orleans! pause awhile.
Thou wilt not? Play, then. Ye again have lost,
Kings of the robb'd! and at your proper cost,
Must risk, henceforth, your stakes and trumps of guile.
What, though your Kinglings, in themselves a host,
Will pack your cards? They tremble, while they smile.

XI.

Oh, that the winds of March could wither up
The never-sleeping treachery of Kings!
What, though Commotion hath the whirlwind's wings,
If blind Misrule is still the Unwithstood?
What, though wrong'd men have startled Fraud and Force,
If the leagued dynasties of Foot and Horse
Brood o'er a new Niagara of blood,

And drunken Waste still hugs her empty cup?
Hark, how the World's benetted miscreancies
Chaunt their growl'd slang, for altar, jail, and throne,
While in the Bael of sworded villanies
Each paltry despotling protects his own!
Proving the soundness of the saw accursed,
That little tyrants always are the worst.

XII.

Cold sneerers, dead to pity, lost to shame!
It came, it cometh, "the tremendous gloom,"
That hurl'd the sire-dethroner to his doom;
God whispers—Hark! he names "The dreaded Name
Of Demogorgon!" Still your wolfish laws
Bare chain'd Prometheus to your vulture-claws;
And hope ye to escape the Torturer's fate?
Though long delay'd, it cometh, as it came!
It cometh—and will find you taught too late,
Soul-chaining, chain'd in soul, repentant never,
Darkest, yet darkening! Then, the fated frown
Will cast ye deep beneath all darkness down,
And brighten'd by your infamous renown,
All other infamy look bright for ever.

XIII.

Hath April wept herself into a dream
Of wondrous joy? or a reality
Fairer and brighter than all dreaming? Deem

Not lightly, Bard, of her regality
In goodness. Lo, the beautiful are strong!
Lo, gentlest-love is power, whose noiseless stream
Keeps fresh the sea of life, which else would teem
Only with plagues! Oh, gold-bill'd Ouzle's song!
Hath love's still might waked thee? Love's April! coldly
Primrosy airs breathe round thee. Clouds behold thee,
And mix thy music with their blushes. Morn,
Dew-glistening Morn, is silvering rock and tree,
While shadows shorten o'er the whitening thorn,
Perch'd on whose topmost-twig the woodwele hymneth thee.

XIV.

Red evening, in her green-and-silver robes,
Looks from the uplands on the lakes below,
O'er realms of hawthorn, white with little globes
In which is folded up May's fragrant snow.
With closing eyes, to sleep the daisies go;
Beneath the fire-flower'd broom awakes the hare;
And gentle winds are waiting, fain to blow
News of the open'd rose to sons of care
Who toil for coffins! where the brave despair.
There, lo, in Trade's dark street, his trade of woe

The ever-weary village-genius plies!
Poor Boy! he sees not that he daily dies;
Though oft he longs to see the pink'd flower grow
Where, wing'd with love's glad strength, the wheeling
plover cries.

XV.

Oh, many-window'd House, whose light is gloom!
A homeless youth (brought by despair, to die
Where hope comes not,) pants in thy upper room,
And sees the May-Day lark ascend the sky;
But flower of May shall never meet his eye,
Nor mate the earth-worm's all-forgotten guest.
No. She who would have call'd the golden broom,
Or hawthorn-flower, to love him in the tomb,
Hath long been haven'd where the weary rest.
Who sees him weep? Who hears his latest sigh?
What hireling fiend mocks twice his parting groan?
His sire, his sister, the last friend, are gone
To Sin's Australia, where the bad thrive best;
And in a crowded world, he dies alone.

XVI.

Not here, not here! I beg it as a boon;
If ye dare weep and hope to be forgiv'n,
Lay not the poet of the village here,
Where comes no sunlight, save the grin of noon!
But to that grave-yard, full of peace and heav'n,

Where, not unhonour'd, rests a village seer,
(Who lived beloved, to die forgotten soon,)
Bear ye the child of flowers. Oh, lay him near
His grandsire's bones! for thither—when the wind
Bends the young twig, or strips the old leaf down—
May stray (too scornful of the plunder'd town,)
Some hopeful, worth-respecting bard sublime.
Who (in man's ashes honouring human kind,)
May read the name of both, and do it into rhyme.

XVII.

Why? If the unremember'd are a crew
That yet will number all beneath the sun,
Though words outlive the evil that men do,
And written be their names in blood and flame,
Ev'n of the famous famed shall be not one!
Why lingers, then, on his greystone, the name
Of one whom all forget? Moss, water, air,
Day, night, ask Why? And our poor hearts declare
That ev'n this record is a sort of fame!
But though mute words may hallow long the spot
Where the forgotten say, "Forget us not,"
We write on graves the heart's last wish in vain!
And dust and lime, at last, alone remain
Where mind that was can never be again.

XVIII.

Would they were written, (and in heaven they are,)
The patient deeds of men of low estate!
Esteem'd so little, but how truly great!
When will their modest beams be hail'd afar,
And peacefully smile down the pomps of war?
Oh, when will Labour's weary sons descry,
Illumining with love an equal sky,
The honour'd rays of Toil's eternal star?
I know that our Redeemer lives; I know
That well He marks our strife with want and fear;
Our long-assured inheritance of woe!
I know that his good angels love to write
Our humblest deeds in everlasting light;
But Here Men Toil For Man's Redemption Here!

XIX.

And, Wordsworth, yet, thy soul, in good-abounding,
Will brim a world-wide cup, with purest good,
And be to sever'd lands a saviour flood,
(Not the loud-sounding, but the ever-sounding!)
With wafted blessings lonest isles surrounding:
The gentle ripple, and its low, sad wind,
Have found materials which the wise shall find
Broad cities of the just on all shores founding.

Grand is thy temple for the soul-freed slave,
"With its foundations laid beneath the grave!"
And safe the bud which thou "with dewdrops shieldest!"
Then, hymn not thou pomp's pagan-priests and stalls;
Doom'd statecraft's doom'd religion of stone walls!
Such things are cold dead rubbish, "where thou buildest."

XX.

Not that there is no greatness in the fane
That homes the spirit of man's deepest dread;
Chapel, Morai, Cathedral! Not in vain
The temple built with hands its roof hath spread
Beneath th' unpillar'd blue, wherever rain
Falls, or fire burns. For if the sleepless main
Clasps not an isle man-peopled to his breast;
But there some tokens of Hope's doubt attest
The deathless sov'reignty of Death and Pain,
Great is the least! as will the greatest be,
When moss shall creep o'er London's homeless walls,
And, taught by nation-humbling funerals,
The Pilgrim of the Future there shall see
Dead Worship's Skeleton! and pausing sigh, "Saint Paul's!"

XXI.

Church of the Hamlet! thy grey tower and thee
Coeval elms hide from the passer-by:
Temple within a temple! thou can'st see,
Unseen thyself, the pilgrim, quietly
Seated below; or coming funeral;
Or wedding-party's quicker pace, to me
Sadder than funeral's slow solemnity,
Its young, white bearers, or its sable pall.
But I tread on thy graves. Lo, freshly blown,
June's trellised flowers o'er-top the ancient wall
Of the good curate's garden! peeping down,
As if to read, with me, on stones moss-grown,
Names of the dead! whose doings none recall;
Whose doom—Oblivion! is the doom of all.

XXII.

Though thou no cloud in breezeless heav'n beholdest,
Foreshowing Gentianella! from the clown
Thy bright intensity of blue thou foldest;
And he, assured of rain, his scythe lays down.
Hast thou no deeper knowledge? Say, for right
Strove roused France vainly? Shall the Muscovite
From Fiume steam for London? Eager, here,
To wreathe with thorn the patriot-martyr's crown,
And vaunt base scorn of hated Liberty,

The feudal horde snuffs coming mischief. Peer,
And squire, (and would-be squire and peer,) agree
To ban the wretch who struggles to be free;
And, grinning, shrug the yet-unknouted shoulders
That may be bared, ere long, to strange beholders.

XXIII.

Oh, can July with woodbines ring her fingers,
And crown with roses her too regal head,
While, pale as snow, distracted Freedom lingers,
Gazing on cities where her best have bled?
Worriers of Nations! render up your dead!
Calabrian Polecat! many dead are thine:
Twice on thy people's heart's blood hast thou fed.
Cur of Vienna! can thy teeth be red
With Roman gore, and desolation's wine,
And thou a Cæsar? Be thou, then, the last
That Roman will endure, or Europe see.
Oh, Etna's Isle! Rome! Venice! Italy!
Among your martyr's bones these vermin cast,
And on their doings let them feast or fast.

XXIV.

The footprints of departed life remain
For hours, or years, or age-long years of years,
On sand, clay, stone. Thus, chroniclers of tears

Die, but not so Time's History of Pain.
Rooted on graves, Truth bears a living flower!
Man may forgive, but wounds their scars retain
As warnings! and the Powers of Good ordain
That to forget shall not be in our power.
For worst ills, too, have roots: they are the fruit
Of plotted action worn to habitude;
And the grey dynasties of Force might live,
Safe in their privilege of fraud and feud,
If agony died recordless and mute,
And to forget were easy as forgive.

XXV.

The heath-flower reddens. Purple Guttergrub,
To slay the moorcock cometh, fierce and fighty.
King of a dog-cart, and his shooting-club;
Sublime in conflict with starved berry-getters;
And teaching poor folks to respect their betters;
He thinks he is, at least, the King Almighty.
How like a toothless bitch that fain would bite, he
Calls freetrade-humbugs "Scoundrel, Scamp, and Scrub!"
Yet, like a thief who sees a constable,
He drops, when blustering most, his under jaw!
Ho, every slave from Perth to Dunstable,
Take from your looms and plates this magnate's paw,
And he shall yet become of lawless Law
The best Reformer that the world e'er saw!

XXVI.

Seven-Childed Widow! are thy boys at home?
Why, singly, seek'st thou food on wastes of stone?
With coward outrage Kinglingdom hath sown
Even the desert! and they dare not come,
Though they are starving! Therefore, doth she roam
God's keeper'd Moor, eager to sell for bread
Its only crop. But, Tyrant-sparing Heav'n!
Down come the hills—a sea of fire and foam!
The small speck covereth Light, as with a shroud.
Thou art a Night of clouds, thou little cloud!
Who into lightning, with his heavy tread,
Stamps the blind darkness, o'er the mountains spread?
Where is the Mother of the starving seven?
She shrieks! Deaf Deluge seizeth her. She's dead.

XXVII.

August! 'tis passing pleasant to behold
Thy rising cornstack, and exulting wain;
Or, while the workers gather in the grain,
Gaze on thy seas of life-sustaining gold;
Or, wake the grey of earliest morn, and climb
Up to thy mountain'd wildernesses cold,
When nought is moving on the silent wold,

Except the shadow of heaven's only cloud.
Who would not seek thy solitudes sublime,
To tread their shoreless purple all alone.
And of their proud solemnity be proud?
Surely, the heart were made of steel or stone,
That did not feel their grandeur, and confess
"The might, the majesty of loneliness."

XXVIII.

We *are not* lonely, Kinderscout! I stand
Here, with thy sire, and gaze, with him and thee,
On desolation. This is Liberty!
I want no wing, to lift me from the land,
But look, soul-fetter'd, on the wild and grand.
Oh, that the dungeon'd of the earth were free
As these fix'd rocks, whose summits bare command
Yon cloud to stay, and weep for Man, with me!
Is this, then, solitude? To feel our hearts
Lifted above the world, yet not above
The sympathies of brotherhood and love?
To grieve for him who from the right departs?
And strive, in spirit, with the martyr'd good?
"Is this to be alone?" Then, welcome solitude.

XXIX.

Month of the fire-tinged leaves! why shall December
Scatter them, saying, "Honour to the strong?"
Quietest Month of Robin Redbreast's song!

Month of its sweetest quietness, September!
Thought's Month! pale townsmen, stretch'd in pain, remember
Thy second bloom of dewy flowers, and long
In vain, to wander with the golden gorse,
Where heav'n's blue brightens, and thy blue bells throng
Over the uplands. Village children learn
Early, to seek them there. The poor man's horse
Rejoices, too; and while the gorgeous fern
Deepens the glory of thy yellow wastes,
The sad-brow'd gipsy to their greenness hastes,
And to thy fountain'd swamps the worm-fed birds return.

XXX.

Art thou a colourist? Mark, how yon red
Poppy, and that bright patch of yellow broom,
Cliff-borne above green depths and purply gloom,
Like spark and blaze on smiling darkness shed,
Give and take beauty! Mark, too, overhead,
How the rich verdure of this ancient tree,
And the deep purple of the bank agree
To thrive in partnership! And while the bed
Of the clear stream, through tints of every hue,
Lifts its bathed pebbles, lo! to brighten all,
The little harebell brings its bit of blue,

And is a gainer! happy to behold
Red blessing green, and purple gilding gold;
Of light and shade a marriage festival!

XXXI.

Ay, startle with the sound of falling leaves
Yon white-hair'd man, October! he, like thee,
To summer's glowing brightness fondly cleaves,
And doom'd no more of hope's glad crew to be,
Speaks of his mournful doom reproachfully.
His year hath gather'd in its golden sheaves.
The weary wretch complains, that he must sleep.
Because his work is done, the idler grieves;
Because he can no longer get or keep
The things that call on men to toil and weep.
Then, let thy far-off sea-voiced winds growl out
Their "Here-we-come!" forestalling accents deep
Of Doom's dread trumpet! when the heav'ns will shout,
"Hasten to Judgment, Child of Death and Doubt!"

XXXII.

Flower-weeping April starts to life again,
When arch October for November weaves
A wedding garment in a shroud of tears.
'Tis made of pearlets splinter'd from the rain;
Or dewdrops shaken from the nodding spears

That guard the cold roots of the bare blackthorn;
And flowers (like April's) hasten to adorn
Its mix'd hues, won from sunset. Through fall'n
leaves
The primrose peeps! homed where the wren abides;
The violet, too! that would be loved, yet hides
Her beauty, dark with passion; and the whin,
Pale want's rough friend, laughs out to all "Good
Morrow,"
And calls no child of woe a child of sin,
But, April-blossom'd, hoards a smile for sorrow.

XXXIII.

November's marriage-peal, far off, is booming:
The bridegroom's face is sorrowfully glooming;
He saith, "December's chilling mist is coming!"
His gait is feeble, and his back is bow'd.
The sad wind suddenly its moaning husheth;
Hark! scarcely heard, the unseen runlet gusheth!
But soon again the moaning wind outrusheth,
And seemeth bickering with some mournful cloud.
Beneath the sickly moon the owl is flying;
Not to the misty moon the owl is crying;
Not to the owl the startled rat replying:
November married April, and is dying!
Near him, his young bride patiently is sighing;
And, lo, the moon hath cast away her shroud!

XXXIV.

Alas, Victoria! Nation-loved Regina!
Thy Kinglings make their infamy our own.
England! where now is saviour-sold Messina?
Slain are her sons, her palaces o'erthrown.
Thy felon Steuart was not mean and base
As Blum's destroyer. Give him, then, thy hand,
Thou loathed of Nature! Dost thou know the land
In which the loathing earth-worm slinks not down,
When sad winds name thee, near her dwelling-place?
Betrayer of Mankind in Freedom's name!
Who doth not think of thee and thine with shame?
The damn'd of old, redeem'd by thy disgrace,
Brighten in hell. The angels suffer pain,
Blushing for thee, where Eliot, Hampden, Vane,
Ask of each other, "Died we, then, in vain?"

XXXV.

Methinks, I see thy bravest of the brave
Pale on his blighted deck. Whom tends he there?
The woman-fiend who serves a devil-queen,
And that queen's husband. On the deep they stare!
For, lo, upright, starts from his watery grave
One, whose death-pangs two there have caused and seen!

That guard the cold roots of the b
And flowers (like April's) hasten t
Its mix'd hues, won from sunse
leaves
The primrose peeps! homed whe
The violet, too! that would be l
Her beauty, dark with passion;
Pale want's rough friend, laug
Morrow,"
And calls no child of woe a ch
But, April-blossom'd, hoards a

XXXIII.

November's marriage-peal, fa
The bridegroom's face is sor
He saith, "December's chill
His gait is feeble, and his ba
The sad wind suddenly its m
Hark! scarcely heard, the
But soon again the moanin
And seemeth bickering wit
Beneath the sickly moon th brave
Not to the misty moon the tends
Not to the owl the startled queen
November married April, deep
Near him, his young bride ry grave
And, lo, the moon hath c have ca

Shrieks the King-miscreant, "What with us wants he?"
And all see death! two, death and infamy!
Tired Hell's Deputed Traitress! thy worst foe,
When execration writes thy vilest deed,
Could not in damning story wish to read
A sadder trilogy of words of woe
Than "Britain! Nelson! Carracciolo!"
And yet thou seem'st not vile as thou would'st be!

XXXVI.

Realm-Stealing Patron of all states and men!
Thy flag the sign of peace-pretended war,
Wherever flying! would that thou could'st see
Thyself as others see thee! Thou would'st, then,
Knowing thyself, see others as they are.
Erin would cease to stench the ocean-wave
With victim-freights of helots, nick-named free;
Nor would that Hell of Nations be thy grave.
Oh, never may she see thee wreck'd with spoil!
A beggar, with all scorn by beggary named!
Pride's meanest cringer! asking leave to toil
Of her, once lowest of earth's poorest poor!
And in thy vileness hounded from her door,
Yet fain to kiss her foot, and not ashamed!

XXXVII.

Tyrants! ye are an unimproving race;
And 'tis the nature of the conquering base
To trample on the helpless till he die:
So, ye have advertised for Kossuth's head!
For Kossuth lives! nor yet is Freedom dead.
Oh, yet her blood will blaze from sky to sky!
Yet, yet o'er Man's Rebellion will be pour'd,
In seas of fire, the universal horde
Whose name is Slave! Then, wilt thou, Destiny,
Write in her blood, o'er blood-quench'd Hungary,
"Here thou hast won the gate of boundless sway;
Steam hence for London, Triple-Million'd Sword!"
Or, on the quenchless heav'ns, "Behold the way
To Petersburgh and Moscow, Liberty!"

XXXVIII.

What said that jailer jail'd, who would have been,
Had he been just, of men the greatest man?
"Europe, ere long, will be republican,
Or Cossack." What say they, whom we have seen
Risking dominion for their own vile ban?
"Better the Cossack than the artisan!
Better one master, than the public will!"
Ay, dig your mean grave deep, ye swift to screen

Wrong and the wronger! for the self-betray'd
Are God's abandon'd. Ye shall be obey'd.
Long-waiting Nicholas is patient still;
Tending his work of deadliest sin and woe,
And for his nei in and hill
Sowing worst weed nave sworn, shall grow!

XXXIX.

I dream'd that God was Silence. Air was dead,
And Life a corpse laid out. The clouds had died
Of sunless cold. O'er all things snow was spread,
Mute as the billows of a frozen sea;
And, voiceless, the eternal wind swept wide
Under dumb skies, o'er steel-like sea and land.
Echo herself had perish'd, but reply
From her none needed was, where time forgot
The letters of his name, and sound was not,
And motion soundless; and all victory
Crown'd freezing Death, who, with world-covering hand,
And sword-like pen—and with an inward laugh—
On Mind's vast grave, wrote dead Hope's epitaph
In ice for ink: "Her Dream was Liberty."

XL.

What Gods are these? Bright red, or white and green,
Some of them jockey-capp'd and some in hats,

The gods of vermin have their runs, like rats.
Each has six legs, four moving, pendent two,
Like bottled tails, the tilting four between.
Behold Land-Interest's compound Man-and-Horse,
Which so enchants his outraged helot-crew,
Hedge-gapping, with his horn, and view-halloo,
O'er hunter's clover—glorious broom and gorse!
The only crop his godship ever grew:
Except his crop of hate, and smouldering ire,
And cloak'd contempt, of coward insult born,
And hard-faced labour, paid with straw for corn,
And fain to reap it with a scythe of fire.

XLI.

Lo, here comes farmer Nimrod, on his grey!
Eager his victim's well-earn'd hate to brave,
And proud to be a tyrant and a slave,
He damns his feeders twenty times a day:
"What right to think of his concerns have they?"
Well can he bear the trader's land-made cares:
"Happy the poor," quoth he; "for thrive who may,
A comfortable Workhouse still is theirs."
Yet swaps he not his happiness for ours!
But in the page that lauds his right to wrong,
Reads weekly, That Trade's gains to him belong;
For what the country grows, the town devours!

"*He* needs nor towns, nor trade! but traders eat;
And they must pay *his* price! or he will grow no wheat."

XLII.

All white below, and brightly blue above!
A fitting temple for Eternal Love,
December's World of snow and sky! art thou.
The groinings of its roof no stone require;
The spangles of its dome are worlds of fire;
Its pillars are the Everlasting Now.
Throned on his deeds, He reigns—by all beheld,
By all obey'd; soul-felt, and soul-adored,
And soul-proclaim'd; of Life and Death the Lord!
I kneel to Him in reverence, not in fear;
And on his forehead, easy to be spell'd,
Read his great precept, "Let the soul be free."
Oh, God of Works! why should I worship here
A god of words, when I can worship Thee?

XLIII.

With words for chains, in links of prose or rhyme,
We proudly fix the Homeless in his place;
Naming Eternity, we think of time;
Naming Infinity, we think of space;

Of the worm's path, whose crawlings we can trace
On vast immutabilities of dust;
The deathless monuments of human trust,
Which passing hours, or moments, still efface.
Proud of our foolscap, and its jangled bells;
Blind to the All-Apparent, All-Unknown,
Who tips with suns his spires and pinnacles;
Our ignorance on our vanity we enthrone,
And in a little chapel of our own
Creep to the worship of dead syllables.

XLIV.

Blind leaders of the blind, by blindness led,
Men say to God, and his Eternal Year,
"Stop! it is finish'd! let your rushing skies
Rein in their fiery steeds, and be at rest."
Yet do our altars stand, though built of sod!
Then, scorn not Error. Dateless is the faction
That, if they could, would bridle Mind's career,
And eagerly erase the words of light
O'er Truth's wide portals written to be read:
"All things that are, or were, are thought in action,
The testing of the Thinker's theories;
And they who limit knowledge, do their best
To stop, or hinder, Progress Infinite,
The Wisdom and the Happiness of God!"

XLV.

The morning of the last day of the year
Instructs me that my course is nearly run.
I thank Thee t[illegible] sun,
Father of Seas[illegible] I m here
To do thy will; [illegible]wn is near
Of a New Life [illegible] ave I won
In worthy strife? [illegible] ork unbegun
Awaits me? Father, [illegible] on appear
Before Thee, to be sentenced. If I strove
In kindness, I am safe. What is our own?
That only which we build for Thee and thine.
Who shall reap love, unless he sow in love?
If I have labour'd for myself alone,
I need no lock'd strong coffer: Nought is mine!

XLVI.

The evening of the Year's last day is come;
And on pale Erin's face, (but not like one
Who hath no hope,) with lingering gaze, the sun
Looks, pausing still to look. There is no bloom
On her closed lips, no passion on her brow;
Yet never seem'd she beautiful as now!
And pride and grandeur deepen in the gloom
Which his large brow casts o'er her winding-sheet
And lifeless locks. The blue sky is her tomb,
The sea her bier. "We part," he says, "to meet;

Yet shalt thou live, and love, be bless'd, and bless;
Yet shalt thou—holy, happy, changed—arise."
And he thanks God! with splendor-flashing eyes,
And firier fervor in his thankfulness.

XLVII.

Night! starless Night! thick darkness, floor'd with snow!
If this be death, the Soul of Things repairs,
In death, the strength by which th' immortals reign,
And suffering truth to be a martyr dares:
If this be death, in death the mind prepares
The growths of larger thought than yet hath been,—
The unconceived, that shall be felt and seen,
And bow the heav'ns, to lighten toil and pain:
If this be death, through death to life we go!
For what is death, but sleep in starless night?
In sleep, the childless sees her son restored;
In sleep, the widow clasps again her lord;
And sleep gives blissful tears to hopeless woe:
Then, why should Death the pillow'd soul affright?

XLVIII.

Answer me, Fear! Thou in the depths dost dwell
In darkest depth; for light is dark to thee,
And noon concealeth the dread Mystery
Which men call nothingness, and fate, and hell.

Profoundest Fear! who, closing thy wide eyes,
Beholdest God! and two eternities!
And shriek'st. "The One! The sole Infallible!"
Brave Trembler! Thou, who seek'st, and fear'st to find,
The Cause Uncaused of mindless things and mind,
The Unapproach'd, Unsearchable, Alone!
If pain thou know'st, if weakness knows thee well,
And if thy weakness is unmeasured might,
Answer me! Why should helpless Death affright
The Lifter of the Veil of the Unknown?

XLIX.

What doth it cover? Mystery and Thee.
Life Everlasting, and All-vital Sleep,
That Mystery is, and evermore will be.
Thou art all passions, all in one, dark Fear!
All passions of all men, the bond and free,
Whether they love, or hate, or laugh, or weep;
For all would have, and all who have would keep.
Then, lift the veil, and thy own features see
Beneath it, thou strong servant of Love's might!
Taught by the Progresser to show Man here
God's face in goodness only, and the right;
Reading his Name in darkness which is light;
And ever summoning the infinite
Of age-long moments, to complete his Year!

L.

And to the Father of Eternal days,
And fairest things, that fairer yet will be,
Shall I no song of adoration raise,
While Passion's world, and Life's great agony,
Are one dread hymn, dread Progresser! to Thee?
Thou, Love, art Progress! And be thine the praise
If I have ever loved thy voice divine,
And o'er the sadness of my slander'd lays
Flings its redeeming charm a note of thine.
Oh, Gentlest Might Almighty! if of mine
One strain shall live, let it thy impress bear;
And please wherever humble virtues twine
The rose and woodbine with the thorns of care,
Thriving because they love! Thy temple, Lord, is there!

After much theory, and some practice, I venture to propose the measure of this sonnet as a pattern to English sonnetteers; for while, to me, the Petrarchan, in our language, is at once, immelodious and inharmonious, the music of this, in its linked unity, is both sweet and various, and when closed by an alexandrine, majestic.

BALLADS.

ONE OF THE HOMES.

A HEALTH OF TOWNS' BALLAD.

THE small boy, in his home of sighs,
As if he hated man,
Died, with raised hand, and open eyes,
Frowning at little Ann.
Then, died his bird: she wept, she sigh'd:
'Twas worn to skin and bone;
But whether it of famine died,
Or fever, is not known.
She wept, but not for John—and yet
She loved her brother well;
She wept—wept for his little pet!
But why she could not tell.
Where frown'd its friend, his bird she put
Within the coffin small;
But then the lid refused to shut!
She thought she heard him call!

The dead hand propp'd the coffin-lid,
Above the dreadful frown;
It would keep up! it would, and did;
The joiner screwed it down.
And so, they slept in company;
The blighted feather'd flower!
And poor bud of humanity—
Both blighted in one hour.
Farewell, thou old street-shunning lane,
Where John whole hours would stay,
When welcomed flowers came back again,
To welcome rainbow'd May!
Flowers which by name he once could call!
For he, with childish pride,
Had kept, at home, a funeral
Of flowers, that weekly died.
His father, who loved wild flowers, too,
Had taught the child their names,
Though, with a florist's pride, he grew
Outlandish flowers, in frames.
Where lay the father on the floor,
Was laid the coffin small;
The mother lay behind the door,
So, there were four in all;
The blasted, black, once beauteous thorn.
That never more would grow;
The rose, once sweet as dewy morn;
The blighted bud of woe;

And, happiest there of all, the bird
That ne'er saw God's bless'd sun,
Or growing flower; ne'er saw, or heard,
Tree wave, or river run.
The rats peep'd out behind the door,
And loth they seem'd to go;
The rats jumped down beneath the floor,
Into the sewer below.
Men raised, in haste, the coffins three,
In fearful haste were they:
Ann, famish'd, follow'd gloomily,
And heard the parson pray.
Grey-hair'd he was, a grey-hair'd youth,
Kind, humble, just, and wise;
He look'd on woe-worn toil and truth
With pity's tearful eyes;
For he, a poor man's friendless son,
Once suffer'd long distress,
And hard up-hill his way had won
To honour'd usefulness.
His gown'd back to the wind he turn'd,
And waved the holy book:
On corpses three, by one child mourn'd
He look'd, with solemn look:
Behind him far, two youths well clad
Stood mute, with ladies two:
Before him gasp'd the bann'd and bad,
A poor death-daring crew:

One feebly clasp'd a dying child,
Sobbing; another said,
"Thank God for Plague!" and darkly smiled:
A third said, "God is dead!"
Their famine grinn'd—What could it less?
Their sadness wore a frown;
Their "loop'd and window'd raggedness"
Blasphemed the parson's gown.
But when that grey-hair'd pastor spoke,
Their prostrate hearts arose,
And trembling hope, like starlight, broke
On each despairer's woes:
"In life," he said, "we are in death,
Through death to life we rise:
In fear man draws his fleeting breath,
In sorrow lives and dies:
We come like shadows—and are gone;
Dust are we, dust to be;
Until this mortal hath put on
Its immortality."

DEVIL BYRON.

A BALLAD.*

A STRANGE man own'd yon Abbey once,
Men call'd him Devil Byron;
Yet he a sister had who loved
Well that man of iron.

* I had the facts on which this ballad is founded from Luke Adams, an old forgeman, who had worked many years, when young, in a small Charcoal Bloomery near Newstead Abbey; but I have not adhered strictly to his narrative. The words uttered by the lady were "Speak to me, my lord! Do speak to me, my lord!" uttering which words, she was often seen on horseback, accompanying her brother in his drives. The character which Luke Adams gave me of the old lord of Newstead, differs from the received and accredited one. He seems to have been rather a kind man. His rich neighbours sneered at him, because he was poor, and hated him because the poor loved him. Never was it said of Devil Byron, that he prosecuted any one for killing God's hares; but Chaworth was a strict game-preserver. The duel, however, was not caused by disputes about game alone. Chaworth was in the habit of calling Byron, "A poor little lord!" his lordship being not only poor, but of low stature. My informant was himself a character. It is still told of him, that when he became too old to work, and retired to a quiet place, there to live on his club-money, (which he received from two or three clubs,) he could not sleep out of the sound of the Masbro' forge-hammer! He lost his sight, at last, but still found his way to my house on the Saturdays, when he knew my boys were not at school, bringing ginger-bread for them; and was never satisfied till they took it out of his pocket—a smile passing over his rough face, as he felt the touch of their hands.

And well he loved that sister—Love
Is strong in rugged bosoms;
Even as the barren-seeming bough
Oft hoards richest blossoms.

Yet from his heart, when she espoused
A peasant, he dismissed her;
And thenceforth Devil Byron spoke
Never, to his sister.

Therefore, whene'er he drove abroad,
She chased the Man of iron,
Rode by his wheels, and riding cried,
"Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

Thus, at his chariot's side, she pray'd;
For was he not her brother?
"Do speak to me, my lord!" she said;
Was he not her brother?

Her quivering hand, her voice, her looks,
Might wring soft speech from iron;
But he speaks not!—her heart will break:
He is Devil Byron.

Yet down his cheeks tears shoot, like hail;
Then, speak, thou Angel's brother!
Why struggle, in thy burning soul
Wordless fire to smother?

Oh, Power is cruel!—Wilful Man!
Why kill thy helpless sister?
Relent! repent! already, lo,
Beauteous blight hath kiss'd her

Men say, a spectre with thee walks,
And will not from thee sever;
A shadow—not, alas, thy own!
Pointing at thee ever.

Oh, think of Chaworth rashly slain,
And wrath, too late repenting!
Think of the kiss men give the dead!
Vainly, then, relenting.

Think of thy sister's mother's grave;
Think of your days of childhood—
The little hands in fondness join'd,
Wandering through the wild-wood.

The hedgerose, then, was not so fair
As she, in gladness ranging;
Now, sorrowful as beautiful!
Changed, and sadly changing!

The wither'd hand, the failing voice,
Moved they the Man of iron?
The live rose took the dead one's hue:
God, forgive thee, Byron!

As rainbow fades, she perish'd. Then,
How fared the stubborn-hearted?
With her, the wrong'd and lost, he lived—
Never to be parted.

The Abbot's garden well he liked,
But there a shape was sighing;
There, in each pale, reproachful flower,
Sinless love seem'd dying.

The bird that on the belfry wail'd,
It all her tones did borrow;
The shadows in his banquet-hall
Wore her brow of sorrow.

Where'er he went, she with him went—
Alas, thou stubborn-hearted!
The grey old Abbey's gloom did groan,
"Life and Death, be parted!"

He wish'd, but did not pray, for death—
Pray, pray, thou Heart of iron!
Dying he heard her heart's last pray'r,
"Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

Dying, he saw her dying face;
And as with poison'd lashes,
It look'd forgiveness, its slow smile,
Smote him—He is ashes.

Well sleep the dead: in holy ground
Well sleeps the Heart of iron:
The worm that pares his sister's cheek,
What cares it for Byron?

Yet when her night of death comes round,
They ride and drive together,
And ever when they drive and ride,
Wilful is the weather.

On mighty wings, in spectre coach,
Fast speeds the Heart of iron;
On spectre-steed, the spectre-dame—
Side by side with Byron.

The winds they blow rain, sleet, and snow
To welcome Devil Byron;
Through sleet and snow the hail doth go,
Ripp'd—like shot of iron.

A star? 'Tis gone. The moon? How fast
She hurries through wild weather!
The coach and steed chase moon and star,
Lost and seen together.

"Halloo!"—The slain hath left his grave!
He knows thee, Heart of iron!
And with a laugh that daft's hellfire,
Hails thy sister, Byron!

Which is most sad of saddest things.
The laughter? or the weeping?
Laughs Chaworth, while her Feast of Sighs
Love-in-Death is keeping?

Thou ghastly thing! thou mockery
Of life, and human doings!
With flame-like eyes, on shadows fix'd!
Shadows which are ruins!

Thou see'st but sadness in her smile,
And pity in her sadness,
And in her slander'd innocence
Pain, that once was gladness.

And can'st thou—while Night groans—do less
Than weep for injured woman?
Man! is thy manhood manliness?
Is she not a woman?

Oh, Night doth love her! oh, the clouds
They do her form environ!
The lightning weeps—it hears her sob,
"Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

On winds, on clouds, they ride, they drive—
Oh, hark, thou Heart of iron!
The thunder whispers mournfully,
"Speak to her, Lord Byron!"

My God! thy judgments dreadful are
When thought its vengeance wreaketh,
And mute reproach is agony:
Now, thy thunder speaketh!

He doth not speak! he cannot speak;
Then, break, thou Heart of iron!
It cannot break! it cannot break!
I can weep for Byron.

The uttered word is oft a sin,
Its stain oft everlasting;
But, oh, that saddest unsaid word;
Its dumb guilt is blasting!

Eternity, the ever young,
Hath, with fix'd hand, recorded
The speechless deed unspeakable;
Ne'er to be unworded!

Oh, write it, then, "in weeping blood,"
Ye purified and thwarted!
Oh, House of Brokenheartedness!
Spare the broken-hearted.

Tell not the fallen that they fell,
The foil'd that there are winners,
If He, whose name is Purity,
Died, to ransom sinners.

No, spare the wronger and the wrong'd,
Oh, ye, who wrongs inherit!
"A wounded spirit who can bear?"
Soothe, the erring spirit!

He, earning least, and taking most,
May love the wrong in blindness,
Not needing less, but all the more,
Pity, help, and kindness.

THE GIPSY.

AN OLD LEGEND MODERNIZED.

JOHN FOWLER, I owe you a tale or a song,
I've remain'd, I confess it, your debtor too long;
So, painting in verse and rude Saxon a scene
Where oft with the bard of the rabble you've been,
I daub on the landscape a figure or two,
Not portraits from life, but ideally true,
And humbly inscribe the poor picture to you.

I.

Said horse-swapping Jem, with his hat on his lap,
While his bull-bitch sat listening near,
"Was ever yet seen by a Stannington-Chap *
A contrast like this I see here?
With Susan, my cousin, just four feet by two,
Here's a gipsy as tall as a stee: †
I guess, she is telling my fortune to Sue;
And, I guess, we know what it will be."

II.

With his legs on the turf, o'er his hat and his knees,
Behind the bare brambles he bent,
While Rivilin sang to the palm-waving breeze,‡
A sweet ancient song about new-budded trees,
As townward together the stream and the breeze
Through regions of loveliness went;
And he gazed, squatting low in the old birken wood,§

* Stannington is a village near Sheffield.

† Stee is the Yorkshire name for ladder.

‡ Rivilin is one of the rivers of Hallamshire, near Sheffield, where the blossoms of the willow are called palms.

§ The venerable wood here alluded to was destroyed in the year 1837, to win a bit of wretched land, at twice the cost of its value. One of its old trees bore an uncouth likeness to three snakes twisted together, with their heads on the ground, and their tails in the air. With more pain than pleasure, I saw, about a year ago, in the Stove of the Sheffield Botanical Gardens, fragments of this tree.

On the marble-fac'd prophetess brown,
Whose eyes flash'd black venom where stately she stood,
In her grey cloak and long sallow gown; *
With her slightly arch'd nose, her smooth brow finely spread,
Her chin sharply chisel'd, and bold
Under lips of firm beauty, her face and her head
Formed an oval of darkness and gold.
Her hair was like horsehair, when glossy it lies
On the strong stallion's neck, where the fledged linnet flies;
And her black felted hat, suiting well with her size,
Was a crown on the head of a queen;
But 'twas strange! when he look'd on her face and wild eyes,
Her eyes only seem'd to be seen.

III.

"What faults," said the giantess, lifting her brow
While a smile lit her loveliness grim,
"What faults hath John Mathews, thy husband, that thou
Would'st swap him for horse-swapping Jem?"

* For a chapter on gipsies, see William Howitt's Rural Life in England, which has furnished me with some particulars of this description.

IV.

"I can't bear the sight of the flimsy old fool,"
Black with rage, childless Susan replied,
"While he bends o'er his books, like a sack on a stool,
Fill'd with lumbering learning and pride.
Is it my fault, or his with his tea-water blood,
(In a Maltster a fault seldom seen,)
That I'm talk'd of in scorn, under bonnet and hood
Wherever big bellies convene?
The lawyers want hanging. What right have old men
To marry fair maids of eighteen?
But he wheez'd, when he courted me, like a pipp'd hen,
Such maggot's meat never was seen.
This day is his birthday; he's fifty or more;
How strong the changed villain appears!
Oh, never was damsel so cheated before!
And his folly grows green with his years.
Of original sin, and the fruits of the fall,
I hate the vile picture he paints:
He hardly believes in the Devil at all!
Then how can he trust in the saints?
He pays to a Bookclub—When, when will it break?
Its infidels fill me with fear!—
He wastes in a newspaper fourpence a week,
And in music five shillings a year.

For what did I marry? The Wigtwizzle land
Will go, when he dies, to Jem's Nan!
His little gets less, like an used clew of band;
I have neither won money nor man.
The corn which he buys, goes as fast as it comes;
He malts it, and sells it on trust;
His customers schedule, while he sucks his thumbs,
And thrive, while I pine on a crust.
Every rogue knows Old Clever, whom babies deceive;
He gets all, to risk all again!
Oh, he'll make his old will, when he's nothing to leave!
I may knit, but industry is vain.
And he reads, ay, and writes, when his day's work is done,
Bent double beside the great pan,
While my cousin swaps horses, or fettles his gun,*
Or fights in the fair—like a man."

V.

"A hard case indeed!"—in her ear-rings of gold,
Blue-kerchief'd beneath hat and chin,
Said the black-stocking'd sorner; and then slowly told
Her charm of deep cunning and sin:

* Fettled is an old Saxon word, signifying prepared. Thus, the Fettlers in an ironfoundry are preparers of the article for market.

"Thy husband bewitch'd shall, feet foremost, be borne
To Bradfield, where slumber his sires,
If thou, after tea, before ten in the morn,
Wilt visit thy cousin, Jem Squires;
And—nipping the thumb of his crippled left hand
With the finger and thumb of thy right,
Say, 'Coffins mean Weddings! and, Jem, understand
That Morning still follows the Night!'
But if thou, in him, ere the summer be o'er,
A true loving husband wouldst find,
Before thou go forth, let thy tyrant, once more,
Hear a bit of thy long-troubled mind:
And no one shall ask thee, 'What did'st thou? or Why?'
Nor shalt thou be scared or ashamed;
For ends may be ruled by the planets on high,
And no honest woman be blamed."

VI.

She said, and away, with a spring in her feet,
(Erect, bony-ankled, and strong,)
Departed, through gorse, blooming golden and sweet,
While the lark sang his evening song.
Jem laugh'd, but not loudly. How joyfully fast
Through the wood of moss'd birches went Sue!

And both reach'd their homes, ere the setting sun cast
Bright gold on the cloud that from Stannington pass'd,
And purple o'er Rivilin blue.

VII.

All night, she lay sleepless—or dreaming, all night,
That a coffin a wedding implies!—
John dream'd he had lost her! and wept with delight!
But he waked, and saw rage in her eyes!
With her hands on her hips, clad already, she seem'd
Prepared, and determined for strife;
For John was bewitch'd! and by all he was deem'd
The plague of his plague of a wife.
"Young wives and old husbands shall never agree,"
Sigh'd Susan, repenting too late;
"One side of a ladder is hardly a stee,"
Sigh'd John, as he turn'd from his mate.
Poor Henpeck! to please her all vainly he tried;
For though quite an angel was she,
He could not have pleased her, unless he had died,
And no such intention had he.
A spell was upon him—Yes, do what he might,
His virtues were manifest crimes;
He always did wrong, and she always did right!
As she'd told him, some hundreds of times.

VIII.

Bright, bright shone the morning, when breakfast was done;
But Sally, the maid, look'd with fear
On Susan's broad face, that grew black in the sun—
A sign that a tempest was near.
The thrush sang without, where the gorse and the broom
Wore their gold, near the overshot mill;
And the birch was in bud, and the larch was in bloom,
Beside the old farm on the hill;
But, within, nought was heard save the sad under-growl
Of Susan, that lady of grief,
While John turn'd his back on the wife of his soul,
Pretending to read, and be deaf;
Yet watching the storm, which he well knew would come,
And lifting his left ear in pain,
As he chuck'd the crack'd seal, with his finger and thumb,
On the ring of his copper watch-chain;
Or fast in his book turn'd the pages, unread;
Or twisted its bit of red tape;
Or pull'd to and fro the brown wig on his head,
With its tail doubled up in his cape.

Slow rising, at length—like Sir Graham in place,
Or a broad-bottom'd Image of Fate;
She stood—like Resolve, sworn to steal a watch-case,
Or like a thick "pillar of state;"
But soon on the floor stump'd her short flabby legs,
Her broad face seem'd broader to grow,
And then, as she spoke, she revolved on her pegs,
Like a tub on one end turning slow.

IX.

"Now, Learned Old Fellow! I'll state thy true case:
Oh, what a wrong'd woman am I!
I'll leave thee, I'll get a good housekeeper's place—
And do something else by and bye.
This comes of your printing, and new-fangled schools;
I'm driven from thy board, and thy bed;
But if thou art wise, let me live with the fools,
For they know how to butter their bread.
Oh, if I'd an income, a home of my own,
I'd ne'er look again on thy face;
But my wrongs, Mister Intellect! all shall be known
When I've got a good housekeeper's place.
Then, bless'd with thy absence, and snug as a mouse,
I'll pick with a friend a dry bone;
For thy famous tup shins shall ne'er enter our house,
Though I can't turn thee out of thy own.

I read thee, Old Dog, and old Cain on thy brow!
  My pearls are but thrown unto swine:
A pattern for servants to copy art thou;
  What manners, Old Beggar, are thine!
Thy brothers were beggars—Thou Son of Old Spite!
  Will the brother of fools say, I lie?
Thy parish-paid aunt was a threadbare Old Fright;
  Thy father was blind of an eye;
Thy uncle's lean niece had a face like a fish;
  Her husband gave bail for two thieves;
Thy cousin, blue Snob, was sold up, spoon and dish;
  Did he die in a shirt without sleeves?
Thy sisters, they—Oh, not a breath can I fetch!
  Dog! my breathing—my breathing's so bad!—
But it's well there's a madhouse, thou raving Old
    Wretch!
  Sarah! Sarah! the Fellow's gone mad!"

X.

But John kept his temper: "Do leave us, dear Sue!
  For I've long been the plague of thy life:
Besides, I and Sally without thee can do;
  And Jem is in want of a wife."

XI.

"Agreed!" with a shout answer'd Susan; and soon
She complied with the despot's desire;
For she roll'd out of door, like a lady balloon,
Or a puncheon of brandy on fire.
Bright red was her gown, green and yellow her shawl,
Betassell'd and fringed to the knee;
And a cloak of flower'd purple she flung over all;
Oh, a regular tulip was she!
Beneath her umbrella-like bonnet, put on
With a town-knowing twitch of much grace,
She seem'd like two fat tapster's-wives, join'd in one.
And netted together with lace.
In front, like a star, her broad quarters between,
Shone her clasp of raised silver on steel;
And she holds in one hand, that her wealth may be seen,
Her boa and tippet of seal;
While the other, muff'd richly, and cushion'd from cold,
She waves, like a fan, as she goes,
Both to show her gold watch, round her waist chain'd in gold,
And cool the hot blood in her nose.

And fast through the croft, where the crab blossom'd white,
Scattering snow to the bilberry brake;
Fast by the old stones, with grey lichens and light
Speckled o'er, like the back of a snake;
Fast down the steep hill, through the wild wizard wood,
Fast over the river she hied;
Then, climb'd to the nook, where her cousin's house stood,
And met there—Himself and his Bride!

A chaise at the gate, and a postboy she found;
At their ribands she could not but stare,
When he open'd the door, threw the steps to the ground—
And out came the new-married pair!
For Jem (Shabby Fellow!) had wedded his maid!
Oh, Prophetess, deep was thy guile!
And vulgar he look'd in his breeches of plaid,
When thus spake the bride, with a smile:
"Good Susan, we ask not, What dost thou? or why?
Nor are we afraid or ashamed;
For ends may be ruled by the planets on high,
And no honest woman be blamed."

XII.

"Did Sal stop the clock, from past five until seven?"
Said Jem, with the look of a lamb;
"By my wife's lever-watch it is now near eleven;
There's treachery, certain I am."

XIII.

For the first time in life Susan redden'd with shame,
And out rush'd the bull-bitch, to see!
But, broad as a cask, o'er the bitch roll'd the dame;
Oh, a sadly changed lady was she!
In dirt lay the tulip, red, purple, and green,
With its stripes of bright yellow so fine!
And truly she said, "I'm not fit to be seen,"
While vainly Jem press'd her to dine.

XIV.

Back, down the long bank, full of wisdom, she went:
Let none on that name cast a slur!
She could not conceive what the vile gipsy meant,
By supposing that Jem would suit her!
He rode like a clown, in his coat or his cloak,
And she loath'd his vile breeches of plaid:
If he brought her tobacco, (she did sometimes smoke,)

It was always in brandy o'erpaid.
A nasty, colloguing, conspiring, lame cheat,
One-handed, left-legg'd, and pig-eyed!
She'd not cross her door sich a fellow to meet,
Nor stand in the road by his side.
She always knew well what his tendencies were;
Oh, his tastes were all grovelling and base!
And he might be a bastard! she'd scorn to appear
Where a trull, like his wife, show'd her face.
"Would I condescend," said the dignified dame,
"To touch sich a minx with the tongs?
I better know how to preserve a good name,
And what to good breeding belongs.
A coarse tasteless tassel—a cheat, and no witch—
What a vile tawdry dress she has on!
But she'll keep his accounts—she can write; if he's rich,
They'll shine, till his money is gone;
And when it is gone he will rightly have learn'd
What ladies who scribble can do;
And wish all the books, but the Bible, were burn'd,
And their readers, (or one of them,) too.
I would not be spiteful, but; God mend them both!
It's the worse wish I wish them, I'm sure;
He's a good-for-nought, bandy-shank'd blackguard and sloth,
And she quite as pretty as pure.

I wish her no harm, with her blushes of brass;
But she may have six twins in three years,
And corrupt every farantly neighbour she has,
Setting them and their wives by the ears.
Poor Gudgeon! he's hook'd—by a child-bearing Pouse!
But sluts are best married to rakes:
May their pigs get the itch! and smoke stifle his house!
And her oven spoil all that it bakes!"

XV.

But now she drew nigh to the river again,
And the wood of moss'd birches so old;
While black over Stanage, with hail and with rain,
A tempest of April was roll'd:
Right and left, like a shaft-broken arrow of doom,
Unheard its red lightning was sent;
And, Up! the broad curtain of fire-lifted gloom,
From the summit, at intervals went:
Like many-tail'd snakes, with their heads on the ground,
And their many tails pendent in air,
In skeleton grimness, the aged trees around,
From the region of storms, and its black western mound,
Lean'd motionless, silent, and bare;

But her heart heard no voice, when the damp
hollow wind
Through their dry branches drearily moan'd;
Nor felt she his touch, when it wetted each rind,
And the fast- cloud groan'd.
Like steel wh nd not glowing with
flame,)
In water skill'
Each big drop of hiss as it came,
And smoke on -lip:
More black grew her ner, re gloomy the skies;
Then, a blast shook the old wizard wood—
Where, lo! the tall gipsy, with night in her eyes,
In the glare of the lightning-flash stood;
With night in her eyes, and the torrid sun's fire;
With power in her mien and her form;
Beautiful wildly—Like Love soothing Ire;
Or light on the clouds of the storm;
Or Knowledge, all calmly preparing the fall
Of the crime-honour'd throne of the sword;
Or Goodness, declaring through one unto all,
That the Father of all is the Lord.
As a poplar in summer, when gently the breeze
Wakes its twiglets, with whisperings sweet,
Amid the grey trunks of the hoar forest trees
Looks down on a flower at his feet;
So, a sable-hair'd child, with his eyes raised to hers,
And his rose-lips half open to speak,

And the bronze of the bloom of the rich mountain furze
Turning brown on his soft yellow cheek;
A child—her own miniature self—by the hand
She held, looking down on his smile,
With a fulness of love that no heart could withstand,
Save the heart of low cunning and guile.
For in her deep love there was sorrow as deep;
Ev'n there, on the spot where she stood,
(When the vale in October's dim mist lay asleep,
And the moon only watch'd o'er the wood,)
All silent, with none to assist or annoy,
And in anguish too mighty for tears,
She had buried a daughter—the twin of the boy
That made her acquainted with fears;
And while on the soul in his visage she gazed,
She saw in her heart, the last look
Of her lost second-born, with her wild eyes up raised,
As her flight to the angels she took.
But Susan saw nought in that beautiful child
Akin to her own barren heart;
No trust could his aspect, so trustfully wild,
To her all-doubting bosom impart;
She found in the might of the mother's dark face
Only dark indications of crime;
No grandeur, nor beauty! nor greatness, nor grace,
In her action serene and sublime.

She knew not that Love plants with roses the wind,
And builds on the seas as they roll;
That the waifs of the world can be gentle and
ki[illegible] *
And the [illegible] in the soul;
But kept [illegible] axims, derived
From proge[illegible] grace,
And bred in-a[illegible] nets they hived,
Till perfectio[illegible] their race.

XVI.

"Did I stop thy clock, from past five until seven?"
Said the gipsy with ill-suppress'd laugh;
"By Ecclesfield chimes it is long past eleven:
Thou'rt too late, by an hour and a half."

* When Retribution, in the shape of the great Mahomedan invasion, overtook the oppressors of India, to the casteless Sudra or Pariah privation and pain were familiar; and he fled to far countries, and the enjoyment of homeless liberty, carrying with him his gods, the affections, that never die: but his victimizers, the aristocrats—to whom privation and houseless pain were not familiar remained; to be trampled on by their conquerors. Those critics who know "that the waifs of the world can be gentle and kind," will understand the moral which in this poem I have wished to deduce; and if in attempting to join the humorous and the beautiful I have again fail'd, they will allow that there is nothing in the subject itself which renders the attempt impracticable; for in nature (as in Shakspeare,) the humorous and the beautiful, like sorrow and joy, are found side by side

XVII.

"The Snake!" Susan cried, "there she hisses in scorn;
The Pickpurse! she stole my crown-piece;
The Rascal! I'll watch her; she means, I'll be sworn,
To steal Tommy Somerset's geese.
For who can be safe, when plain folks are ashamed
To sign for their names with a cross?
Our thieves, like Jem's Nan, for book-learning are famed;
And learn'd is yon rogue, to my loss!
No gipsy is she, but a thief from the town,
Where she borrow'd her books, as she borrow'd her gown.
But yonder's my John! he is waiting, I see,
To welcome his glove of soft silk:
Ev'n fools know the worth of a good wife, like me!
So, I'll hasten—and skim him his milk."*

XVIII.

Then, she puff'd up the hill, to the home of her love;
And there a strange scene was display'd;
For John the bewitch'd, though expecting his dove,
Sat at dinner, with Sarah, his maid,

* So that, after all, we may doubt whether the newest substitution in matrimonial tactics, that of arsenic for magic, is an improvement on the old practice.

wine,
When Sarah in terror arose,
And in came meek Susan! who
But threw her soil'd shawl o'er
Then, courteously smil'd on her
And honour'd her maid with a
A hot roasted fowl on the table w
So, feeling of hunger the stings
She took Sarah's chair, and to sh
Help'd herself to the breast an
But in token of peace, both the si
From under the straddle she ca
And gave him both drumsticks, wh
gone,
To feed the fat hen he had starv
For Susan transform'd by a spirit o
Seem'd meek as a storm-cloud a
And John the Bewitch'd, Unbe
hour,
Was of maltsters and mortals th

Lo, when she had dined, to the garden she went,
Where she cull'd the first lilac of Spring,
The prize-polyanthus, with violets blent,
And primroses—tied in a string;
And placed them—and laugh'd—on the cloth of pale blue,
In a vase, sprigg'd with gold on dead white;
For all that is lovely and tasteful, she knew,
Fill'd his weak childish heart with delight.
Sweet Flowers, how they smiled through the thunder's bright tears,
On the maltster, self-scourged, though belied,
Who shook in sly glee, the brown wig of his years,
With the gipsy-changed dame at his side:
"Young wives and old husbands may sometimes agree,"
Said John, shaking hands with his mate;
"A lobsided ladder's a sort of a stee,"
Thought Susan, instructed, though late;
While the Father of Love, from the brightening west
Where Loxley and Rivilin rise,
Cast down on their waters, awake or at rest,
And on John's placid smile, and on Susan's fond breast,
The soul-soothing blue of his eyes;
And the redbreast peep'd in from the moss'd window-sill,
Where he sang in the sunshiny rain,
Till the thunder-rent cloud, o'er the rough eastern hill,

Retiring in wrath, that spake thunder-toned still,
Left Stanage, serene as his Maker's high will,
In sunshine and glory again;
Proclaiming afar, in the silence of light,
His love of the lovely, the might of his might;
Proclaiming afar, that the Beautiful lives
With the good and the wise, in His Temple of Mind,
Still making life's strength of the peace that he gives
To the hearts of the gentle, the thoughtful, the kind.

EPISTLE.

Since Ellen Rendall deigns to say,
"Write me a poem!" I obey.
Weeds in exchange for flowers, I send;
For the best letter ever penn'd,
The best bad rhymes I can compose—
Not strength in beauty, like thy prose;
Oh, not the wealth of feeling fine
Enriching every phrase of thine,
The fresh fruit of a sad heart's truth,
Flush'd over with the bloom of youth!
Rhymed words I write, and fain would write
A poem, with a poet's might.
But I am bow'd with years;
And cares that shed no tears,

Bend me towards my kindred dust.
When sorrows come, because they must,
With lips of ice, and looks of clay,
To turn the spirit's tresses grey;
Can stooping age (though fain he would,)
Write earnest thoughts in "weeping blood,"
And o'er his winter spread the glow
Of warm June's dewy roses? No.
Who to the rain-cloud can restore
The bow that "vanish'd in the storm"?
The quench'd heart's fires return no more!
But what I can I will perform.
Long ere I read a thought of thine,
I plann'd a lay, call'd Etheline;
A lay that oft, in hope and joy,
I may have ponder'd when a boy.
Feebly commenced, and idly cast
Aside, to be redeem'd at last,
A thousand lines the song will end;
A hundred are already penn'd.
Lady! I will inscribe to thee
A tale of Love and Jealousy,
And old, old times—when life was young,
And wisdom taught what passion sung.
Thou, Ellen, thou shalt be my Muse!
Power not his own the bard shall use;
Thy young soul's beauty, wisdom, truth,
Shall wake in me a dream of youth;

A ..., with careless gra
The time-worn Harp befo
O'er funeral Autumn's per
A shower of splinter'd sur
And charms the haunted r
With ecstacies of sight anc
Or, in the soul its thunder
Kindles within the heart th
Fire, born of darkness that
And thoughts that turn r
Bidding the fallen still aspi
Though st
And like the Adwick of my
Each doom'd Prometheus s
Or, school'd his dire reward
Die with sad pride, as Cæs
At imaged Pompey's feet

ETHELINE.

"Elyot the harper, would not worke;
But at the great feast of King Murke
Sung the warst lay that ever was:
'Out of my sight, thou droning ass!'
Cried Murke, and to his feet upstarted:
Whereat mine ancestor departed."*

PREFACE.

THE subject of this poem is the doom of a female child; a subject less heroic, doubtless, than the quarrel of two soldiers about a female slave. It is the first part of "Eth-Kon-Tel," a story in three parts, each containing four books; each part, as a story, complete in itself; and the three parts, like the trilogies of Eschylus and Schiller, forming one narrative. Thus, "Wallenstein's Camp," "the Piccolomini," and "the Death of Wallenstein," constitute one Play, which might properly have been called "Wallenstein, a Drama in Three Acts."

It may be doubted whether a few supposed incidents in the history of a dead Religion, can form a proper subject for an Epic poem. British history, we are told, furnishes no such subject, and that, if it did, such a work is impossible. But if they who tell us this will find another Homer, I will find a subject worthy of him in the second invasion of Britain by the Romans. Few historic names are written more indelibly on our hearts than those of Caractacus and Togodumnus, sons of Cundbelin. Boadicea, too! was not she

* Morte d'Arthur.

powers.

A suggestion has been made to m
my unbated Epic, cannot, without sc
I admit, at once, that the character,
art requires explaining, cannot, in art
a madman may believe himself to be
tion is this—Could the madman A
supposed, have used the terms, and
to him? The religion of the ancient
the doctrine of the transmigration of
of the ideas expressed by Adwick a
from the Old Testament, are supposed
to him by the father of the heroine, an
so speak, a part of his individuality.
had endured, implies that he was of n
tellect; and though necessarily unletter
be understood to have been learned in a
hood, who assuredly did not rule mank
ance. Originating in a civilization whic
of that of Egypt, the religion of the Bri
the Christian era, must have retained sc
origi ; and philosophy, I think, will a
minical, pagan, and Jewish doctrines, ir
and solitary individual who had been pe
in any circumstances find expression;
abstract terms which the necessities of
select. Whether insane persons (they n
properly admissible as actors

in persuading myself that it can be pronounced with less effort than any other, and that in it more easily, clearly, and eloquently than in any other, I could express my thoughts and feelings. Without being at all new, and while allowing me to avail myself of the double endings which so seldom occur in English rhyme, it comprises in its structure, with the fatally facile octosyllabic line of Scott, lines of three, four, five, six, and seven syllables; and gives the writer (who need not use any of them,) all the advantages of our ballad line of fourteen syllables, our inevitably halved alexandrine, and our five-feet iambic; enabling him to avoid the great disadvantage of the latter, which, even when written by a master of the art of versification, can seldom be read aloud, without overtasking the breath of the reader; a disadvantage overcome in our days by Hunt in his couplet, Wordsworth in his blank verse—and his imitator as a blank versist, Byron; with two or three others, of whom I may particularize the author of Philip Van Artevelt. After all that can be said for it, the measure chosen is doubtless very inferior, even in variety and melody, and certainly in harmony, to the far-famed and elaborate Spenserian; of the great narrative power of which we have triumphant proof in Wordsworth's Female Vagrant; but so difficult is it to tell a tale well in English rhyme, that he who can lessen the difficulty is not unworthy of praise.

"With a slight change of names and things," I am told by an excellent friendly critic, "the characters, incidents, and sentiments of this poem, would be found marvellously modern." And why not? In exculpation of this supposed modernness, I must beg leave to quote a few more words from the same lady-friend. "A true tale," she says, "could, with slight adjustment, be made true to any times. The virtues, the strengths, the desire of knowledge, power, and wisdom, are the I AM of all times; and there must have been in far-off barbarous ages grand mental and moral elements, which would now and then peer out on the world—stars of exceeding brightness, not always to be extinguished, but sometimes enlightening after-poets and sages; for as the transitory part of our being is founded on mortality, so must the deathless have an immortal parentage." True. Our eyes have seen the Handel, and the Mozart, but their music was of old, ere death was. If, then, in attempting a hymn to our best affections, my notes partake in any degree of the eternal melodies, I cannot have failed altogether,

language of his adoring subject sai

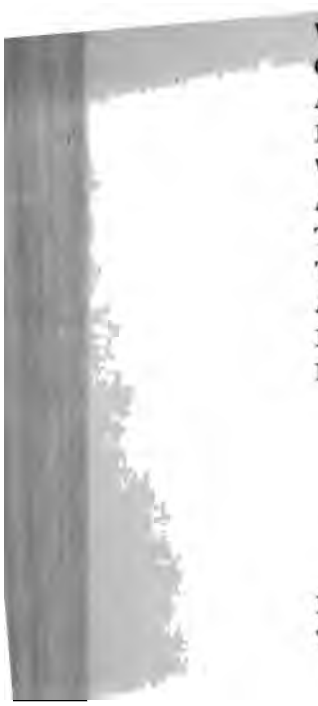
* Holmes's Ame

ETHELINE.

BOOK I.

DEAR Ellen Rendall! seers have said
That of his realm of giant oak,
O'er valley, plain, and mountain spread *
Ere echo mock'd the woodman's stroke,
Barbarian man the temple made,
Where first Religion kneel'd and pray'd;
The green cathedral of the soul
Whose god was in the thunder's roll.
'Twas finely thought, and sagely, too;
The beautiful is ever true.
But I the temple dread would paint
Where primal fraud was terror's saint.
Thou Ellen, thy young grace and truth,
May wake in me a dream of youth,
But cannot sweep the mist away
From hoar tradition's dateless day;

* I am informed by a person learned in such matters, that the valley of Conisbro' near Doncaster was once a lake of considerable extent.



Where he may bend de
Old dust, whose history
And homes of glory nov
His old eyes full of doul
With grief! his old beard
And hung with weeping i
The only old tree mockin
The old rocks laughing h
And the old skies (with te
Implored some little grace
Looking as if they did not

I.

The west wind, g
From Cadeby's f
The roar of Don
Flooding with watery howl
Their wild abyss of riven s

And on the lake's dark grey and blue
The oaken towers of Konig threw
A red and shatter'd glare.
'Twas then, that, in despair,
A woman young and fair
Paced the black water's eastern shore,
And on her woful bosom bore
Her child, asleep.
She could not weep;
The "countless laughter" of the lake,*
Like mockery on her senses brake.
Because her heart was broken.
She would have spoken
Her deathful thought,
But in her throat
The strangled utterance died.
She knew not that she tried in vain,
With trembling lips, to speak her pain;
Nor knew that, screen'd by willows grey,
Beneath her, in its little bay,
Sat giant Adwick in his boat,
With lifted oars—prepared to pay

* See a book called "A Monopolygraph, by Samuel Gower of Holmfirth," full of noble poetry and sound criticism. I refer particularly to his translation of the Prometheus Bound. The line copied by me will be found in the following passage:

Prometheus, (solus,)
Oh, thou divine and boundless atmosphere!
And you, ye swift-wing'd winds of heav'n, and thou,
Oh, countless laughter of the salt sea waves!

A visit long delay'd.
In silent pray'r, she pray'd;
Then, looking, wildly looking
On Konig's tower—nor longer brooking
His cruelty and pride—
Sprang over boat and willows
Into the billows.
Close to her breast the child was press'd,
And down she went; but rose, at length,
Relenting, and with desperate strength
Cried, "Save lord Konig's child!" then, drank
The wave, and sank.

II.

She sank—the baby floated,
As if its life was boated.
Swift Adwick soon the struggler caught,
And almost touch'd the mother's hair,
The sinking face of her despair.
He placed the infant in the boat;
Then, from its stooping side,
Plunged deep beneath the tide;
Rose, dived, and rose, to dive in vain;
Yet lived to see that face again!
Recovering soon his rocking boat,
He sate awhile in painful thought:

" Another victim ! women run
To Konig's lord, to be undone.
If man may tempt them, Konig can ;
Ay, Konig is your woman's man."
Gently he laid upon his knee
The frighted child, and wept to see
Its helpless loveliness ;
Yet felt he not the less
The promptings of an inward snake,
To hate it for its father's sake.
" I'll plague yon false betroth'd of mine ;"
(Grimly he spoke, and grimly smiled,)
" I'll take the babe to Etheline ;
She loves the sire—why not the child ?"

III.

Beside the grave, where evermore,
Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, not unwept,
Her widow'd mother slept,
Beneath the copse of willows hoar,
With dwarf ash mix'd, and crab, and sloe,
And brambles for the gadding vine ;
Close to the deep lake's western shore,
In restless mood, walk'd to and fro
The orphan Etheline.
Lone daughter of a wizard sire,
(So, by her policy deceived,
Men eagerly believed,)

was her power, and widely known :
Her spells could rule the thunder-stone,
That floods the heavens with fire ;
] ecret foe
V ork her woe.
A bow- n'd wave,
Not ten e and grave,
Back'd ndless wood,
Her mos in stood ;
And stil she went,
And enter'd o t,

But could not there abide.
She feign'd much wonder—" Why no more
Came Adwick then, as heretofore,
To lonely Waterside ? "
(Such was the name her dwelling bore,)
And sometimes blush'd, (but not with shame,)
For neither he nor Konig came.
" Not that she cared for Konig. Why,
Should lowly maiden look so high ?
Besides, of love he never spoke ;
Though oft he came, 'twas but to joke ;
And still he came, to go in haste ;
And weeks, since last he came, had pass'd.
Then, why should Adwick knit his brow ?
Was Adwick jealous ? Jealous ! No ;
She'd scorn him, if he could be so."

IV.

The stormy west was scowling,
And wolves, far off, were howling.
The starved she-fox, from Ravensly,
Yelp'd o'er oak-waving Denaby.
Deep in the wath of Addersmarsh,
The bittern strain'd her trumpet harsh.
The mast-fed boar had crunch'd his fill.
Beneath the blast, increasing still,
The ash-twigs snapp'd, aloft in air:
Their fall disturb'd the drowsy bear,
And every falling leaf the hare.
"The coming night is glooming,"
She said; "the night is coming;
The direness of the bittern's booming
Foretels a night of moan and groan—
Here to be pass'd by one so lone!
The night is coming."
What saw she westward of the grove?
What look'd she north to see?
A boat approaching? Did it move?
It moved, it pass'd the wizard's tree;
"He comes!" she said, "'tis he."

V.

In has ttage floor
With ru: or;
Arrang l up the fire;
Swept lress'd them both
In cover. h,
The work o: en and times;
Brought by h.. ather's sire,
(A merchant, known in many climes,)
From Greece, his mother's grave.
And that lone maid remember'd well
Traditions (which she loved to tell,)
Of old Judea's sacred sod,
The altar of the living God;
Of lands where written speech was known;
And of her ancestor, the bard
Renown'd, and to be famous long,
Who many pains and dangers dared,
And sang (where heroes thought in stone,
And men were wise as brave,)
The earliest written song.
Unletter'd, not unwise, was he
Whom now their daughter sate to see;
An outlaw, learn'd in mystic lore,
The worship of his sires of yore.

How tardy seem'd his coming! "Hark!
He moors," she said, "his little bark;"
And while she spoke, he stood before
The seated maiden's open door:
At once, homed sadness left her eye,
Or feign'd a wondrous levity;
As if a flower had long'd to die,
And waked to laughter suddenly.

VI.

"What! come at last?" she said, and laugh'd,
Each word a seeming-spiteful shaft;
"Be seated, for I ne'er again
Expected here my truant swain."

VII.

Then, Adwick told, in mournful tone,
(While on her lap he laid
The rescued infant, still afraid,)
How, crossing o'er the lake,
He saved from death the little one;
"And well," said he, "I knew,
If aught on earth were true,
That thou would'st love it—for my sake."

VIII.

"A pretty tale, no doubt, I hear;
But why," she said, with look austere,
"Must I my rival's bantling rear?"

IX.

"Nay," he replied, "no rival fear;
For who its mother,
Whether it sister have or brother,
I nothing know; but this foretell,"
(And as he spoke his raised brow fell,)
"That thou wilt love the baby well."

X.

"Hence with ye both!" she said, and frown'd,
And almost wish'd her lover drown'd.
But then the child
Look'd up and smiled,
Gazing on her with Konig's eyes:
"Oh, leave her here! I'll take the child!"
She cried, betray'd by her surprise;
Then, feasted on its father's eyes
Of deep, deep, darkest blue.

XI.

Passion! thou to thyself art true,
And well dost all thou hast to do.
Adwick beheld the sweet surprise
With which she gazed on Konig's eyes
In that poor infant's face.
He did not fail to trace
His rival's image there!
With fiery scowl
He stamp'd it on his soul.
With sullen stare,
He saw her kiss the foundling fair;
And in the blood of deathless pain,
Painted that picture on his brain.

XII.

She knew not what a change had come
O'er Adwick's mind and heart;
A cloud of grief and ire,
Thence never to depart;
A sorrow worse than dungeon-gloom,
Or blackness of the coffin'd tomb;
The tortured sleep, that ever wakes;
A memory made of knotted snakes;

With fire, for blood, in every vein,
And cold, that burns like fire.
The outlaw's heart was turn'd to stone;
His all was gone.

XIII.

But ere he thence departed,
She raised her head, and started
His stricken form to see,
Stiff in its agony.
How like a pallid monument,
The work of skill omnipotent,
With cheeks of rock, and tresses rent,
And forest-brows, o'er paleness bent,
He stood, in silence pale!
Or redden'd, like the crimson glow
Of stormy morn o'er Stumperlow;
Or Kinder, when, far seen, he stands,
With lightnings flashing from his hands,
Unheard, through rain and hail!
And pity wrote, in sorrow's book,
The story of his parting look.
Silent, he sought his restless boat,
And vanish'd, like a dreadful thought:
Oh, hope destroy'd is man's undoing!
Heav'n, save his mind from total ruin!
Flinging from rapid oars the light,
He tilted through the glooming night,

And reach'd the cave (his living grave,
And homeless home,) which ne'er again
Shall know a joy unmix'd with pain,
Though still around its door uncouth,
The woodbine of the sunny south,
Brought by the sires of Etheline
From regions of the cluster'd vine,
Shall hang its fragrant-finger'd flowers,
To lure the bee from forest-bowers;
And, rock-throned near, one vastest elm
(Knot-wristed monarch of a realm
All forest, cloud, and wave,)
Spread o'er its lawn his sky of shade,
Where ship-brought foeman never stray'd.
Unseen, lord Konig, hidden nigh,
Beheld him pass. "Wolves have their caves,"
The chieftain said, "and there are graves
For men whose kindred thrive;
But here's a cave that is a grave,
Where lives the dead alive."
With restless foot, and seeking eye,
Impatiently, impatiently
He waited near the shore
For one whom he
Again shall see,
But to his heart clasp never more.
"The clouds," he said, "are gone to bed;
How their dark chamber overhead

Rocks! Will she come to-night?
The wakeful hare hath roused the bear;
The wild pig grunts, the pack'd wolf hunts;
She will not come to-night."

He said, and [illegible] unheard,
As near h[illegible] s cave he pass'd,
And took his homeward way!

How like the climber of the blast,
The noiseless-wing'd, night-haunting bird,
That, hunger-stung, and balk'd of prey,
Flaps, in vext flight, the forest grey!

XV.

"That was not the roused bear's tread,"
Frenzied Adwick, listening, said;
"Nor the pack'd wolf's crowding rush;
Nor my dreaming runlet's gush;
Nor my night-dirge, in the bush;
Nor my cloud-song overheard.
Worse than wolf oft watcheth here;
Worse than wolf inhabits near."

XVI.

No limner was there, at his side,
To paint his lip of grief and pride,
  The strife, where mind with madness strove;
  The war of misery and love;
And check the pencill'd hand in fear,
Starting, these wilder words to hear.

XVII.

"If I bid blind darkness sing
    Hymns of brightness;
If I wield the thunder's wing,
    Plumed with brightness;
Shall my mercy fail to smite
      Evil will?
Shall my justice fail to kill
      Evil might?"

XVIII.

Mad, yet conscious of his madness,
Long he paused—then spoke in sadness:
"Ere the eyes of midnight beam'd;
Ere red morning's banner stream'd;

Ere the sun began his race,
Silence, and the grave of death,
Were my throne and dwelling-place;
Yet I draw an outlaw's breath!
Can I make the desert's tree
Beautiful, and all for me?
Or, to soothe another's woes,
Out of nothing bring the rose?
Yet—all shunn'd, and homed with pain,—
Vainly love, and wildly fear,
Vainly heave unceasing sighs,
And from beauteous woman's eyes
Vainly bid a pitying tear
Drop, to cool my burning brain!"

XIX.

Then, weeping, started he,
And spake aloud to vacancy:
"Here again, thou King of Pain?
Me, thy God, dost thou defy?
Mocking still, thou strong in ill,
Sneerest thou, Mine Enemy?
Nought art thou, if not my slave.
Yet thou biggen'st, like the grave
To the sentenced felon's fears,
When the ghastly verge he nears!

Slave and Rebel! dost thou frown?
Dost thou threaten? Thou dost well:
I will dash thine altars down,
Shake thee from thy horrid throne,
Stamp thee back to hell.
But what beauteous form and face
Fold'st thou in thy vast embrace?
Let me look upon the face
Folded in thy dread embrace:
Oh, those locks—those lips of snow,
Eyes of death, and cheeks of woe,
Freeze me into stone!"

XX.

But, soon, his grief was lost in ire,
That purpled his worn cheek.
Clench'd were his hands, his lips compress'd,
A life of wrongs groan'd in his breast,
Eager, in deeds, to speak;
Like conflagration, smouldering long
Ere flames the strength that mocks the strong,
When up the red Niagara raves,
And rafters swim on fiery waves,
And night glares red o'er burning graves,
And streets of roofs expire.

BOOK II.

Go, Ellen, visit Conisbro'
When gusty Autumn's wildest day
To the grey ruin's age and woe
Shall wild and fitting homage pay.
Then shall his shadow in the sun
Make stormy sunshine doubly fair;
Beneath shall wail the flooded Dun;
And Music's Muse shall meet thee there.
Start not Eliza's form to see
That castled mound's brown shades among;
But bless the dead maid's melody,
Nor marvel if "her speech is song."
To die is but to put off sin,
As morn puts off night's vapour foul;
The dead are learners, who begin
To sing the music of the soul.
They teach the born-in-heav'n to feel
How angel-voiced are human woes;
And tempt the heavenly-born to steal
From earth, the smile of sorrow's rose.
Oh, beautiful in tears, to them
Who know not grief, that flower may seem,
Reflected on its thorny stem,
In mortal life's impassion'd stream!

I.

Lone darkness lit her lamps on high,
Star waking star o'er all the sky;
And Mercy from his throne divine
Watch'd over sleeping Etheline.
She slept, and with her slept
The baby on her breast.
Sleeping, she wept
In dreams, for Adwick—and his woes;
(Oh, if she loved another,
So sister loveth brother!)
And not from bless'd repose,
But sorrowful unrest,
She waked, to hear, around her ringing,
Sounds, sweet as of an angel singing,
When, thus, a voice like woman's sung,
With more than music on her tongue.

II.

"Under the willow tree
All that can die of me
Perishing lies;

There, in green water-brakes
Royally—water-snakes
Feast on my eyes.

Then, if thou lovest him too;
If I to him am true,
Laid with the dead;

If—as the true should be—
Telma is loved by thee,
In her cold bed;

If all our acts are seeds—
If good and evil deeds
Never can die;

If what thou oft hast told
Me of the prophets old,
Was not a lie;

If the God-written speech
Shall to the nations teach
Life undepraved;

If, sunk in sin and night,
Worlds shall rejoice in light,
By a child saved;

If sinless might is thine—
Motherless Etheline,
Cherish my child!

Orphan'd one, Lonely one,
Pity my only one,
Mother my child!

Though born to singleness,
Thou must live husbandless,
Why live alone?

She can secure to thee
Wifehood's virginity;
Make her thy own!

She can preserve the soul,
She keep the conscience whole;
Mother her well!

Him her pure love may save
Ev'n from the spirit's grave;
Snatch'd from deep hell!

Me, all my sins forgiven,
He may uplift to heav'n,
Wing'd at his side;

Cherubim, seraphim,
Singing, to welcome him
Home, with his bride."

III.

The wild song ceased; and with a scream,
Upraised in bed, the maiden said,
"Could she be here? I do not dream.
Where art thou? thou who sung'st so well!
My Telma! Friend, loved long and well!
Answer me!

Oh, Beautiful and Terrible!
Answer me!
Why hast thou absent been so long?
I know, my envy did thee wrong;
But I have miss'd thee, yearn'd for thee.
Beloved and Dreadful! let me see
Thy visage pale! and tell to me
Thy dreadful tale."

IV.

No voice replies. Nor form, nor face,
In glittering twilight, can she trace.
In vain, she seeks repose;
In vain, her eyelids close:
Sleepless, she tosses, till the grey
Of morning brightens into day.

V.

Day follows day, and Etheline
Is happier than a bride;
Still nursing little Telmarine
At lonely Waterside.
Them madness guards, and watches well,
With vigilance invincible;
And he may yet on man depend,
Whom madness watches, as a friend.

VI.

Week follows week; and unseen hands
For Etheline wild berries bring,
Pure water from the living spring,
And fire-wood from the shore;
Kind whisperings reach her listening ear;
Unseen, a kind shape near her stands;
And friendly feet are wandering near,
Though Konig comes no more.
Yet Adwick loves not Telmarine!
Her sire is loved by Etheline,
And Adwick hates that sire!
The man is mad. A cruel thought,
And half-form'd dark intentions float
Within his brain of fire.
The wretch is mad—oppress'd—reviled:
God! will he kill the rescued child?

VII.

But Konig comes to Waterside!
He seeks, at length, lost Telma there;
And saith, (his calmness is despair,)
"The lost may with her rival bide;
For after anger, love is sweet;
And friends long-parted long to meet."
The self-caught trapper rues the hour
When first he tried his cruel power

(Oh, heartless deed!) to undermine
The virgin name of Etheline,
And do an orphan wrong.
His shaft is shot, and ill it sped;
For she loves him, and he the dead!
Defeated is the strong.
Lo, at her cottage-door they stand!
She deeply moved,
Yet coldly meeting her beloved;
He, with feign'd gladness, courteously
Pressing her small unoffer'd hand;
And watching on the shadow'd sand,
His form of loftiest majesty.
The scarcely-welcomed welcome guest
Enters her home, with heart depress'd;
Around he pries, with cunning eyes,
But finds not what he seeks;
Then, pausing, speaks.

VIII.

"Daughter of merchant strangers! thou
Endanger'd art, and lonely now.
Within a bow-shot of my tower,
I have a shelter'd plot and bower;
There dwell thou safe, my queen and guest:
This I, who might command, request.

For who seeks now thy dwelling lonely?
Fish-eating, hare-fed Adwick only—
A headlong, blaze-brain'd, wisdom-troubling
Fool, with new good old evils doubling;
And thou, by shielding that doom'd man,
Incurr'st the King-Priest's deadly ban.
Well saith the saw of ancient date,
'The empty friend devours his mate:'
Shun, then, th' accursed, or share his fate.
Is it because his savaged brow
Darkens a rebel's lip below,
While sun-tann'd hide, and storm-comb'd hair,
(Fit raiment both, for wolf and bear,)
Clothe broadest breast, and largest limb,
That maidens run such risks for him?"

IX.

He said, and from his forehead fair
Stroked back dark locks of glossy hair,
Smiling in scorn. She wrongly deem'd
That he was tranquil as he seem'd,
And, cautious, answer'd—boastfully
Feigning a false security:
"If we have caused his many sorrows,
Shall I hate him who suffers for us?
My father loved the outcast man
Whom priest and priestling therefore ban,

For well they know that Adwick knows
How vain are all their shams and shows!
But though the power that awes ev'n thee
Might well appal a maid like me,
I go not hence, Sir. Who will dare
To storm th' enchantress in her lair?
Weird daughter of a wizard sire,
Can I not flood the heav'ns with fire?
And slay, far off, the covert foe
Who but in thought might work me woe?
Nor force nor fraud of man I fear;
Nor, Konig, am I lonely here."

x.

"Not lonely here?" confused, he said;
And from his lip its colour fled,
When, at her feet, he saw a child,
The little foundling, Telmarine.
With Telma's smile, on him it smiled,
With Telma's locks of raven hue,
And upturn'd eyes of darkest blue.
Confused, he named its mother's name!
While pale, as death's cold brow, became
The cheek of Etheline.

XI.

"Telma!" he said; nor waited long
Ere seem'd at once to come and go
The shadow of a shape of woe,
(Like the last look of kindness sent
From dying eyes, it came and went,)
And, thus, a voice replied in song:
"Oh, Konig, if the living knew,
What death-freed spirits only know,
That none are happy, but the true;
Wert thou like moonlight on the snow,
Or dew on lilies—bright and pure;
Oh, if thy soul were anchor'd sure—
Not on thy gods of death and strife,
Fierce Jove, arm'd Pallas, fiery Mars,
(Nor on glad Orus, and the stars,
Or Jareeha, hurrying white
Behind the troubled gloom of night,)
But on the Lord of Love and Life;
Thou would'st not need to hear it said,
That bless'd are they who love the dead.
Who that hath loved, as truth doth love,
Loved only once, and lost his love,
But in his heart of hearts hath said,
"Safe is the love that loves the dead?"
Then, Come! our marriage-feast is spread:

XII.

When ceased that voice "
Still Konig fondly listen'd
"Thou art not here?" at l
"Thou trouble-tried, and p
Thy voice I heard, but whe
Oh, let me see thee! see th
Yet, ere this fever'd dream
Let me embrace thee!—on

XIII.

Then, said the voice "whos
"If thou would'st see me y
Where human weakness dw
Go, follow him, whose eyes
Have watch'd thee early, wa
And been thy watc
He comes, in frenzied

Look on the havock thou hast made!
On Adwick look! destroy'd, betray'd!
Thou did'st not smite him with thy hand;
The smitten might such blow withstand:
Behold him—Lost! in spirit blind!
Thy guilty heart hath slain his mind."

XIV.

Lo, while he listen'd, Adwick came!
Bare were his limbs, his breast was bare.
Blue glitter'd through his matted hair
His pain-changed eyes of ghastly flame,
As if a wintry tempest threw
Cold lightning on their freezing blue;
And these wild words he utter'd there:
"The crow doth croak. What croaketh he?
'Dead horse! dead horse!' Where may it be?
At Cadeby-Force it lies a corse,
And there a dead maid, near the horse.
The lean crow croak'd, 'At Cadeby-Force
I come to feed, dead horse, dead horse!
Oh, won't I feed at Cadeby-Force,
Where lies, with thee, the maiden's corse?'
'Be mine, dead maid,' the starved crow pray'd.
'At Cadeby-Force, be mine, dead horse!'
'Nay,' saith the worm, 'be ours, dead maid!'
She shall—but not at Cadeby-Force."

XV.

Brighter the maniac's eyes became;
Speech, mix'd with laughter, from him brake;
On Konig glared the eyes of flame;
And, thus, to Konig Adwick spake:
"Fish-eating Adwick, in the lake
Hath caught a curious lady-fish:
I caught it, Konig, for thy sake,
And thine shall be the fish.
Would'st see again thy loved one's face?
Then, must thou see my lady-fish:
Come! I will lead thee to the place
Where thou may'st see my fish."

XVI.

"Follow me, Lord!" he yell'd aloud;
And Konig, fearless, follow'd him,
Entering the forest's mazes dim,
In sadness bow'd.
They traversed realms of verdant night,
And many a treeless isle of light,
Whose peaceful bliss the eyes of Love
Watch'd fondly through the blue above;
A wilderness of shaded flowers;
A wilderness of virgin-bowers;
Of beauty (calm, not passionless,)
And lonely song, a wilderness;

For on, on, far and long, they went
Through paths of green bewilderment,
Where oft the ouzle, perch'd on high,
Beneath his clouds, above his woods,
Pour'd his full notes in gushing floods,
Flattering the wood rill tunefully;
Then, listen'd to its still reply,
In all a bard's regality,
And seem'd sole lord of earth and sky.
Soul-meekening sadness sweetly crept
The region o'er—and Konig wept:
His sighs to echoes soft replied;
He knew not why—but still he sigh'd.
They reach'd at last the mount where stood
The Father of the boundless wood,
An oak, before whose vastness man,
Dwarf'd to a gnat's dimensions, shrunk.
Twelve full-sized men had fail'd to span,
With outstretch'd arms, his giant trunk.
One mighty limb, extended forth,
Might have a war-ship's frame supplied;
One shoulder, twisted to the north,
A thousand winters had defied;
(All eldest things had even told
The hoary ages, as they roll'd,
That he alone on earth was old;)
And still the knotted hands prepared
Their time-tried wrists and knuckles bared,

The storms of centuries to dare.
The tree was call'd the Wizard's chair;
And in his hollow trunk the gloom
Reveal'd an uncouth banquet-room:
Perchance, in after ages dined
In such a tree stout Robin Hood,
Amid the depths of Barnesdale Wood
Feasting his men on hart and hind.
"Here enter!" growl'd the maniac grim;
And Konig enter'd—following him
Into the god-made forest-hall,
With the mute step of funeral.
Slowly undarken'd then the gloom.
They stood within a living tomb,
Before a form—a lifeless one—
Whose lifted head long hair had on;
Black, it descended like a veil,
Half hiding features fix'd and pale;
The light, if light it were, of eyes;
And the still shape of lifeless thighs.
Alone unclothed by that sad vest
Were two fair shoulders, one round breast,
Snow-sculptured legs, with small thin feet,
White as a winding sheet,
Or stainless ivory;
And fingers, taper'd slenderly,
Which—when the fond enamour'd breeze
Pulsed gently through surrounding trees—

Seem'd dallying with the long loose hair.
Erect, as if she stood in pray'r,
The beauteous Horror glimmer'd there!
"How dost thou like her?" whisper'd then
The seeming cruelest of men:
One groan replied! a low dull sound
Follow'd; and on the ground,
At Adwick's feet, lord Konig lay
Blackening, and senseless as the clay.

XVII.

"Dog! that fear'st bones!" said Adwick. "Thou
Shalt do the outcast's bidding now.
Who now shall say to Adwick, 'Stand
Apart from blessing! let no hand
Touch him or his! no living thing
Approach his withering?'
Soon, all shall know me. Heav'n is mine!
The priests are mine, their altars mine,
To work for good, not ill:
Their sov'reign shall be Telmarine,
And she shall do my will;
For earth and heav'n are mine.
Am I not God? Sweet Etheline
Shall be God's God! heav'n's queen and mine.
I am of Kings the King.

Deny'st thou this, mine enemy?
Ha!—shape abhorr'd! lord Konig's Lord!
Laugh'st thou in hell-black mockery?
Laugh—but the mercy of my might
Shall smite thy blackness into light;
Frown—Ay, with thunder bridge thine eyes,
Swell, if thou wilt, to mountain-size,
And with a look eclipse the skies!
But—Ah! again? What form, what face
Fold'st thou within thy vast embrace?
Oh, those dear locks! those lips of snow,
Those eyes of death, and cheeks of woe!
They freeze me into stone!
Yet triumph not, All-evil Thing!
The king of priests, and thou his king,
And all your instruments of ill,
Shall do my will,
And work for good alone."

XVIII.

In envy, hatred, jealousy,
In sorrowing pride's intensity,
(Worst madness of worst misery,)
On fearful thoughts his spirit feasts;
And he will seek the King of Priests,
Though doom'd to die, if he draw nigh

The hallow'd kernel of the wood,
His dwelling long ago;
Where Mystery, fed on "weeping blood,"
Is restless as a wintry flood,
And cold as mountain-snow;
Restless as fire! yet still unchanged;
Or as the changeful, never changed,
Unalterable sky!

BOOK III.

O'er "Wharncliffe of the Demons" thou,
Dear Ellen, hast a wanderer been:
Thy second letter places now
Before my soul the beauteous scene.
But thou hast named a name that brings
Back the deplored and hopeless past,
And o'er remember'd Wharncliffe flings
An angel's shadow, flitting fast.
Why did'st thou name that mournful name?
Beautiful in its worth and woe,
Over my sadden'd heart it came,
Like funeral music, wailing low;
Or like a deep cathedral toll,
At midnight swung o'er Witham's wave,

Proclaiming that a weary soul
Had cast his staff into the grave.
Oh, never more will Lycid see
That relic of the forest old
Which spread, "like an eternity,"
Its green night over plain and wold;
Grey Wharncliffe, and the oaks, that stand
Like spectres of their sires sublime;
Yet how unlike, though old and grand,
Those giants of the olden time!
Symbols of age-long funerals,
They frown'd o'er fear's suspended breath,
And pillar'd in their living halls
The deathless might of mental death.
Oh, Superstition! cruel, blind,
False, restless, fair, as ocean's foam,
How shall I paint, where shall I find,
Save in man's darkness, thy dark home?

I.

While to the she-wolf from afar
Her prowling mate replied,
And muffled moon, and riddled star,
Glimpsed on the dusk lake's mirror wide;
Asleep, and dreaming, Etheline
Rock'd on her bosom Telmarine,
At lonest Waterside.

Spirit of all that lives to die!
Relate her dream of agony.
She thought, a shape of darkness bow'd
Heav'n's concave, crushing in her breath,
As with the weight of cloud on cloud
To rock-like substance press'd;
And two pale arms snatch'd from her breast
Her nursling, while it slept.
She gasp'd, she wept;
But grief was deafen'd in her soul
By thunders, which then o'er her roll'd,
And would, she thought, for ever roll
Beneath the grave of death,
When suns in death were cold.
Then, did a realm of frost,
A cloud-homed desert without shore,
Receive her; and for ever lost
With tears for light, her only light,
Stone-still, she stood before
Featureless Night.
No sound was there, no flutter'd wing,
No leaf, no form, no living thing,
No beating heart, but hers—no air;
But cold that pierced the soul was there,
And horror which no tongue can tell,
And silence insupportable:
'Twas depth unplumb'd, 'twas gloom untrod,
'Twas shuddering thought alone with God.

II.

Ev'n while she dream'd, in silence pass'd,
Moon-lighted gloomily,
A wanderer through the forest vast,
Unto the Throne of Mystery
Bearing a child,
That gazed around her in surprise,
Or innocently smiled,
Looking on him, with Konig's eyes
Of deep, deep, darkest blue,
Almost to blackness deepen'd, yet
Blue as Carpathia's violet.
But soon in fear her arms she threw
Around his neck; for the dim light
Made darkness touchable to sight;
Nor darkness only. Through the dusk
Fierce shadows moved; from fierce eyes came
Quick sparks of living flame;
Hot pantings gather'd, thicker; then, a husk
Of sound was heard—nor bark, nor growl—
Which sometimes swell'd into a howl;
And still, to hunger's instinct true,
Nearer the dog of forests drew.
Nought fear'd the Wanderer of the Night,
Whose brow of gloom,
And ghastness in the shadow'd light,

Scarce seem'd of earth, or heav'n or hell;
He, unconvinceable,
Could not have trembled, if, o'er head,
The desolated heav'ns had fled,
While crash'd the trump of doom.
But, lo, a flash, a glare, a blaze,
Illumed the wood with ghastly rays,
Suddenly!
And the gaunt prowlers, balk'd of prey,
Stopp'd, whined, crouch'd low, and skulk'd away.
The wanderer sought a temple grand;
Behold! its portal was at hand,
The vast cathedral's forest-porch;
Through which stream'd light from many a torch,
Rays many-colour'd, piercing far
The chaster light of moon and star,
Beneath the wood-rill's canopy;
And, lo, at once, the eastern aisle,
In length a gloom-foreshorten'd mile,
Reveal'd its groin'd immensity!
So, when, at midnight, thunders roll
O'er lone Roch Abbey's ruin'd fane,
The dead walls, in the lightning's blaze,
To God within the listening soul
Chaunt old Religion's hymn of praise;
Pillar and arch, in darkness hidden,
Start up to sight, like things forbidden;
And buried ages live again.

"Pretty!" the child, delighted, cried,
And clapp'd her hands; for she espied
Five coming shapes, each bearing high
A staff-raised brand of red, blue, green,
Purple, and golden fire; which cast,
As slowly they came nigh,
On living buttress vast,
And cloudy shapes between,
And arch sublime, and tracery,
Not wrought by man, commingled hues—
Lovely as emerald ocean's foam
Beneath an April sky;
Disclosing lone side avenues,
And domes which seem'd to come and go,
Dome after dome, dome after dome,
While shaft by shaft advanc'd, withdrew
Like giants countermarching slow.
Grim were the four—coal-black their vests,
Their helms, and crests—
Who bore the red, green, yellow, blue
Torches; but robed in purest white,
A female form of stateliest height,
And fair to view
As love and truth,
Was she who bore the purple light:
Her locks of snow,
In amplest flow
Descending to her feet,

Cover'd her, like a sheet;
And in her stedfast eye
And sculptured look, eternity
Seem'd wedded to immortal youth.
Sudden, she stopp'd. Around her closed
The sable four; their torches raised,
Each touching hers, united blazed,
And, lo, the cluster'd five composed
A many-colour'd flower of flame,
Beautiful, beautiful,
As that bright rose which dark maids cull
Where himalayan summits tower
O'er fiery plain, and fiery flower!
Then, from the unnumber'd voices came,
Wailing the forest-depths among,
Unearthly notes of chaunted song,
Wild, mournful, grand; as shipwreck's cry,
Heard through the groan of sea and sky,
Convulsed in boundless agony;
And like a yell of mockery,
Forestalling worth's reward of pain,
With the laugh'd lie
That virtue toils in vain.
Thus, sang, unseen, deep shades among,
The singers of inhuman song:
"When did the wisdom of the wise
Expunge from life one human ill?
Ever the Seeker's victories

Leave his hard heart unconquer'd still:
Therefore the gods the wretch deride
Whose soul on truths forbidden feeds;
And crush the atheist in his pride,
(Cold, good-pretending deicide!)
Who turns life's fairy flowers to weeds.
Gods! curse him wet; Gods! curse him dry;
Where fin can swim or foot repair!
In light and darkness, cold and heat!
Curse him wherever wing can fly!
Curse him wherever heart can beat!
And blast him with his granted pray'r!"

III.

The dread chaunt ceased, and over all,
Except the Wanderer and the child,
Strange awe, like death-bed fear, did fall,
Or sleep, that dreams of woe.
On came the Wanderer, unaffrighted;
And while the valiant child, delighted,
Listen'd or clapp'd her hands and smiled,
He stood before the Nun of Snow.

IV.

"Fear not, thou Wanderer sad," she said,
"To follow whither I must lead:

The pray'r is pray'd, the rede is read;
And ever best the boldest speed.
Well hast thou done th' appointed deed:
Full well the chasten'd understand
That they are govern'd who command:
And long, oh, Wanderer sad, have we
Expected thee."

V.

"Fear?" he replied—and huger grew
His vastness, where on her he threw
A wondering glance; "Ye do my will,
And but my purpose here fulfil.
Proceed ye on your destined way,
Obeying Him, whom all obey."

VI.

Then, westward turn'd the sable four;
The stately whiteness westward turn'd;
Them following, he the nursling bore;
And, raised aloft, the torches burn'd.
How strangely, pillars vast
On each hand pass'd!
How grandly, overhead,
Domes, following domes, behind them fled,
All in deep silence! Silence deep
Lay on the fretted roof, like sleep;

And there the moonlight lay, like death;
It could not pierce the gloom beneath,
Where a broad orb, beheld afar,
Shone westward, like a crimson star,
And other light was none;
Save of the torches red, green, blue,
Purple, and golden. Round they threw
Their intermingled ghastness wild,
While laugh'd with joy th' undaunted child;
But when he reach'd, with soundless feet,
The Presence, and the Judgment-Seat,
Torches and bearers all were gone!
Then paused the Wanderer. North and south,
He look'd on aisles of age-long growth,
Tree-pillar'd high, branch-arch'd, star-proof,
Cut short in darkness. Where he stood
Within the kernel of the wood,
The central vastness stretch'd out wide
Its space sublime and sanctified;
Of such a temple fitting choir;
Worthy of its eternal roof,
The bright, blue, moon'd, and starry sky,
That domed its dread tranquillity,
Commanding leaf and flower to grow
In sad and silvery light below;
For such a choir meet canopy.
Before him glared the globe of fire,
Scattering innocuous blaze and spark;

And all beneath was dark;
Save that the Wanderer might espy,
Beneath the globe of flame,
A pallid brow, a glittering eye,
That slowly went and came.
"Say," spake a voice of deepest tone,
"What man art thou—of men alone—
Who dar'st the shadow of the throne?"
"Mine is the shadow, mine the throne,"
The Wanderer cried; "I therefore dare
The shadow of the throne;
For I am He who sits thereon,
In spirit, everywhere;
God! I am God! the all-adored!
The many-named! the only Lord!
Incarnate oft in human form;
Permitting fear to worship love,
On altar-stone, in hallow'd grove,
And proud to bless the meanest worm,
Though throned o'er earth, and sea, and sky;
My chariot Light, my torch-stand Night;
My sceptre Life; my falchion Pain;
With dateless Thought for my domain,
And Darkness for my canopy."

VIII.

Beneath the globe of restless flame,
Indignant features went and came;

The pale brow blacken'd, the fierce eye,
Gathering its thunder gloomily,
Flash'd curses. Then, a voice austere,
In acc[illegible]nd fear,
Said, '[illegible] would'st thou here?"

The Wa[illegible] to thee
Consign[illegible]y,
This sin[illegible] my will,
That vice which blights, and crimes that kill,
And pain, of evil born, shall bring
Blessings to every living thing;
And that all wrong, by love withstood,
Shall turn all evil into good."

x.

But woe-tried men have feelings fine;
And loth was Adwick to resign
The nursling, at his journey's end;
As loth was she to quit her friend.
Friend? Ay, she knew his troubled brow;
Had heard him oft, in dreams, complain;
By stealth, had watch'd his sleep; and now
She clung to him, and kiss'd his cheek.
Was he, then, loved? Lived he, to find,
At last, that one of human kind

Loved the foredoom'd to crime and pain?
Almost his sanity return'd;
He wept, as if his heart would break;
Wept, but his tears were hot—they burn'd
The brain from which they rush'd:
So, lightning, when roused ocean raves,
Harrows black midnight's clouds and waves,
Together crush'd.
Irresolute, and with smother'd sighs,
He held her up: she turn'd, and smiled
A smile that thrill'd him through,
Looking on him with Konig's eyes
Of deep, deep, darkest blue,
Black almost, and yet throwing back
The crimson of the pansy's black.
But while he stood in dubious mood,
Two arms, stretch'd forth, received the child.
"Thus," said the voice of deepest tone,
"While men, on unfoundation'd thought,
Build roofless deeds, which come to nought,
The gods preserve their own:
The sought is found, the promised maid,
Ordain'd to save their cause betray'd;
A chieftain's daughter, sin-begot,
Brought by a traitor, trusted not."

XI.

Ceased the fang'd voice. The murderous eye,
The globe of crimson fire, were gone;
And from the sky—how silvery,
How cold o'er all, how suddenly—
Moonlight and starlight, silent shone!
The Wanderer wept—he was alone.
Not so? From choral voice and gong,
And trumpet, blown deep shades among,
Arose a storm of sound and song:
"The sought is found! and summons thee
To doom and darkness, Heresy!"
Brief, sudden, loud,
As thunder from a rainless cloud,
While shudder'd man and beast,
It rose, and ceased.
The Urus, in his reedy vale,
Heard it, and rear'd erect his tail;
Upstarted, in her fern, the hare;
Upstood, with lifted paws, the bear;
His wide-branch'd head
The huge elk raised, and sobb'd in dread;
Disturb'd, the wild pig grunted,
The she-fox growl'd;
In chorus stern, the pack'd wolf howl'd;
Fast fled the prey he hunted:

So, fear waked fear; o'er plain and hill,
And rock, and tree,
Th' affrighted circle widen'd still;
Kinder and Deadedge heard the sound,
Their tempest-pastured mountains round
Trembling in sympathy;
While echo smother'd groan on groan
O'er cragg'd hag-ridden Edlington.

BOOK IV.

Ellen! "the dead are safe," I said;
Yet to the unreturning dead
I must again sad utterance give:
My pleasing task will then be done;
Soon, then, my mortal course be run;
And I, too, shall begin to live.
Who shall undo the past day's deed?
It labours for the coming hour;
And if I am but as a weed,
The weed, though dead, is still a power;
Ay, and of Goodness! of all powers
Greatest, the Life that cannot die,
The evergrowing Unity,
Whose death-matured and brightest flowers

Will not the tiny soul contemn
That bloom'd its best, and went to them!
The perfect joy, that once was grief,
Will see no sorrow in my leaf.
Freed worms, that blamed a worm's excess,
Will pardon kindred littleness.
The left-on-earth will cease to blame
Mistaken words, or failing aim;
Nor scorn, perchance, from Shirecliff's side
To gaze, with me, o'er Hallam wide;
Or wander with a child of sin
By shadow-haunted Rivilin;
Or, loved of sunbeams! talk with one
Whose soul, by Rother, Sheaf, or Don
Still lingering, wreaths for truth will weave;
And all that spirits tell believe.

I.

Oh, hast thou seen the mountain snow
Which south winds softly overblow,
How fast it wastes, how swiftly hastes
To feed the rock-rill's lonely flow,
And swell a sea of tears below?
So wastes, so weeps lone Etheline,
For she hath lost her Telmarine.
In evil hour, an awful power

Hath stol'n Lord Konig's child;
And never since that dismal hour
Hath she, the maiden-mother, smiled.
Seldom she sleeps,
But always weeps;
And when she sleeps, she dreams
That Telmarine, with joyful screams,
Returns, to sport upon her breast,
And laugh her into rest:
Starting, she wakes! illusion flies;
And back come dire realities.
Then, to the silent gloom she sighs,
And asks the silent gloom in vain,
"When will my child come back again?"*

II.

In solitude, yet not alone,
She lived, with nought to do but weep:
Oh, better had she been a stone
O'er whose old age old mosses creep!
For emerald shadows with them dwell,
And lonely sunbeams love them well.

* If in the commencement of this book, I have imitated one of the masterpieces of the age, the Mariana of Tennyson, (as at the close of the third, one of the finest passages in Scott,) I have done so, because I could not help it. I am aware that an original conception cannot be appropriated by any thief, however dexterous. "But many minds may gird their brows with beams. Though one did throw the fire."

Ever, "My child! my child!" she said,
And loathed her food, her hearth, her bed;
And could not bear to keep
Within her cot, by (illegible)t;
But, like a cl(illegible)leep,
Abroad, with(illegible)nd light,
And with the(illegible)her,
And with the(illegible)ed her sadness;
A homed, yet n(illegible)ss(illegible)r,
Watch'd by the sun, t(illegible), the grey
Of moonless night, and sunless day:
And watch'd by Adwick's madness.

III.

If chanced the warm autumnal skies
To lure the adder from its bed,
(Where the bog-myrtle's fruit turn'd red,
Or violets, blowing late, smell'd sweet,
And the bank sloped, the morn to meet,)
Green, blazed its never-closing eyes;
"Still is she here!" the adder said,
And, like an eye-glance, vanished.

IV.

To slumber lull'd by wailings faint,
Awaked by moanings of complaint,
From his high seat, in sportive glee
Down looking on her misery,

The squirrel, morrow after morrow,
Heard speech that sigh'd.
The sun, at noon, still found her weeping ;
The sun, at eve, beheld her weeping,
And bow'd his beamy head in sorrow ;
And when, at night, the otter stole
From his root-roof'd and fishy hole
Beneath the moonlit tree—
The sound that mingled with the beam
Reflected from the " watery gleam,"
Was speech that sigh'd.

V.

When stoop'd the bramble's arm'd rich stems
Beneath their darkening load of gems,
And " on its thorny tree " the sloe
Stole from the west a purply glow,
While bees and blooms revisited
The all-thorn'd gorse, she nothing said
But, " Cruel was that friend of mine
Who stole my pretty Telmarine."
But when the slow was blackly mellow,
When the crab wore its flamy yellow,
When starken'd the dim heav'ns with cold,
And woods put on their crimson'd gold,
She sigh'd, " The year is darkening down,
The green locks of the crags turn brown,

Ripe bramble-berries cover them,
The fiend his club casts over them,
And winter comes, in hail and rain;
But Telmarine comes not again!"

VI.

When rose the heron in the wind,
His legs outstretch'd his flight behind,
In search of warmer skies;
She gazed on him, with upturn'd eyes,
And said, "Oh, thou, the fleet, the wild!
Stay! tell me—Hast thou seen my child?"
When after him the eagle pass'd,
And over her his shadow cast,
She said, "Thou strong of eye and wing!
Far canst thou fly, and widely see;
Oh, King-bird, seek her, find her, bring
My Telmarine to me!
Or I must die in misery."
Then, on the bird she strain'd her sight,
Till he became a speck in light,
And till, at last, he vanish'd quite;
And then she gazed on empty air,
Fearing to take her eyes away,
As if her only hope was there,
There—in that depth of barren grey,
On which, with his last gasp of breath,
Man tries to fix his gaze in death.

Death !—face of stone, and soul of lath,
Yet the last friend that misery hath—
" A long sweet sleep awaiteth thee,"
Saith ghastly Death to Misery !
And he, in pity, on her smiled ;
For she must die ! or find her child.
And soon nor squirrel, otter, snake,
Shall see her, from the wood or lake ;
Nor hawk, nor heron, from the sky
Look on the maid, now fain to die.
Pale, paler, weaker she became ;
Chill tremors shook her failing frame ;
And with slack knees, and swimming head
She sank upon her sleepless bed,
Where her worn face, a child's in size,
Seem'd cold in woe, as polar skies,
And polar snow.
The fountain of her tears was dried ;
She wept no more, but ever sigh'd ;
Her heart broke not ! 'twas petrified.

VII.

Then, came o'er Adwick's frenzied mind
A change, like colour to the blind.
Oh, deem not him a cruel man,
That victim of a ruthless ban,

And of compassionate sympathy,
Which suffers in his destiny,
And darkly, dreadly shares the fate
That made him desolate!
If thou would'st see the e sky
Reflected in tl ıak e,
Bid the black tempest's agony
Its tortured wav( )rsake;
Then, shall the banks, the ispering trees
The cloud, the herd, the roc , the hill,
The foxglove, ay, the birds and bees,
Live in that mirror bright and still.
So, when warm tears gush'd from his brain,
And cool'd its burning hell of pain,
(Frenzy subsiding into sadness,
And saddest pity conqu'ring madness,)
He was himself again;
Like one who wakes from dreams of woe,
When blackest night is past—and, lo,
Morn glitters on a world of snow!
He saw his victim's mute despair;
To see her die he could not bear.
Himself he hated for the deed
That laid her, like a withering weed,
Before him—dying, helpless, pale;
And if man's courage can avail,
Oh, yet will he save Etheline!
He will bring back her Telmarine.

Yea, he hath sought the dread retreat,
Where none may tread with unbless'd feet.
Hark! Voices? Shouts? A fearful cry
Wakes the green night of Mystery:
"Oh, Sacrilege! a man defiled
Hath from the hallow'd chamber borne
The consecrated child!"
And she, the Nun of Snow, hath sworn
That he, the thief, whoe'er he be,
Shall for his crime with life atone,
And suffer on the slaughter-stone
Pain's worst extremity.

VIII.

"The little hand of Telmarine
Presses thy bosom, Etheline!
The soft warm cheek of Telmarine
Rests on thy cold face, Etheline!
Konig's blue eyes, in Telmarine,
Smile on the softer blue of thine.
Is it not well?" said Adwick, sighing;
"Art thou not happy?" "Yes, and dying,
My Adwick!" pressing with her own
His hand, she said, in sweetest tone,
Her eyes on his o'er-flowing eyes
Fix'd, "I am dying. Be not thou
(My Friend! my Love!) offended now,

That my soul yearns again to see
My Konig's face. If thou lov'st me,
Love Konig, too. And when I'm dead—
When number'd are my vanities;
When aching heart, and reeling head,
And throbbing pulse, are quieted,
Tell him I loved him! and"—she smiled
On little Telmarine—"the child
I leave behind me. Bid him take
My child, and love it for my sake—
As I love it for his. In heart
A mother, tell him—I depart
In soul a bride;
In truth, a virgin; satisfied
To be, in soul, his bride."

IX.

While thus she spoke, Lord Konig paced
His castle and the lake between,
With cold hand on his hot brow placed,
And blood-shot eyeballs, in despair
Fix'd wildly on the Wizard's chair,
Far over wood and water seen.
Earth, and the clear heav'n overhead,
Were tranquil as the sinless dead;
They might have sooth'd and tranquillized
A heart less torn and agonized;
But the mute clouds, the stirless air,

The silent light, the lake at rest,
All, mock'd the tumult in his breast,
The tempest raging there;
When—as a smile lights silently
The lip of sleeping infancy—
Out of the still lake's crystal bright,
Out of the silent air and light,
Seeming to soul and sight
A portion of the air and light,
The form, the face of Telma came!
In all her living loveliness
She stood before him. Motionless,
(Save that her moving lips display'd
What seem'd the teeth's pure ivory,
Like white flowers trembling in the shade,)
She utter'd his dear name!
Death had not from her stature taken
Its graceful slightness:
Still seem'd to heave, in blissful whiteness,
Her bosom soft and warm:
Nor had the dewy rose forsaken
Her full lip's eloquent charm;
Nor on her cheek had morning faded;
Nor had the eyes, which black locks shaded;
Lost their black brightness.
Yet was there a solemnity,
A marble fixedness of eye,
In her dread beauty; in her look

A calmness—Oh, Thou Wizard's Chair,
And thy grim guest of bone and hair!
That calmness took
The feve- flush from K-nig's cheek,
An ith fear;
It was the ds hearts break
Hope shud eavement seek
o solace here.

" Konig!" in t was not song,
Yet sweeter far, she said,
Or whisperèd,
" The hours of God, seem long
To man's impatience, and to me;
For slowly, mercifully still,
Ev'n to the freed of death,
Himself and his unerring will
The All-wise discovereth.
We are not fitted yet to be
Where dwell the painless, where the pure
Live with the pure in purity.
Much must thou dare, and more endure,
Ere we can wed as spirits wed.
Yet did I err not when I said,
' In heav'n our marriage-feast is spread,
And well are they who love the dead;'
For none are happy but the true;

And, Konig, we have work to do.
Go, then, to lonest Waterside;
There kiss, thy chaste, thy virgin-bride;
Long hast thou been expected there,
And she hath yet a pang to bear;
For one, whom yet thou may'st not see,
(The Angel of Extremity,
Whose touch of ice, and look of steel,
All who draw breath are doom'd to feel,)
Bends there o'er Etheline, and weeps.
A precious gift for thee she keeps;
Our child! oh, place her in thy bower,
And tend, for me, my living flower!
Ordain'd to win
For us an Eden, lost by sin,
She bends to Heav'n
Both me and thee.
Nay, kneel not—no! ask not of me
Forgiveness—Art thou not forgiv'n?
Strive not to clasp the impassive air;
But do thy mission! and prepare,
On earth, for heav'n. I'll meet thee there—
Where no harsh fates annul
Love's law of blissful trust;
And Beauty casts between
Her smiles serene
And the All-loving Beautiful,
No veil of dust."

XI.

As l ght. when noon puts darkness on,
Gild: ppears;
So Te: ears,
Turns iro d is gone.
He gasps, r n stay;
His heart h ught to say.
What wc and whom address?
Here smues n loveliness.
The stirless air, the lake at rest,
The light and silence on its breast,
The sleeping cloud, the sleeping tree,
The music of the busy bee,
The tremble of the lifted leaf;
And one vain mortal—bow'd with grief,
As if on his crush'd heart had come,
With all their weight of guilty fears,
The burden of a thousand years;
And on his cheek, and youthful bloom,
The stain of an eternal tear;
These only (and thy God!) are here.

XII.

Lord Konig in his bark is gone,
Over the lake of Dar and Don,

To lonely Waterside,
Where everplayful Telmarine,
With looks that sweetly chide,
Wonders at silent Etheline!
"Why will not mother speak?"
She says, with saddening cheek,
And still-enquiring eyes,
To which no voice, no look replies!
While Adwick, watching near,
And scarcely seeming ought to hear,
Or feel, or know,
(Yet too, too conscious,) stands,
With cold, damp forehead, and clasp'd hands,
Gazing on hopeless woe,
That vainly loves! on speechless pain,
And dying truth—beloved in vain!

XIII.

How like the beauteous awfulness
That moulders into clay,
And humbles man's hard-heartedness
With its sublime decay,
Upon her couch of death she lay!
Nor limb, nor feature stirr'd.
But when Lord Konig's foot she heard,
Like one arising from the dead,
She started, she lean'd up in bed;

(Love is strong !) she rose to greet him ;
(Oh, Love is strength !) she went to meet him ;
She met him—met his dear embrace ;
And in his bosom hid her face.

They sea tone,
Wash'd b; gone,
And bleact t that blew ;
With forests L nig's town,
And the lake's 1 1 view ;
(She leaning fondly on his knee,
He weeping o'er her tenderly ;)
And talk'd to sleep each little leaf ;
And talk'd the sun down to the west ;
Nor saw him veil his head in grief,
And sadden into golden rest.
Death, all-shunn'd death, she knew, was nigh,
Yet felt as if she could not die.
But when, at length, the parting hour
Gloom'd dimly on the dying flower,
Then Konig trembled—and she smiled !
Giving to him the willing child.
" Kiss me ! " (she said, scarce audibly,
While, sick with parting's agony,
He felt as if they could not part,)
" Kiss me ! and go. ' I die content.
Love our poor Adwick—he loves me :

Farewell!" He wept, as if his heart
Was made of tears—and went.
She watch'd them o'er the lake;
She saw him leap to land,
Place on the shore the child, and take
Its little offer'd hand;
Then, shuddering as she turn'd her head,
Sank at the feet of Adwick—dead.

XV.

Sad, from the dell of Ravensly,
A wail of chaunting echo'd wide;
Harsh, in oak-waving Denaby,
A trumpet's brazen laugh replied;
And far o'er Watchly came the cry
That ever told when doom was nigh,
When cruel gods claim'd bloody rites,
And men prepared for ghastly sights.
But Adwick heard no trumpet blow,
No chaunt, no death-dirge, wailing low;
Mute as a stone, and tranced in woe,
He stood! and moved
Nor hand, nor foot, nor lock of hair;
But, like a statue of despair,
Gazed on the warm, yet lifeless snow,
That still was all he loved.
Lo! one by one, fierce men surround him!

By him unheard, unseen, they come,
All sable vested,
Sable helm'd, and sable crested;
They are the ministers of doom,
Whom follows slow
The Nun of Snow;
And they have seized and bound him.

XVI.

Then, Adwick saw, approaching nigh,
A form of haughtiest dignity.
Never was grander presence seen,
Or loftier stature.
The demon in his nature
Wore a sublimely mournful mien;
And as he trod
The shrinking sod,
He seem'd not less than demigod.
Crisp curl'd his locks of auburn hue
O'er features beautiful,
High brow, thin lips, arch'd nose;
A face of marble-like repose,
Whose coldness shamed young June's white rose.
Yet on his front scowl'd rigor. Blue,
Watch'd his fix'd eyes—small, cavern'd, dull;
And cuplike ears, placed wide apart,
Before a knotted mass of skull,
Proclaim'd a tyrant's brain and heart;

Though his sad smile turn'd dim
The sun's glad calmness, as he set,
And Autumn's violet
Stole a sweet look of tears from him.

XVII.

"Infidel!" Slowly, thus he spoke,
In tones that on the hearer broke
Like dying thunder. "It is well
That we are mighty, Infidel!
Or tortured human life, in vain,
Would petrify Love's tears with pain.
Live, then, to feel, in heart and brain,
Worst pain's intensity of pain,
Ere death dismiss thy atheist soul,
To tenant some vile toad or owl,
Or stinking fox, or filthier swine,
And find no beastlier shape than thine."

XVIII.

"Bend not thy cruel brow on me,
Priest!" Adwick answer'd mournfully;
"I know thy power, and pity thee.
The feet that on long-suffering trod
Cannot crush out my trust in God;
Nor canst thou waste, or use in vain,
His fund of dreadful mercy, pain.

And it shall put to shame
The darkness which to th
Torturing, and blackening
Darken'd with arrows—In
Though she hath done yo
Shall find the truth invinc
Nor will my disembodied
Live in the shape of toad
(Shapes, not despised by I
Nor less august, perchance
But—with the spirit of tha
Which there invites the wa
Delight to number, as they
The age-long hours of Deit
Until, at last, Hate's altars
And Loving-kindness conq

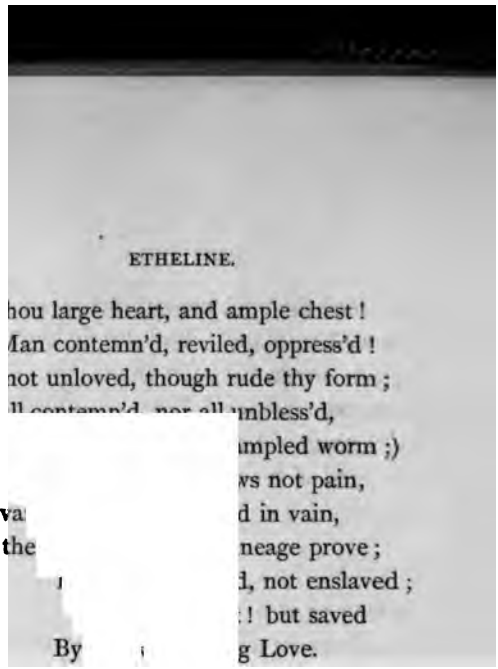
XIX.

"With her? This impious

Shall feed the wolf, beneath the moon
And winking stars." Scornful, he spoke,
Though pity in his heart awoke;
Then, self-reproach'd, threw back his head,
While blacken'd on his lip of bile
The fiend of his unwilling smile—
And kick'd, with cruel foot, the dead.

XX.

Darkens in grief the snowy Nun;
Slow, down her cheek the large tears run:
Burns Adwick's brow. His fetter'd hands
Smite the Priest-Monarch, where he stands.
He strives, with desperate strain,
To break his bonds. His dizzy brain
Flames. Down he drops. Half-raised, he sighs,
Falls back, and deeply sighs:
See! how the fetter'd Lion dies!
Yet his last looks, his closing eyes,
Seek the dear, outraged form, that lies
Beside him, marble-pale and still,
And angel-fair;
And Love's strong will,
With his last breath,
Stamps on his failing motion grace,
And beauty on his heart-worn face,
Even in death;
While gasp the sable-helm'd, and stare.



XXI.

"He hath escaped," the King-Priest said.
Then, turn'd he to the lifeless maid.
Nor armlet she, nor anklet wore,
But on her veiny wrist
A clasp of amethyst,
And on her right third finger fair
A relic, which he valued more;
A ring of gold-and-silver twist,
And Homer's auburn-silver'd hair.
He took the ring, and from her wrist
The nun its clasp of amethyst,
The mighty spell by which men knew
She could o'ercome, far off, the foe
Who but in thought might work her woe;

And then the darkness-clad withdrew
The long rich robe of tyrian hue
Which, folded round her beauteous waist,
And underdrawn, her hips embraced;
Leaving her naked, where she lay,
To be of worms and wolves the prey.
Thus sternly Highest Love decided,
That not by death divided,
But side by side, like groom and bride,
Should lie, at last, His sternly tried;
And, lo, the pair are not alone,
Though priest, and nun, and guard are gone!
Above them bends
A form that godlike man's transcends,
When godlike most; a face of pride,
More mournful than a fallen king's
Whose world-wide realms are miseries,
Whose empire, splendors fled!
And in his mien
Such majesty is seen,
That in heav'n's courts he might have borne
A demigod's regalities,
And on immortal shoulders worn
Archangel's wings.
"These are but seeds of future weeds
Sown to replace our hated race,"
In thought, he sighs,
Contemplating the dead;

And to the skies
Raising his heav'n-reft eyes,
Adds, with serenely saddest brow,
"Will not the seed He soweth grow?"

LAST LINES.

The Poet's last utterances, dictated on his death-bed to his daughter.

Thy notes, sweet Robin, soft as dew,
Heard soon or late, are dear to me;
To music I could bid adieu,
But not to thee!

When from my heart Earth's lifeful throng
Shall pass away, no more to be,
Oh! Autumn's primrose, Robin's song,
Return to me!

Printed by Woodfall & Kinder, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

NEW POETRY PUBLISHED BY

HENRY S. KING & CO.

ABBEY (Henry).

Ballads of Good Deeds, and Other Verses. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth gilt, price 5*s.*

ADAMS (W. D., jun.).

Lyrics of Love, from Shakspeare to Tennyson. Selected and arranged by. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt edges, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

ADAMS (John), M.A.

St. Malo's Quest, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

AURORA. A Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

BARING (T. C.), M.A., M.P

Pindar in English Rhyme. Being an Attempt to render the Epinikian Odes with the principal remaining Fragments of Pindar into English Rhymed Verse. Small Quarto. Cloth, price 7*s.*

BAYNES (Rev. Canon R. H.), M.A.

Home Songs for Quiet Hours. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth extra, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

This may also be had handsomely bound in Morocco with gilt edges.

BENNETT (Dr. W. C.).

Baby May. Home Poems and Ballads. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth elegant, price 6*s.*

Baby May and Home Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed in Coloured Wrapper, price 1*s.*

Narrative Poems and Ballads. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed in Coloured Wrapper, price 1*s.*

Songs for Sailors. Dedicated by Special Request to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. With Steel Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

An Edition in Illustrated Paper Covers, price 1*s.*

Songs of a Song Writer. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6*s.*

BOSWELL (R. B.), M.A., Oxon.

Metrical Translations from the Greek and Latin Poets, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

BRYANT (W. C.)

Poems. Red-Line Edition. With 24 Illustrations and Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

NEW POETRY.

BUCHANAN (Robert).

Poetical Works. Collected Edition, in 3 vols., with Portrait. Price 6*s.* each.

Master-Spirits. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

CALDERON.

Calderon's Dramas: The Wonder-Working Magician, — Life is a Dream. The Purgatory of St. Patrick. Translated by Denis Florence MacCarthy. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10*s.*

CARPENTER (E.).

Narcissus and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

COLERIDGE (Sara).

Pretty Lessons in Verse for Good Children, with some Lessons in Latin, in Easy Rhyme. A New Edition. Illustrated Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

COSMOS. A Poem. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

CRESSWELL (Mrs. G.).

The King's Banner. Drama in Four Acts. Five Illustrations. 4to. Cloth, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

DENNIS (J.).

English Sonnets. Collected and Arranged. Elegantly Bound. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

DOBSON (Austin).

Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Societe. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

DE VERE (Aubrey).

The Legends of St. Patrick, and other Poems. Small crown, 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

St. Thomas of Canterbury. A Dramatic Poem. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

Alexander the Great. A Dramatic Poem. Small crown, 8vo. Cloth, price, 5*s.*

The Infant Bridal, and other Poems. A new and enlarged Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

DE WILLE (E.).

Under a Cloud; or, Johannes Olaf. A Novel. Translated by F. E. Bunnètt. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

DOWNTON (Rev. H.), M.A.

Hymns and Verses. Original and Translated. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

EDWARDS (Rev. Basil).

Minor Chords; Or, Songs for the Suffering; a Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price, 3*s.* 6*d.*; paper, price, 2*s.* 6*d.*

EYRE (Maj.-Gen. Sir V.), C.B., K.C.S.I., &c.
Lays of a Knight-Errant in many Lands. Square crown 8vo. With Six Illustrations. Cloth, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

FERRIS (Henry Weybridge).
A New Volume of Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

GARDNER (H.).
Sunflowers. A Book of Verses. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

HOLMES (E. G. A.).
Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

HOWARD (Rev. G. B.).
An Old Legend of St. Paul's. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4*s.* 6*d.*

HOWELL (James).
A Tale of the Sea, Sonnets, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

HUGHES (Allison).
Penelope and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4*s.* 6*d.*

KING (Mrs. Hamilton).
The Disciples. A New Poem. Second Edition, with some Notes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7*s.* 6*d.*
Aspromonte, and other Poems. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4*s.* 6*d.*

KNIGHT (A. F. C.).
Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

LADY OF LIPARI (The). A Poem in Three Cantos. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

LOCKER (F.).
London Lyrics. A New and Revised Edition, with Additions and a Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo. Cloth elegant, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

LUCAS (Alice).
Translations from the Works of German Poets of the 18th and 19th Centuries. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

MORICE (Rev. F. D.), M.A.
The Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar. A New Translation in English Verse. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

NEW WRITER (A).
Songs of Two Worlds. By a New Writer. Third Series. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*
The Epic of Hades. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

NORRIS (Rev. Alfred).
The Inner and Outer Life Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 6*s.*

PAYNE (John).
Songs of Life and Death. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

RHOADES (James).
Timoleon. A Dramatic Poem. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

Otho's Death Wager. A Dra
Five Acts. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, p

STEVENSON Rev. W. F.).

Hymns for the Church and
the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson.
published. The Hymn Book cons
Worship.—II. For Family and Pr

**** *Published in various forms and p*
to 6s. Lists and full particulars will b
Publishers.

STONEHEWER (Agnes).

Monacella : A Legend of North Wa
price 3*s.* 6*d.*

TAYLOR (Rev. J. W. A.), M.A.

Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5*s.*

TAYLOR (Sir H.).

Edwin the Fair and Isaac C
Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Sicilian Summer and othe
Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

Philip Van Artevelde. A Dra
Fcap. 8vo, Cloth, price 5*s.*

THOMPSON (Alice C.).

Preludes. A Volume of Poems. Ill
(Painter of "The Roll Call"). 8vo.

THOUGHTS IN VERSE. Small

THRING (Rev. Godfrey), B.A.

Hymns and Sacred Lyrics. Fc

TURNER (Rev. C. Tennyson).

Sonnets, Lyrics, and Transl
price 4*s.* 6d.

A LIST OF

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

1, *Paternoster Square,*
London.

A LIST OF
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
GENERAL LITERATURE. .	2	POETRY	34
INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES	29	WORKS OF FICTION . .	41
MILITARY WORKS. . .	31	BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG .	44

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ADAMS, F. O., F.R.G.S.—**The History of Japan.** From the Earliest Period to the Present time. New Edition, revised. 2 vols. With Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo, 21*s.* each.

ADAMSON, H. T., B.D.—**The Truth as it is in Jesus.** Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Three Sevens. Crown 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*

The Millennium; or, the Mystery of God Finished. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

A. K. H. B.—**From a Quiet Place.** A New Volume of Sermons. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

ALLEN, Rev. R., M.A.—**Abraham: his Life, Times, and Travels,** 3800 years ago. With Map. Second Edition. Post 8vo, 6*s.*

ALLEN, Grant, B.A.—**Physiological Æsthetics.** Large post 8vo, 9*s.*

ALLIES, T. W., M.A.—**Per Crucem ad Lucem.** The Result of a Life. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 25*s.*

A Life's Decision. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

ANDERDON, Rev. W. H.—**Fasti Apostolici;** a Chronology of the years between the Ascension of our Lord and the Martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

ANDERSON, R. C., C.E.—**Tables for Facilitating the Calculation of Every Detail in connection with Earthen and Masonry Dams.** Royal 8vo, £2 2s.

ARCHER, Thomas.—**About my Father's Business.** Work amidst the Sick, the Sad, and the Sorrowing. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

ARMSTRONG, Richard A., B.A.—**Latter-Day Teachers.** Six Lectures. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

ARNOLD, Arthur.—**Social Politics.** Demy 8vo, 14s.

Free Land. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

AUBERTIN, J. J.—**A Flight to Mexico.** With Seven full-page Illustrations and a Railway Map of Mexico. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BADGER, George Percy, D.C.L.—**An English-Arabic Lexicon.** In which the equivalent for English Words and Idiomatic Sentences are rendered into literary and colloquial Arabic. Royal 4to, £9 9s.

BAGEHOT, Walter.—**The English Constitution.** Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Lombard Street. A Description of the Money Market. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Some Articles on the Depreciation of Silver, and Topics connected with it. Demy 8vo, 5s.

BAGENAL, Philip H.—**The American-Irish and their Influence on Irish Politics.** Crown 8vo, 5s.

BAGOT, Alan, C.E.—**Accidents in Mines:** their Causes and Prevention. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Principles of Colliery Ventilation. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Crown 8vo, 5s.

BAKER, Sir Sherston, Bart.—**Halleck's International Law;** or, Rules Regulating the Intercourse of States in Peace and War. A New Edition, revised, with Notes and Cases. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 38s.

The Laws relating to Quarantine. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

BALDWIN, Capt. J. H.—**The Large and Small Game of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces of India.** With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition. 4to, 21s.

BALLIN, Ada S. and F. L.—**A Hebrew Grammar.** With Exercises selected from the Bible. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BARCLAY, Edgar.—**Mountain Life in Algeria.** With numerous Illustrations by Photogravure. Crown 4to, 16s.

BARLOW, James H.—**The Ultimatum of Pessimism.** An Ethical Study. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s.

BARNES, William.—**An Outline of English Speechcraft.** Crown 8vo, 4s.

BARNES, William.—continued.

Outlines of Redecraft (Logic). With English Wording. Crown 8vo, 3*s.*

BARTLEY, G. C. T.—**Domestic Economy:** Thrift in Every-Day Life. Taught in Dialogues suitable for children of all ages. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.*

BAUR, Ferdinand, Dr. Ph.—**A Philological Introduction to Greek and Latin for Students.** Translated and adapted from the German, by C. KEGAN PAUL, M.A., and E. D. STONE, M.A. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

BAYNES, Rev. Canon R. H.—**At the Communion Time.** A Manual for Holy Communion. With a preface by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. 1*s.* 6*d.*

BELLARS, Rev. W.—**The Testimony of Conscience to the Truth and Divine Origin of the Christian Revelation.** Burney Prize Essay. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BELLINGHAM, Henry, M.P.—**Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism in their Civil Bearing upon Nations.** Translated and adapted from the French of M. le Baron de Haulleville. With a preface by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. Second and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BENN, Alfred W.—**The Greek Philosophers.** 2 vols. Demy 8vo, cloth, 28*s.*

BENT, J. Theodore.—**Genoa:** How the Republic Rose and Fell. With 18 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 18*s.*

BLOOMFIELD, The Lady.—**Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life.** With three portraits and six illustrations by the Author. Third edition. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, cloth, 28*s.*

BLUNT, The Ven. Archdeacon.—**The Divine Patriot, and other Sermons.** Preached in Scarborough and in Cannes. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

BLUNT, Wilfred S.—**The Future of Islam.** Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

BONWICK, J., F.R.G.S.—**Pyramid Facts and Fancies.** Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought. Large post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

BOUVERIE-PUSEY, S. E. B.—**Permanence and Evolution.** An Inquiry into the Supposed Mutability of Animal Types. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

BOWEN, H. C., M.A.—**Studies in English.** For the use of Modern Schools. Third Edition. Small crown 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

English Grammar for Beginners. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.*

BRIDGETT, Rev. T. E.—**History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain.** 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 18*s.*

BRODRICK, the Hon. G. C.—**Political Studies.** Demy 8vo, 14*s.*

BROOKE, Rev. S. A.—**Life and Letters of the Late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A.** Edited by.

I. Uniform with Robertson's Sermons. 2 vols. With Steel Portrait. 7*s.* 6*d.*
II. Library Edition. With Portrait. 8vo, 12*s.*
III. A Popular Edition. In 1 vol., 8vo, 6*s.*

The Spirit of the Christian Life. A New Volume of Sermons. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Fight of Faith. Sermons preached on various occasions. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Theology in the English Poets.—Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Burns. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, 5*s.*

Christ in Modern Life. Sixteenth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Sermons. First Series. Twelfth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Sermons. Second Series. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

BROOKE, W. G., M.A.—**The Public Worship Regulation Act.** With a Classified Statement of its Provisions, Notes, and Index. Third Edition, revised and corrected. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Six Privy Council Judgments.—1850-72. Annotated by. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 9*s.*

BROWN, Rev. J. Baldwin, B.A.—**The Higher Life.** Its Reality, Experience, and Destiny. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love. Five Discourses. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Christian Policy of Life. A Book for Young Men of Business. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BROWN, J. Croumbie, LL.D.—**Reboisement in France;** or, Records of the Replanting of the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees with Trees, Herbage, and Bush. Demy 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Hydrology of Southern Africa. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

BROWN, S. Borton, B.A.—**The Fire Baptism of all Flesh;** or, the Coming Spiritual Crisis of the Dispensation. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

BROWNE, W. R.—**The Inspiration of the New Testament.** With a Preface by the Rev. J. P. Norris, D.D. Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

BURCKHARDT, Jacob.—**The Civilization of the Period of the Renaissance in Italy.** Authorized translation, by S. G. C. Middlemore. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 24*s.*

BURTON, Mrs. Richard.—**The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land.** With Maps, Photographs, and Coloured Plates. Cheaper Edition in one volume. Large post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

BUSBECQ, Ogier Ghiselin de.—**His Life and Letters.** By CHARLES THORNTON FORSTER, M.A., and F. H. BLACKBURNE DANIELL, M.A. 2 vols. With Frontispieces. Demy 8vo, 24*s.*

CARPENTER, Dr. Phillip P.—**His Life and Work.** Edited by his brother, Russell Lant Carpenter. With Portrait and Vignettes. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

CARPENTER, W. B., LL.D., M.D., F.R.S., etc.—**The Principles of Mental Physiology.** With their Applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions. Illustrated. Sixth Edition. 8vo, 12*s.*

CERVANTES.—**The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.** A New Translation from the Originals of 1605 and 1608. By A. J. DUFFIELD. With Notes. 3 vols. Demy 8vo, 42*s.*

CHEYNE, Rev. T. K.—**The Prophecies of Isaiah.** Translated with Critical Notes and Dissertations. 2 vols. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 25*s.*

CLAIRAUT.—**Elements of Geometry.** Translated by Dr. KAINES. With 145 Figures. Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

CLAYDEN, P. W.—**England under Lord Beaconsfield.** The Political History of the Last Six Years, from the end of 1873 to the beginning of 1880. Second Edition, with Index and continuation to March, 1880. Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

CLODD, Edward, F.R.A.S.—**The Childhood of the World:** a Simple Account of Man in Early Times. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.*

A Special Edition for Schools. 1*s.*

The Childhood of Religions. Including a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth of Myths and Legends. Ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

A Special Edition for Schools. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Jesus of Nazareth. With a brief sketch of Jewish History to the Time of His Birth. Small crown 8vo, 6*s.*

COGHLAN, J. Cole, D.D.—**The Modern Pharisee and other Sermons.** Edited by the Very Rev. H. H. DICKINSON, D.D., Dean of Chapel Royal, Dublin. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

COLERIDGE, Sara.—**Phantasmion.** A Fairy Tale. With an Introductory Preface, by the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge, of Ottery St. Mary. A New Edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge. Edited by her Daughter. With Index. Cheap Edition. With one Portrait. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Collects Exemplified. Being Illustrations from the Old and New Testaments of the Collects for the Sundays after Trinity. By the Author of "A Commentary on the Epistles and Gospels." Edited by the Rev. JOSEPH JACKSON. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

COLLINS, Mortimer.—**The Secret of Long Life.** Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

CONNELL, A. K.—**Discontent and Danger in India.** Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

COOKE, Prof. J. P.—**Scientific Culture.** Crown 8vo, 1*s.*

COOPER, H. J.—**The Art of Furnishing on Rational and Æsthetic Principles.** New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

CORFIELD, Prof., M.D.—**Health.** Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

CORY, William.—**A Guide to Modern English History.** Part I.—MDCCCXV.-MDCCCXXX. Demy 8vo, 9*s.* Part II.—MDCCCXXX.-MDCCCXXXV., 15*s.*

CORY, Col. Arthur.—**The Eastern Menace.** Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

COTTERILL, H. B.—**An Introduction to the Study of Poetry.** Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

COURTNEY, W. L.—**The Metaphysics of John Stuart Mill.** Crown 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*

COX, Rev. Sir George W., M.A., Bart.—**A History of Greece from the Earliest Period to the end of the Persian War.** New Edition. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 36*s.*

The Mythology of the Aryan Nations. New Edition. Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

A General History of Greece from the Earliest Period to the Death of Alexander the Great, with a sketch of the subsequent History to the present time. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tales of Ancient Greece. New Edition. Small crown 8vo, 6*s.*

School History of Greece. New Edition. With Maps. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Great Persian War from the History of Herodotus. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Manual of Mythology in the form of Question and Answer. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.*

An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk-Lore. Crown 8vo, 9*s.*

COX, Rev. Sir G. W., M.A., Bart., and JONES, Eustace Hinton.—**Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.** Second Edition, in 1 vol. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

COX, Rev. Samuel.—**Salvator Mundi; or, Is Christ the Saviour of all Men?** Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

COX, Rev. Samuel.—continued.

The Genesis of Evil, and other Sermons, mainly expository. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

A Commentary on the Book of Job. With a Translation. Demy 8vo, 15*s.*

CRAUFURD, A. H.—**Seeking for Light:** Sermons. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

CRAVEN, Mrs.—**A Year's Meditations.** Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

CRAWFURD, Oswald.—**Portugal, Old and New.** With Illustrations and Maps. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

CROZIER, John Beattie, M.B.—**The Religion of the Future.** Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Cyclopædia of Common things. Edited by the Rev. Sir GEORGE W. COX, Bart., M.A. With 500 Illustrations. Third Edition. Large post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

DALTON, Rev. John Neale, M.A., R.N.—**Sermons to Naval Cadets.** Preached on board H.M.S. "Britannia." Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

DAVIDSON, Rev. Samuel, D.D., LL.D.—**The New Testament, translated from the Latest Greek Text of Tischendorf.** A New and thoroughly revised Edition. Post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Canon of the Bible: Its Formation, History, and Fluctuations. Third and revised Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

The Doctrine of Last Things contained in the New Testament compared with the Notions of the Jews and the Statements of Church Creeds. Small crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

DAVIDSON, Thomas.—**The Parthenon Frieze,** and other Essays. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

DAVIES, Rev. J. L., M.A.—**Theology and Morality.** Essays on Questions of Belief and Practice. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

DAWSON, Geo., M.A.—**Prayers, with a Discourse on Prayer.** Edited by his Wife. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Sermons on Disputed Points and Special Occasions. Edited by his Wife. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Sermons on Daily Life and Duty. Edited by his Wife. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

The Authentic Gospel. A New Volume of Sermons. Edited by GEORGE ST. CLAIR. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Three Books of God: Nature, History, and Scripture. Sermons edited by George St. Clair. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

DE REDCLIFFE, Viscount Stratford.—**Why am I a Christian?** Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.*

DESPREZ, Phillip S., B.D.—**Daniel and John;** or, the Apocalypse of the Old and that of the New Testament. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

DIDON, Rev. Father.—**Science without God.** Conferences by. Translated from the French by ROSA CORDER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

DOWDEN, Edward, LL.D.—**Shakspere:** a Critical Study of his Mind and Art. Sixth Edition. Post 8vo, 12*s.*

Studies in Literature, 1789–1877. Second and Cheaper Edition. Large post 8vo, 6*s.*

DREWRY, G. O., M.D.—**The Common-Sense Management of the Stomach.** Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

DREWRY, G. O., M.D., and BARTLETT, H. C., Ph.D.—**Cup and Platter;** or, Notes on Food and its Effects. New and Cheaper Edition. Small 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

DUFFIELD, A. J.—**Don Quixote: his Critics and Commentators.** With a brief account of the minor works of MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, and a statement of the aim and end of the greatest of them all. A handy book for general readers. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

DU MONCEL, Count.—**The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph.** With 74 Illustrations. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

EDGEWORTH, F. Y.—**Mathematical Psychics.** An Essay on the Application of Mathematics to Social Science. Demy 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

EDIS, Robert W., F.S.A., etc.—**Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses:** a Series of Cantor Lectures, delivered before the Society of Arts, 1880. Amplified and Enlarged. With 29 Full-page Illustrations and numerous Sketches. Second Edition. Square 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Educational Code of the Prussian Nation, in its Present Form. In accordance with the Decisions of the Common Provincial Law, and with those of Recent Legislation. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Education Library. Edited by PHILIP MAGNUS:—

An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories. By OSCAR BROWNING, M.A. Second Edition. 3*s.* 6*d.*

John Amos Comenius: his Life and Educational Work. By Prof. S. S. LAURIE, A.M. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Old Greek Education. By the Rev. Prof. MAHAFFY, M.A. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Eighteenth Century Essays. Selected and Edited by AUSTIN DOBSON. With a Miniature Frontispiece by R. Caldecott. Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.*

ELSDALE, Henry.—**Studies in Tennyson's Idylls.** Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

ELYOT, Sir Thomas.—**The Boke named the Gouernour.** Edited from the First Edition of 1531 by HENRY HERBERT STEPHEN CROFT, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. With Portraits of Sir Thomas and Lady Elyot, copied by permission of her Majesty from Holbein's Original Drawings at Windsor Castle. 2 vols. Fcap. 4to, 50*s.*

Eranus. A Collection of Exercises in the Alcaic and Sapphic Metres. Edited by F. W. CORNISH, Assistant Master at Eton. Crown 8vo, 2*s.*

EVANS, Mark.—**The Story of Our Father's Love,** told to Children. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. With Four Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

A Book of Common Prayer and Worship for Household Use, compiled exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.*

The Gospel of Home Life. Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

The King's Story-Book. In Three Parts. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

*** Parts I. and II. with Eight Illustrations and Two Picture Maps, now ready.

"Fan Kwae" at Canton before Treaty Days 1825–1844. By an old Resident. With frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

FELKIN, H. M.—**Technical Education in a Saxon Town.** Published for the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education. Demy 8vo, 2*s.*

FLOREDICE, W. H.—**A Month among the Mere Irish.** Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Folkestone Ritual Case: the Arguments, Proceedings, Judgment, and Report. Demy 8vo, 25*s.*

FORMBY, Rev. Henry.—**Ancient Rome and its Connection with the Christian Religion: An Outline of the History** of the City from its First Foundation down to the Erection of the Chair of St. Peter, A.D. 42–47. With numerous Illustrations of Ancient Monuments, Sculpture, and Coinage, and of the Antiquities of the Christian Catacombs. Royal 4to, cloth extra, £2 10*s.*; roxburgh half-morocco, £2 12*s.* 6*d.*

FRASER, Donald.—**Exchange Tables of Sterling and Indian Rupee Currency,** upon a new and extended system, embracing Values from One Farthing to One Hundred Thousand Pounds, and at rates progressing, in Sixteenths of a Penny, from 1*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* per Rupee. Royal 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

FRISWELL, J. Hain.—**The Better Self.** Essays for Home Life. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

GARDINER, Samuel R., and J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A.—**Introduction to the Study of English History.** Large Crown 8vo, 9*s.*

GARDNER, Dorsey.—**Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo.** A Narrative of the Campaign in Belgium, 1815. With Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

GARDNER, J., M.D.—**Longevity: The Means of Prolonging Life after Middle Age.** Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. Small crown 8vo, 4*s.*

GEDDES, James.—**History of the Administration of John de Witt,** Grand Pensionary of Holland. Vol. I. 1623-1654. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, 15*s.*

GENNA, E.—**Irresponsible Philanthropists.** Being some Chapters on the Employment of Gentlewomen. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

GEORGE, Henry.—**Progress and Poverty:** an Inquiry into the Causes of Industrial Depressions, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. Second Edition. Post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.* Also a cheap edition. Sewed, price 6*d.*

GILBERT, Mrs.—**Autobiography and other Memorials.** Edited by Josiah Gilbert. Third and Cheaper Edition. With Steel Portrait and several Wood Engravings. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

GLOVER, F., M.A.—**Exempla Latina.** A First Construing Book, with Short Notes, Lexicon, and an Introduction to the Analysis of Sentences. Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.*

GODWIN, William.—**The Genius of Christianity Unveiled.** Being Essays never before published. Edited, with a Preface, by C. Kegan Paul. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

GOLDSMID, Sir Francis Henry, Bart., Q.C., M.P.—**Memoir of.** With Portrait. Second Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

GOODENOUGH, Commodore J. G.—**Memoir of,** with Extracts from his Letters and Journals. Edited by his Widow. With Steel Engraved Portrait. Square 8vo, 5*s.*

*** Also a Library Edition with Maps, Woodcuts, and Steel Engraved Portrait. Square post 8vo, 14*s.*

GOSSE, Edmund W.—**Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe.** With a Frontispiece designed and etched by Alma Tadema. New and cheaper edition. Large crown 8vo, 6*s.*

GOULD, Rev. S. Baring, M.A.—**The Vicar of Morwenstow:** a Memoir of the Rev. R. S. Hawker. With Portrait. Third Edition, revised. Square post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Germany, Present and Past. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

GOWAN, Major Walter E.—**A. Ivanoff's Russian Grammar.** (16th Edition.) Translated, enlarged, and arranged for use of Students of the Russian Language. Demy 8vo, 6*s.*

GRAHAM, William, M.A.—**The Creed of Science**, Religious, Moral, and Social. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

GRIFFITH, Thomas, A.M.—**The Gospel of the Divine Life**: a Study of the Fourth Evangelist. Demy 8vo, 14*s.*

GRIMLEY, Rev. H. N., M.A.—**Tremadoc Sermons**, chiefly on the Spiritual Body, the Unseen World, and the Divine Humanity. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

GRÜNER, M.L.—**Studies of Blast Furnace Phenomena.** Translated by L. D. B. GORDON, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Demy 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

GURNEY, Rev. Archer.—**Words of Faith and Cheer.** A Mission of Instruction and Suggestion. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

HAECKEL, Prof. Ernst.—**The History of Creation.** Translation revised by Professor E. RAY LANKESTER, M.A., F.R.S. With Coloured Plates and Genealogical Trees of the various groups of both Plants and Animals. 2 vols. Second Edition. Post 8vo, 32*s.*

The History of the Evolution of Man. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo, 32*s.*

Freedom in Science and Teaching. With a Prefatory Note by T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

HALF-CROWN SERIES :—

Sister Dora : a Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE.

True Words for Brave Men : a Book for Soldiers and Sailors. By the late CHARLES KINGSLEY.

An Inland Voyage. By R. L. STEVENSON.

Travels with a Donkey. By R. L. STEVENSON.

A Nook in the Apennines. By LEADER SCOTT.

Notes of Travel : being Extracts from the Journals of Count VON MOLTKE.

Letters from Russia. By Count VON MOLTKE.

English Sonnets. Collected and Arranged by J. DENNIS.

Lyrics of Love. From Shakespeare to Tennyson. Selected and Arranged by W. D. ADAMS.

London Lyrics. By F. LOCKER.

Home Songs for Quiet Hours. By the Rev. Canon R. H. BAYNES.

HALLECK'S **International Law ; or, Rules Regulating the Inter course of States in Peace and War.** A New Edition, revised, with Notes and Cases by Sir SHERSTON BAKER, Bart. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 38*s.*

HARTINGTON, The Right Hon. the Marquis of, M.P.—**Election Speeches in 1879 and 1880.** With Address to the Electors of North-East Lancashire. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

HAWEIS, Rev. H. R., M.A.—**Current Coin.** Materialism—The Devil—Crime—Drunkenness—Pauperism—Emotion—Recreation—The Sabbath. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Arrows in the Air. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Speech in Season. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Thoughts for the Times. Twelfth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Unsectarian Family Prayers. New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

HAWKINS, Edwards Comerford.—**Spirit and Form.** Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Leatherhead. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

HAYES, A. H., Junr.—**New Colorado, and the Santa Fé Trail.** With Map and 60 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 9*s.*

HELLWALD, Baron F. Von.—**The Russians in Central Asia.** A Critical Examination, down to the Present Time, of the Geography and History of Central Asia. Translated by Lieut.-Col. THEODORE WIRGMAN, LL.B. With Map. Large post 8vo, 12*s.*

HENRY, Philip.—**Diaries and Letters of.** Edited by Matthew Henry Lee, M.A. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

HIDE, Albert.—**The Age to Come.** Small crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

HIME, Major H. W. L., R.A.—**Wagnerism: A Protest.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

HINTON, J.—**The Place of the Physician.** To which is added **Essays on the Law of Human Life, and on the Relations between Organic and Inorganic Worlds.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Philosophy and Religion. Selections from the MSS. of the late JAMES HINTON. Edited by CAROLINE HADDON. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Physiology for Practical Use. By Various Writers. With 50 Illustrations. Third and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

An Atlas of Diseases of the Membrana Tympani. With Descriptive Text. Post 8vo, £1 10*s.*

The Questions of Aural Surgery. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Chapters on the Art of Thinking, and other Essays. With an Introduction by SHADWORTH HODGSON. Edited by C. H. HINTON. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Mystery of Pain. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.*

Life and Letters. Edited by ELLICE HOPKINS, with an Introduction by Sir W. W. GULL, Bart., and Portrait engraved on Steel by C. H. JEENS. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

HOOPER, Mary.—**Little Dinners: How to Serve them with Elegance and Economy.** Seventeenth Edition. Crown 8vo, *2s. 6d.*

Cookery for Invalids, Persons of Delicate Digestion, and Children. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, *2s. 6d.*

Every-Day Meals. Being Economical and Wholesome Recipes for Breakfast, Luncheon, and Supper. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, *2s. 6d.*

HOPKINS, Ellice.—**Life and Letters of James Hinton,** with an Introduction by Sir W. W. GULL, Bart., and Portrait engraved on Steel by C. H. JEENS. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, *3s. 6d.*

Work amongst Working Men. Fourth edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, *3s. 6d.*

HORNER, The Misses.—**Walks in Florence.** A New and thoroughly Revised Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Limp cloth. With Illustrations.

VOL. I.—Churches, Streets, and Palaces. *10s. 6d.*
VOL. II.—Public Galleries and Museums. *5s.*

HOSPITALIER, E.—**The Modern Applications of Electricity.** Translated and Enlarged by JULIUS MAIER, Ph.D. With 170 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, *16s.*

Household Readings on Prophecy. By a Layman. Small crown 8vo, *3s. 6d.*

HUGHES, Henry.—**The Redemption of the World.** Crown 8vo, *3s. 6d.*

HULL, Edmund C. P.—**The European in India.** With a Medical Guide for Anglo-Indians. By R. S. MAIR, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Post 8vo, *6s.*

HUNTINGFORD, Rev. E., D.C.L.—**The Apocalypse.** With a Commentary and Introductory Essay. Demy 8vo, *9s.*

HUTTON, Arthur, M.A.—**The Anglican Ministry: Its Nature and Value in relation to the Catholic Priesthood. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Newman.** Demy 8vo, *14s.*

HUTTON, Rev. C. F.—**Unconscious Testimony; or, the Silent Witness of the Hebrew to the Truth of the Historical Scriptures.** Crown 8vo, cloth, *2s. 6d.*

JENKINS, E., and RAYMOND, J.—**The Architect's Legal Handbook.** Third Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, *6s.*

JENKINS, Rev. R. C., M.A.—**The Privilege of Peter,** and the Claims of the Roman Church confronted with the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Testimony of the Popes themselves. Fcap. 8vo, *3s. 6d.*

JERVIS, Rev. W. Henley.—**The Gallican Church and the Revolution.** A Sequel to the History of the Church of France, from the Concordat of Bologna to the Revolution. Demy 8vo, *18s.*

JOEL, L.—**A Consul's Manual and Shipowner's and Shipmaster's Practical Guide in their Transactions Abroad.** With Definitions of Nautical, Mercantile, and Legal Terms; a Glossary of Mercantile Terms in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish; Tables of the Money, Weights, and Measures of the Principal Commercial Nations and their Equivalents in British Standards; and Forms of Consular and Notarial Acts. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

JOHNSTONE, C. F., M.A.—**Historical Abstracts:** being Outlines of the History of some of the less known States of Europe. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

JOLLY, William, F.R.S.E., etc.—**The Life of John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist.** With Sketches of his Friends and Notices of his Times. Large crown 8vo, with etched portrait, cloth, 9*s.*

JONCOURT, Madame Marie de.—**Wholesome Cookery.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

JONES, C. A.—**The Foreign Freaks of Five Friends.** With 30 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

JONES, Lucy.—**Puddings and Sweets:** being Three Hundred and Sixty-five Receipts approved by experience. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

JOYCE, P. W., LL.D., etc.—**Old Celtic Romances.** Translated from the Gaelic. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

JOYNES, J. L.—**The Adventures of a Tourist in Ireland.** Second edition. Small crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

KAUFMANN, Rev. M., B.A.—**Socialism:** its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies considered. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Utopias; or, Schemes of Social Improvement, from Sir Thomas More to Karl Marx. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

KAY, Joseph.—**Free Trade in Land.** Edited by his Widow. With Preface by the Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

KEMPIS, Thomas à.—**Of the Imitation of Christ.** Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.*; or vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.* The Red Line Edition, fcap. 8vo, red edges, 2*s.* 6*d.* The Cabinet Edition, small 8vo, cloth limp, 1*s.*; cloth boards, red edges, 1*s.* 6*d.* The Miniature Edition, red edges, 32mo, 1*s.*

*** All the above Editions may be had in various extra bindings.

KENT, C.—**Corona Catholica ad Petri successoris Pedes Oblata. De Summi Pontificis Leonis XIII. Assumptione Epigramma.** In Quinquaginta Linguis. Fcap. 4to, 15*s.*

KERNER, Dr. A.—**Flowers and their Unbidden Guests.** Translation edited by W. OGLE, M.A., M.D. With Illustrations. Square 8vo, 5*s.*

KETTLEWELL, Rev. S.—**Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life.** 2 vols. With Frontispieces. Demy 8vo, 30*s.*

KIDD, Joseph, M.D.—**The Laws of Therapeutics;** or, the Science and Art of Medicine. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

KINAHAN, G. Henry, M.R.I.A.—**The Geology of Ireland,** with numerous Illustrations and a Geological Map of Ireland. Square 8vo, 15*s.*

KINGSFORD, Anna, M.D.—**The Perfect Way in Diet.** A Treatise advocating a Return to the Natural and Ancient Food of our Race. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.*

KINGSLEY, Charles, M.A.—**Letters and Memories of his Life.** Edited by his Wife. With two Steel Engraved Portraits, and Vignettes on Wood. Eleventh Cabinet Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 12*s.*

All Saints' Day, and other Sermons. Edited by the Rev. W. HARRISON. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

True Words for Brave Men. A Book for Soldiers' and Sailors' Libraries. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

KNIGHT, Professor W.—**Studies in Philosophy and Literature.** Large Post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

KNOX, Alexander A.—**The New Playground;** or, Wanderings in Algeria. New and cheaper edition. Large crown 8vo, 6*s.*

LAURIE, S. S.—**The Training of Teachers,** and other Educational Papers. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

LEE, Rev. F. G., D.C.L.—**The Other World;** or, Glimpses of the Supernatural. 2 vols. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 15*s.*

LEWIS, Edward Dillon.—**A Draft Code of Criminal Law and Procedure.** Demy 8vo, 21*s.*

LINDSAY, W. Lauder, M.D.—**Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease.** 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 32*s.*
Vol. I.—Mind in Health. Vol. II.—Mind in Disease.

LLOYD, Walter.—**The Hope of the World: An Essay on Universal Redemption.** Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

LONSDALE, Margaret.—**Sister Dora: a Biography.** With Portrait. Twenty-fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

LORIMER, Peter, D.D.—**John Knox and the Church of England.** His Work in her Pulpit, and his Influence upon her Liturgy, Articles, and Parties. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

John Wiclif and his English Precursors. By GERHARD VICTOR LECHLER. Translated from the German, with additional Notes. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

LOWDER, Charles.—**A Biography.** By the Author of "St. Teresa." New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MACHIAVELLI, Niccoli. **The Prince.** Translated from the Italian by N. H. T. Small crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, bevelled boards, 6*s.*

MACKENZIE, Alexander.—**How India is Governed.** Being an Account of England's work in India. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.*

MACNAUGHT, Rev. John.—**Cœna Domini:** An Essay on the Lord's Supper, its Primitive Institution, Apostolic Uses, and Subsequent History. Demy 8vo, 14*s.*

MAGNUS, Mrs.—**About the Jews since Bible Times.** From the Babylonian Exile till the English Exodus. Small crown 8vo, 6*s.*

MAIR, R. S., M.D., F.R.C.S.E.—**The Medical Guide for Anglo-Indians.** Being a Compendium of Advice to Europeans in India, relating to the Preservation and Regulation of Health. With a Supplement on the Management of Children in India. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MANNING, His Eminence Cardinal.—**The True Story of the Vatican Council.** Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Many Voices. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, red edges, 6*s.*

MARKHAM, Capt. Albert Hastings, R.N.—**The Great Frozen Sea:** A Personal Narrative of the Voyage of the *Alert* during the Arctic Expedition of 1875–6. With 6 Full-page Illustrations, 2 Maps, and 27 Woodcuts. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

A Polar Reconnaissance: being the Voyage of the *Isbjörn* to Novaya Zemlya in 1879. With 10 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

Marriage and Maternity; or, Scripture Wives and Mothers. Small crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

MARTINEAU, Gertrude.—**Outline Lessons on Morals.** Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

McGRATH, Terence.—**Pictures from Ireland.** New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2*s.*

MEREDITH, M.A.—**Theotokos, the Example for Woman.** Dedicated, by permission, to Lady AGNES WOOD. Revised by the Venerable Archdeacon DENISON. 32mo, limp cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

MILLER, Edward.—**The History and Doctrines of Irvingism;** or, the so-called Catholic and Apostolic Church. 2 vols. Large post 8vo, 25*s.*

The Church in Relation to the State. Large crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

MILNE, James.—**Tables of Exchange** for the Conversion of Sterling Money into Indian and Ceylon Currency, at Rates from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* per Rupee. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, £2 2*s.*

MINCHIN, J. G.—**Bulgaria since the War:** Notes of a Tour in the Autumn of 1879. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MIVART, St. George.—**Nature and Thought:** An Introduction to a Natural Philosophy. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

MOCKLER, E.—**A Grammar of the Baloochee Language,** as it is spoken in Makran (Ancient Gedrosia), in the Persia-Arabic and Roman characters. Fcap. 8vo, 5*s.*

MOLESWORTH, Rev. W. Nassau, M.A.—**History of the Church of England from 1660.** Large crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

MORELL, J. R.—**Euclid Simplified in Method and Language.** Being a Manual of Geometry. Compiled from the most important French Works, approved by the University of Paris and the Minister of Public Instruction. Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

MORSE, E. S., Ph.D.—**First Book of Zoology.** With numerous Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

MURPHY, John Nicholas.—**The Chair of Peter;** or, the Papacy considered in its Institution, Development, and Organization, and in the Benefits which for over Eighteen Centuries it has conferred on Mankind. Demy 8vo, cloth, 18*s.*

MUNRO, Major-Gen. Sir Thomas, Bart., K.C.B., Governor of Madras.—SELECTIONS FROM HIS MINUTES AND OTHER OFFICIAL WRITINGS. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Sir ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 30*s.*

NELSON, J. H., M.A.—**A Prospectus of the Scientific Study of the Hindû Law.** Demy 8vo, 9*s.*

NEWMAN, J. H., D.D.—**Characteristics from the Writings of.** Being Selections from his various Works. Arranged with the Author's personal Approval. Sixth Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

*** A Portrait of Cardinal Newman, mounted for framing, can be had, 2*s.* 6*d.*

New Werther. By LOKI. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

NICHOLSON, Edward Byron.—**The Gospel according to the Hebrews.** Its Fragments Translated and Annotated with a Critical Analysis of the External and Internal Evidence relating to it. Demy 8vo, 9*s.* 6*d.*

A New Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

The Rights of an Animal. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

NICOLS, Arthur, F.G.S., F.R.G.S.—**Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth:** an Introduction to Geology and Palæontology. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

NOPS, Marianne.—**Class Lessons on Euclid.** Part I. containing the First two Books of the Elements. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Notes on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. For Readers of the Authorised Version or the Original Greek. Demy 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Nuces: Exercises on the Syntax of the Public School Latin Primer. New Edition in Three Parts. Crown 8vo, each 1*s.*
**** The Three Parts can also be had bound together, 3*s.*

OATES, Frank, F.R.G.S.—**Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls.** A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Interior of South Africa. Edited by C. G. Oates, B.A. With numerous Illustrations and 4 Maps. Demy 8vo, 21*s.*

OGLE, W., M.D., F.R.C.P.—**Aristotle on the Parts of Animals.** Translated, with Introduction and Notes. Royal 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

O'MEARA, Kathleen.—**Frederic Ozanam,** Professor of the Sorbonne: His Life and Work. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Henri Perreyve and his Counsels to the Sick. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

OSBORNE, Rev. W. A.—**The Revised Version of the New Testament.** A Critical Commentary, with Notes upon the Text. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

OTTLEY, H. Bickersteth.—**The Great Dilemma.** Christ His Own Witness or His Own Accuser. Six Lectures. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Our Public Schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, Marlborough, The Charterhouse. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

OWEN, F. M.—**John Keats:** a Study. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

OWEN, Rev. Robert, B.D.—**Sanctorale Catholicum;** or, Book of Saints. With Notes, Critical, Exegetical, and Historical. Demy 8vo, 18*s.*

An Essay on the Communion of Saints. Including an Examination of the Cultus Sanctorum. 2*s.*

OXENHAM, Rev. F. Nutcombe.—**What is the Truth as to Everlasting Punishment.** Part II. Being an Historical Inquiry into the Witness and Weight of certain Anti-Origenist Councils. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*
**** Parts I. and II. complete in one volume, 7*s.*

OXONIENSES.—**Romanism, Protestantism, Anglicanism.** Being a Layman's View of some questions of the Day. Together with Remarks on Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

PALMER, the late William.—**Notes of a Visit to Russia in 1840-1841.** Selected and arranged by John H. Cardinal Newman, with portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Parchment Library. Choicely Printed on hand-made paper, limp parchment antique, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.* each volume.

French Lyrics. Selected and Annotated by George Saintsbury. With a miniature frontispiece designed and etched by H. G. Glindoni.

Parchment Library.—*continued.*

The Fables of Mr. John Gay. With Memoir by AUSTIN DOBSON, and an etched portrait from an unfinished Oil Sketch by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited, with an Introduction, by RICHARD GARNETT.

The Christian Year. Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. With Miniature Portrait of the Rev. J. Keble, after a Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.

Shakspere's Works. Now publishing in Twelve Monthly Volumes.

Eighteenth Century Essays. Selected and Edited by AUSTIN DOBSON. With a Miniature Frontispiece by R. Caldecott.

Q. Horati Flacci Opera. Edited by F. A. CORNISH, Assistant Master at Eton. With a Frontispiece after a design by L. ALMA TADEMA, etched by Leopold Lowenstam.

Edgar Allan Poe's Poems. With an Essay on his Poetry by ANDREW LANG, and a Frontispiece by Linley Sambourne.

Shakspere's Sonnets. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. With a Frontispiece etched by Leopold Lowenstam, after the Death Mask.

English Odes. Selected by EDMUND W. GOSSE. With Frontispiece on India paper by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

Of the Imitation of Christ. By THOMAS À KEMPIS. A revised Translation. With Frontispiece on India paper, from a Design by W. B. Richmond.

Tennyson's The Princess: a Medley. With a Miniature Frontispiece by H. M. Paget, and a Tailpiece in Outline by Gordon Browne.

Poems: Selected from PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Dedicated to Lady Shelley. With a Preface by RICHARD GARNETT and a Miniature Frontispiece.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam." With a Miniature Portrait in *eau-forte* by Le Rat, after a Photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron.

PARKER, Joseph, D.D.—**The Paraclete:** An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to current discussions. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

PARR, Capt. H. Hallam, C.M.G.—**A Sketch of the Kafir and Zulu Wars:** Guadana to Isandhlwana. With Maps. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

PARSLOE, Joseph.—**Our Railways.** Sketches, Historical and Descriptive. With Practical Information as to Fares and Rates, etc., and a Chapter on Railway Reform. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

PATTISON, Mrs. Mark.—**The Renaissance of Art in France.** With Nineteen Steel Engravings. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 32*s.*

PEARSON, Rev. S.—**Week-day Living.** A Book for Young Men and Women. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

PENRICE, Maj. J., B.A.—**A Dictionary and Glossary of the Ko-ran.** With Copious Grammatical References and Explanations of the Text. 4to, 21*s.*

PESCHEL, Dr. Oscar.—**The Races of Man and their Geographical Distribution.** Large crown 8vo, 9*s.*

PETERS, F. H.—**The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle.** Translated by. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

PIDGEON, D.—**An Engineer's Holiday;** or, Notes of a Round Trip from Long. 0° to 0°. New and cheaper edition. Large crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

PLAYFAIR, Lieut.-Col.—**Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce in Algeria and Tunis.** Illustrated by facsimiles of Bruce's original Drawings, Photographs, Maps, etc. Royal 4to cloth, bevelled boards, gilt leaves, £3 3*s.*

POLLOCK, Frederick.—**Spinoza, his Life and Philosophy.** Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

POLLOCK, W. H.—**Lectures on French Poets.** Delivered at the Royal Institution. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

POOR, Laura E.—**Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures.** Studies in Comparative Mythology. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

PRICE, Prof. Bonamy.—**Currency and Banking.** Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Chapters on Practical Political Economy. Being the Substance of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. New and Cheaper Edition. Large post 8vo, 5*s.*

Proteus and Amadeus. A Correspondence. Edited by AUBREY DE VERE. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Pulpit Commentary, The. (Old Testament Series.) Edited by the Rev. J. S. EXELL and the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE.

Genesis. By the Rev. T. WHITELAW, M.A.; with Homilies by the Very Rev. J. F. MONTGOMERY, D.D., Rev. Prof. R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B., Rev. F. HASTINGS, Rev. W. ROBERTS, M.A. An Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament by the Rev. Canon FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.; and Introductions to the Pentateuch by the Right Rev. H. COTTERILL, D.D., and Rev. T. WHITELAW, M.A. Seventh Edition. 1 vol., 15*s.*

Exodus. By the Rev. Canon RAWLINSON. With Homilies by Rev. J. ORR, Rev. D. YOUNG, Rev. C. A. GOODHART, Rev. J. URQUHART, and the Rev. H. T. ROBJOHNS. Third Edition. 16*s.*

Pulpit Commentary, The.—*continued.*

Leviticus. By the Rev. Prebendary MEYRICK, M.A. With Introductions by the Rev. R. COLLINS, Rev. Professor A. CAVE, and Homilies by Rev. Prof. REDFORD, LL.B., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, Rev. W. CLARKSON, Rev. S. R. ALDRIDGE, LL.B., and Rev. MCCHEYNE EDGAR. Third Edition. 15*s.*

Numbers. By the Rev. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.; with Homilies by the Rev. Professor W. BINNIE, D.D., Rev. E. S. PROUT, M.A., Rev. D. YOUNG, Rev. J. WAITE, and an Introduction by the Rev. THOMAS WHITELAW, M.A. Fourth Edition. 15*s.*

Deuteronomy. By the Rev. W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D. With Homilies by Rev. C. Clemance, D.D., Rev. J. ORT, B.D., Rev. R. M. Edgar, M.A., Rev. D. Davies, M.A. Second edition. 15*s.*

Joshua. By Rev. J. J. LIAS, M.A.; with Homilies by Rev. S. R. ALDRIDGE, LL.B., Rev. R. GLOVER, Rev. E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., Rev. F. W. ADENEY, M.A.; and an Introduction by the Rev. A. PLUMMER, M.A., D.D. Fourth Edition. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Judges and Ruth. By the Right Rev. Lord A. C. HERVEY, D.D., and Rev. J. MORRISON, D.D.; with Homilies by Rev. A. F. MUIR, M.A., Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. W. M. STATHAM, and Rev. Professor J. THOMSON, M.A. Fourth Edition. 10*s.* 6*d.*

1 Samuel. By the Very Rev. R. P. SMITH, D.D.; with Homilies by Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Rev. Prof. CHAPMAN, and Rev. B. DALE. Fifth Edition. 15*s.*

1 Kings. By the Rev. JOSEPH HAMMOND, LL.B. With Homilies by the Rev. E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., Rev. A. ROWLAND, LL.B., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, and Rev. J. URQUHART. Third Edition. 15*s.*

Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. By Rev. Canon G. RAWLINSON, M.A.; with Homilies by Rev. Prof. J. R. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. Prof. R. A. REDFORD, LL.B., M.A., Rev. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, Rev. A. MACKENNAL, B.A., Rev. W. CLARKSON, B.A., Rev. F. HASTINGS, Rev. W. DINWIDDIE, LL.B., Rev. Prof. ROWLANDS, B.A., Rev. G. WOOD, B.A., Rev. Prof. P. C. BARKER, LL.B., M.A., and the Rev. J. S. EXELL. Fifth Edition. 1 vol., 12*s.* 6*d.*

Pulpit Commentary, The. (New Testament Series.)

St. Mark. By Very Dean BICKERSTETH, D.D.; with Homilies by Rev. Prof. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. Prof. GIVEN, M.A., Rev. Prof. Johnson, M.A., Rev. A. ROWLAND, B.A., LL.B., Rev. A. MUIR, and Rev. R. GREEN. 2 vols. Second Edition. 21*s.*

Punjaub, The, and North-Western Frontier of India. By an Old Punjaubee. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Rabbi Jeshua. An Eastern Story. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

RADCLIFFE, Frank R. Y.—**The New Politicus.** Small crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

RAVENSHAW, John Henry, B.C.S.—**Gaur: Its Ruins and Inscriptions.** Edited by his Widow. With 44 Photographic Illustrations, and 25 facsimiles of Inscriptions. Royal 4to, £3 13*s.* 6*d.*

READ, Carveth.—**On the Theory of Logic:** An Essay. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Realities of the Future Life. Small crown 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

RENDELL, J. M.—**Concise Handbook of the Island of Madeira.** With Plan of Funchal and Map of the Island. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

REYNOLDS, Rev. J. W.—**The Supernatural in Nature.** A Verification by Free Use of Science. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Demy 8vo, 14*s.*

The Mystery of Miracles. New and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

RIBOT, Prof. Th.—**English Psychology.** Second Edition. A Revised and Corrected Translation from the latest French Edition. Large post 8vo, 9*s.*

Heredity: A Psychological Study on its Phenomena, its Laws, its Causes, and its Consequences. Large crown 8vo, 9*s.*

ROBERTSON, The late Rev. F. W., M.A.—**Life and Letters of.** Edited by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A.

I. Two vols., uniform with the Sermons. With Steel Portrait. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

II. Library Edition, in Demy 8vo, with Portrait. 12*s.*

III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Sermons. Four Series. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Human Race, and other Sermons. Preached at Cheltenham, Oxford, and Brighton. Large post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Notes on Genesis. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. A New Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Lectures and Addresses, with other Literary Remains. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

An Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (Dedicated by Permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.*

The Education of the Human Race. Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The above Works can also be had, bound in half morocco.

*** A Portrait of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, mounted for framing, can be had, 2*s.* 6*d.*

RODWELL, G. F., F.R.A.S., F.C.S.—**Etna: A History of the Mountain and its Eruptions.** With Maps and Illustrations. Square 8vo, 9*s.*

ROLLESTON, T. W. H., B.A.—**The Encheiridion of Epictetus.** Translated from the Greek, with a Preface and Notes. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Rosmini's Origin of Ideas. Translated from the Fifth Italian Edition of the Nuovo Saggio *Sull' origine delle idee*. 3 vols. Demy 8vo, cloth. Vol. I. now ready, price 16*s.*

Rosmini's Philosophical System. Translated, with a Sketch of the Author's Life, Bibliography, Introduction, and Notes by THOMAS DAVIDSON. Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

RULE, Martin, M.A.—**The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains.** 2 vols. Demy 8vo, cloth, 21*s.*

SALTS, Rev. Alfred, LL.D.—**Godparents at Confirmation.** With a Preface by the Bishop of Manchester. Small crown 8vo, limp cloth, 2*s.*

SALVATOR, Archduke Ludwig.—**Levkosia, the Capital of Cyprus.** Crown 4to, 10*s.* 6*d.*

SAMUEL, Sydney M.—**Jewish Life in the East.** Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

SAYCE, Rev. Archibald Henry.—**Introduction to the Science of Language.** 2 vols. Large post 8vo, 25*s.*

Scientific Layman. The New Truth and the Old Faith: are they Incompatible? Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

SCOONES, W. Baptiste.—**Four Centuries of English Letters:** A Selection of 350 Letters by 150 Writers, from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Time. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 9*s.*

SCOTT, Robert H.—**Weather Charts and Storm Warnings.** Second Edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

SHAKSPEARE, Charles.—**Saint Paul at Athens.** Spiritual Christianity in relation to some aspects of Modern Thought. Five Sermons preached at St. Stephen's Church, Westbourne Park. With a Preface by the Rev. Canon FARRAR. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

SHELLEY, Lady.—**Shelley Memorials from Authentic Sources.** With (now first printed) an Essay on Christianity by Percy Bysshe Shelley. With Portrait. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

SHILLITO, Rev. Joseph.—**Womanhood: its Duties, Temptations, and Privileges.** A Book for Young Women. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

SHIPLEY, Rev. Orby, M.A.—**Church Tracts: or, Studies in Modern Problems.** By various Writers. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 5*s.* each.

SHIPLEY, Rev. Orby, M.A.—continued.

Principles of the Faith in Relation to Sin. Topics for Thought in Times of Retreat. Eleven Addresses delivered during a Retreat of Three Days to Persons living in the World. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

SKINNER, the late James.—**A Synopsis of Moral and Ascetical Theology.** With a Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Authorities. Arranged according to Centuries. With a prefatory Note by Rev. T. T. CARTER. Demy 4to, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sister Augustine, Superior of the Sisters of Charity at the St. Johannis Hospital at Bonn. Authorised Translation by HANS THARAU, from the German "Memorials of AMALIE VON LASAULX." Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

SMITH, Edward, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S.—**Health and Disease,** as Influenced by the Daily, Seasonal, and other Cyclical Changes in the Human System. A New Edition. Post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tubercular Consumption in its Early and Remediable Stages. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

SPEDDING, James.—**Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political, and Historical not relating to Bacon.** Demy 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Evenings with a Reviewer; or, Bacon and Macaulay. With a Prefatory Notice by G. S. VENABLES, Q.C. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 18*s.*

STAPFER, Paul.—**Shakspeare and Classical Antiquity:** Greek and Latin Antiquity as presented in Shakspeare's Plays. Translated by EMILY J. CAREY. Large post 8vo, 12*s.*

ST. BERNARD.—**A Little Book on the Love of God.** Translated by MARIANNE CAROLINE and COVENTRY PATMORE. Extra, gilt top, 4*s.* 6*d.*

STEPHENS, Archibald John, LL.D.—**The Folkestone Ritual Case.** The Substance of the Argument delivered before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on behalf of the Respondents. Demy 8vo, 6*s.*

STEVENSON, Rev. W. F.—**Hymns for the Church and Home.** Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson.

The Hymn Book consists of Three Parts:—I. For Public Worship.—II. For Family and Private Worship.—III. For Children.

*** Published in various forms and prices, the latter ranging from 8*d.* to 6*s.*

Lists and full particulars will be furnished on application to the Publishers.

STEVENSON, Robert Louis.—**Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.** With Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

STEVENSON, Robert Louis.—continued.

An Inland Voyage. With Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Small Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Virginibus Puerisque, and other Papers. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

STRACHEY, Sir John, G.C.S.I., and *Lieut.-Gen. Richard STRACHEY, R.E., F.R.S.*—The Finances and Public Works of India, from 1869 to 1881. Demy 8vo, 18*s.*

STRECKER-WISLICENUS.—Organic Chemistry. Translated and Edited, with Extensive Additions, by W. R. HODGKINSON, Ph.D., and A. J. GREENAWAY, F.I.C. Demy 8vo, 21*s.*

SULLY, James, M.A.—Sensation and Intuition. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Pessimism: a History and a Criticism. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 14*s.*

SYME, David.—Outlines of an Industrial Science. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Representative Government in England. Its Faults and Failures. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6*s.*

TAYLOR, Algernon.—Guienne. Notes of an Autumn Tour. Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

THOM, J. Hamilton.—Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

THOMSON, J. Turnbull.—Social Problems; or, An Inquiry into the Laws of Influence. With Diagrams. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

TIDMAN, Paul F.—Gold and Silver Money. Part I.—A Plain Statement. Part II.—Objections Answered. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 1*s.*

TIPPLE, Rev. S. A.—Sunday Mornings at Norwood. Prayers and Sermons. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

TODHUNTER, Dr. J.—A Study of Shelley. Crown 8vo, 7*s.*

TREMENHEERE, Hugh Seymour, C.B.—A Manual of the Principles of Government, as set forth by the Authorities of Ancient and Modern Times. New and enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

TUKE, Daniel Hack, M.D., F.R.C.P.—Chapters in the History of the Insane in the British Isles. With 4 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, 12*s.*

TWINING, Louisa.—Workhouse Visiting and Management during Twenty-Five Years. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

UPTON, Major R. D.—Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia. Large post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

VACUUS, Viator.—**Flying South.** Recollections of France and its Littoral. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

VAUGHAN, H. Halford.—**New Readings and Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies.** 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 25*s.*

VILLARI, Professor.—**Niccolò Machiavelli and his Times.** Translated by Linda Villari. 2 vols. Large post 8vo, 24*s.*

VOLCKXSOM, E. W. V.—**Catechism of Elementary Modern Chemistry.** Small crown 8vo, 3*s.*

VYNER, Lady Mary.—**Every Day a Portion.** Adapted from the Bible and the Prayer Book, for the Private Devotion of those living in Widowhood. Collected and Edited by Lady Mary Vyner. Square crown 8vo, 5*s.*

WALDSTEIN, Charles, Ph.D.—**The Balance of Emotion and Intellect;** an Introductory Essay to the Study of Philosophy. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

WALLER, Rev. C. B.—**The Apocalypse,** reviewed under the Light of the Doctrine of the Unfolding Ages, and the Restitution of All Things. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

WALPOLE, Chas. George.—**History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain.** With 5 Maps and Appendices. Crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

WALSHE, Walter Hayle, M.D.—**Dramatic Singing Physiologically Estimated.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

WATSON, Sir Thomas, Bart., M.D.—**The Abolition of Zymotic Diseases,** and of other similar Enemies of Mankind. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

WEDMORE, Frederick.—**The Masters of Genre Painting.** With Sixteen Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

WHEWELL, William, D.D.—**His Life and Selections from his Correspondence.** By Mrs. Stair Douglas. With a Portrait from a Painting by Samuel Laurence. Demy 8vo, 21*s.*

WHITE, A. D., LL.D.—**Warfare of Science.** With Prefatory Note by Professor Tyndall. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

WHITE, F. A.—**English Grammar.** Small crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

WHITNEY, Prof. William Dwight.—**Essentials of English Grammar,** for the Use of Schools. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

WICKSTEED, P. H.—**Dante:** Six Sermons. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

WILLIAMS, Rowland, D.D.—**Psalms, Litanies, Counsels, and Collects for Devout Persons.** Edited by his Widow. New and Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

WILLIAMS, Rowland D.D.—continued.

Stray Thoughts Collected from the Writings of the late Rowland Williams, D.D. Edited by his Widow. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

WILLIS, R., M.D.—**Servetus and Calvin**: a Study of an Important Epoch in the Early History of the Reformation. 8vo, 16*s.*

William Harvey. A History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood: with a Portrait of Harvey after Faithorne. Demy 8vo, 14*s.*

WILSON, Sir Erasmus.—**Egypt of the Past.** With Chromo-lithograph and numerous Illustrations in the text. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 12*s.*

WILSON, H. Schütz.—**The Tower and Scaffold.** A Miniature Monograph. Large fcap. 8vo, 1*s.*

WOLLSTONECRAFT, Mary.—**Letters to Imlay.** New Edition, with a Prefatory Memoir by C. KEGAN PAUL. Two Portraits in *eau-forte* by Anna Lea Merritt. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

WOLTMANN, Dr. Alfred, and WOERMANN, Dr. Karl.—**History of Painting.** Edited by Sidney Colvin. Vol. I. Painting in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. With numerous Illustrations. Medium 8vo, 28*s.*; bevelled boards, gilt leaves, 30*s.*

WOOD, Major-General J. Creighton.—**Doubling the Consonant.** Small crown 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Word was Made Flesh. Short Family Readings on the Epistles for each Sunday of the Christian Year. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

WREN, Sir Christopher.—**His Family and His Times.** With Original Letters, and a Discourse on Architecture hitherto unpublished. By LUCY PHILLIMORE. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, 14*s.*

WRIGHT, Rev. David, M.A.—**Waiting for the Light,** and other Sermons. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

YORKE, J. F.—**Notes on Evolution and Christianity.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

YOUMANS, Eliza A.—**An Essay on the Culture of the Observing Powers of Children,** especially in connection with the Study of Botany. Edited, with Notes and a Supplement, by Joseph Payne, F.C.P., Author of "Lectures on the Science and Art of Education," etc. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

First Book of Botany. Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. With 300 Engravings. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

YOUMANS, Edward L., M.D.—**A Class Book of Chemistry,** on the Basis of the New System. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES.

I. **Forms of Water:** a Familiar Exposition of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers. By J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. With 25 Illustrations. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

II. **Physics and Politics;** or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 4*s.*

III. **Foods.** By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

IV. **Mind and Body:** the Theories of their Relation. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. With Four Illustrations. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 4*s.*

V. **The Study of Sociology.** By Herbert Spencer. Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

VI. **On the Conservation of Energy.** By Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

VII. **Animal Locomotion;** or Walking, Swimming, and Flying. By J. B. Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S., etc. With 130 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

VIII. **Responsibility in Mental Disease.** By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

IX. **The New Chemistry.** By Professor J. P. Cooke. With 31 Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

X. **The Science of Law.** By Professor Sheldon Amos. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XI. **Animal Mechanism:** a Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. By Professor E. J. Marey. With 117 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XII. **The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism.** By Professor Oscar Schmidt. With 26 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XIII. **The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.** By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. Seventeenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XIV. **Fungi:** their Nature, Influences, Uses, etc. By M. C. Cooke, M.D., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XV. **The Chemical Effects of Light and Photography.** By Dr. Hermann Vogel. Translation thoroughly revised. With 100 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XVI. **The Life and Growth of Language.** By Professor William Dwight Whitney. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XVII. **Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.** By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XVIII. **The Nature of Light.** With a General Account of Physical Optics. By Dr. Eugene Lommel. With 188 Illustrations and a Table of Spectra in Chromo-lithography. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XIX. **Animal Parasites and Messmates.** By Monsieur Van Beneden. With 83 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XX. **Fermentation.** By Professor Schützenberger. With 28 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXI. **The Five Senses of Man.** By Professor Bernstein. With 91 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXII. **The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music.** By Professor Pietro Blaserna. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXIII. **Studies in Spectrum Analysis.** By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. With six photographic Illustrations of Spectra, and numerous engravings on Wood. Crown 8vo. Second Edition. 6*s*. 6*d*.

XXIV. **A History of the Growth of the Steam Engine.** By Professor R. H. Thurston. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s*. 6*d*.

XXV. **Education as a Science.** By Alexander Bain, LL.D. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXVI. **The Human Species.** By Professor A. de Quatrefages. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXVII. **Modern Chromatics.** With Applications to Art and Industry. By Ogden N. Rood. With 130 original Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXVIII. **The Crayfish:** an Introduction to the Study of Zoology. By Professor T. H. Huxley. With 82 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXIX. **The Brain as an Organ of Mind.** By H. Charlton Bastian, M.D. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXX. **The Atomic Theory.** By Prof. Wurtz. Translated by G. Cleminshaw, F.C.S. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXXI. **The Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life.** By Karl Semper. With 2 Maps and 106 Woodcuts. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXXII. **General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.** By Prof. J. Rosenthal. Second Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

XXXIII. **Sight:** an Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision. By Joseph le Conte, LL.D. With 132 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XXXIV. **Illusions:** a Psychological Study. By James Sully. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XXXV. **Volcanoes: what they are and what they teach.** By Professor J. W. Judd, F.R.S. With 92 Illustrations on Wood. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XXXVI. **Suicide:** an Essay in Comparative Moral Statistics. By Prof. E. Morselli. With Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XXXVII. **The Brain and its Functions.** By J. Luys. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XXXVIII. **Myth and Science:** an Essay. By Tito Vignoli. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XXXIX. **The Sun.** By Professor Young. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XL. **Ants, Bees, and Wasps:** a Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P. With 5 Chromo-lithographic Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XLI. **Animal Intelligence.** By G. J. Romanes, LL.D., F.R.S. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XLII. **The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics.** By J. B. Stallo. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XLIII. **Diseases of the Memory;** An Essay in the Positive Psychology. By Prof. Th. Ribot. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

XLIV. **Man before Metals.** By N. Joly, with 148 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

XLV. **The Science of Politics.** By Prof. Sheldon Amos. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

MILITARY WORKS.

Army of the North German Confederation: a Brief Description of its Organisation, of the Different Branches of the Service and their *rôle* in War, of its Mode of Fighting, etc. Translated from the Corrected Edition, by permission of the Author, by Colonel Edward Newdigate. Demy 8vo, 5*s.*

BARRINGTON, Capt. J. T.—**England on the Defensive;** or, the Problem of Invasion Critically Examined. Large crown 8vo, with Map, 7*s.* 6*d.*

BLUME, Major W.—**The Operations of the German Armies in France,** from Sedan to the end of the War of 1870-71. With Map. From the Journals of the Head-quarters Staff. Translated by the late E. M. Jones, Maj. 20th Foot, Prof. of Mil. Hist., Sandhurst. Demy 8vo, 9*s.*

BOGUSLAWSKI, Capt. A. von.—**Tactical Deductions from the War of 1870-1.** Translated by Colonel Sir Lumley Graham, Bart., late 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Demy 8vo, 7*s.*

BRACKENBURY, Col. C. B., R.A., C.B.—**Military Handbooks for Regimental Officers.** I. Military Sketching and Reconnaissance, by Col. F. J. Hutchison, and Major H. G. MacGregor. Fourth Edition. With 15 Plates. Small 8vo, 6*s.* II. The Elements of Modern Tactics Practically applied to English Formations, by Lieut-Col. Wilkinson Shaw. Fourth Edition. With 25 Plates and Maps. Small crown 8vo, 9*s.*

BRIALMONT, Col. A.—**Hasty Intrenchments.** Translated by Lieut. Charles A. Empson, R.A. With Nine Plates. Demy 8vo, 6*s.*

CLERY, C., Lieut.-Col.—**Minor Tactics.** With 26 Maps and Plans. Fifth and revised Edition. Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

DU VERNOIS, Col. von Verdy.—**Studies in Leading Troops.** An authorised and accurate Translation by Lieutenant H. J. T. Hildyard, 71st Foot. Parts I. and II. Demy 8vo, 7*s.*

GOETZE, Capt. A. von.—**Operations of the German Engineers during the War of 1870-1.** Published by Authority, and in accordance with Official Documents. Translated from the German by Colonel G. Graham, V.C., C.B., R.E. With 6 large Maps. Demy 8vo, 21*s.*

HARRISON, Lieut.-Col. R.—**The Officer's Memorandum Book for Peace and War.** Third Edition. Oblong 32mo, roan, with pencil, 3*s.* 6*d.*

HELVIG, Capt. H.—**The Operations of the Bavarian Army Corps.** Translated by Captain G. S. Schwabe. With 5 large Maps. In 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 24*s.*

Tactical Examples: Vol. I. The Battalion, 15*s.* Vol. II. The Regiment and Brigade, 10*s.* 6*d.* Translated from the German by Col. Sir Lumley Graham. With nearly 300 Diagrams. Demy 8vo.

HOFFBAUER, Capt.—**The German Artillery in the Battles near Metz.** Based on the Official Reports of the German Artillery. Translated by Captain E. O. Hollist. With Map and Plans. Demy 8vo, 21*s.*

LAYMANN, Capt.—**The Frontal Attack of Infantry.** Translated by Colonel Edward Newdigate. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Notes on Cavalry Tactics, Organisation, etc. By a Cavalry Officer. With Diagrams. Demy 8vo, 12*s.*

PARR, Capt. H. Hallam, C.M.G.—**The Dress, Horses, and Equipment of Infantry and Staff Officers.** Crown 8vo, 1*s.*

SCHAW, Col. H.—**The Defence and Attack of Positions and Localities.** Second Edition, revised and corrected. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

SCHELL, Maj. von.—**The Operations of the First Army under Gen. von Goeben.** Translated by Col. C. H. von Wright. Four Maps. Demy 8vo, 9*s.*

The Operations of the First Army under Gen. von Steinmetz. Translated by Captain E. O. Hollist. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

SCHELLENDORF, Major-Gen. B. von.—**The Duties of the General Staff.** Translated from the German by Lieutenant Hare. Vol. I. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

SCHERFF, Maj. W. von.—**Studies in the New Infantry Tactics.** Parts I. and II. Translated from the German by Colonel Lumley Graham. Demy 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

SHADWELL, Maj.-Gen., C.B.—**Mountain Warfare.** Illustrated by the Campaign of 1799 in Switzerland. Being a Translation of the Swiss Narrative compiled from the Works of the Archduke Charles, Jomini, and others. Also of Notes by General H. Dufour on the Campaign of the Valtelline in 1635. With Appendix, Maps, and Introductory Remarks. Demy 8vo, 16*s.*

SHERMAN, Gen. W. T.—**Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman,** Commander of the Federal Forces in the American Civil War. By Himself. 2 vols. With Map. Demy 8vo, 24*s.* *Copyright English Edition.*

STUBBS, Lieut.-Col. F. W.—**The Regiment of Bengal Artillery.** The History of its Organisation, Equipment, and War Services. Compiled from Published Works, Official Records, and various Private Sources. With numerous Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 32*s.*

STUMM, Lieut. Hugo.—**Russia's Advance Eastward.** Based on Official Reports. Translated by Capt. C. E. H. VINCENT. With Map. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

VINCENT, Capt. C. E. H.—**Elementary Military Geography, Reconnoitring, and Sketching.** Compiled for Non-commissioned Officers and Soldiers of all Arms. Square crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Volunteer, the Militiaman, and the Regular Soldier. By a Public Schoolboy. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

WARTENSLEBEN, Count H. von.—**The Operations of the South Army in January and February, 1871.** Compiled from the Official War Documents of the Head-quarters of the Southern Army. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright. With Maps. Demy 8vo, 6*s.*

WARTENSLEBEN, Count H. von.—continued.

The Operations of the First Army under Gen. von Manteufel. Translated by Col. C. H. von Wright. Uniform with the above. Demy 8vo, 9*s.*

WICKHAM, Capt. E. H., R.A.—**Influence of Firearms upon Tactics:** Historical and Critical Investigations. By an OFFICER OF SUPERIOR RANK (in the German Army). Translated by Captain E. H. Wickham, R.A. Demy 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

WOINOVITS, Capt. I.—**Austrian Cavalry Exercise.** Translated by Captain W. S. Cooke. Crown 8vo, 7*s.*

POETRY.

ADAMS, W. D.—**Lyrics of Love,** from Shakspeare to Tennyson. Selected and arranged by. Fcap. 8vo, extra, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.—**The Liturgical Poetry of Adam of St. Victor.** From the text of Gautier. With Translations into English in the Original Metres, and Short Explanatory Notes, by Digby S. Wrangham, M.A. 3 vols. Crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, boards, 21*s.*

Antiope: a Tragedy. Large crown 8vo, 6*s.*

AUBERTIN, J. J.—**Camoens' Lusiads.** Portuguese Text, with Translation. Map and Portraits. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 30*s.*

Seventy Sonnets of Camoens. Portuguese Text and Translation, with some original Poems. Dedicated to Capt. Richard F. Burton. Printed on hand-made paper, bevelled boards, gilt top, 7*s.* 6*d.*

AUCHMUTY, A. C.—**Poems of English Heroism:** From Brunanburh to Lucknow; from Athelstan to Albert. Small crown 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

AVIA.—**The Odyssey of Homer.** Done into English Verse by. Fcap. 4to, 15*s.*

BANKS, Mrs. G. L.—**Ripples and Breakers:** Poems. Square 8vo, 5*s.*

BARNES, William.—**Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect.** New Edition, complete in one vol. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

BAYNES, Rev. Canon H. R.—**Home Songs for Quiet Hours.** Fourth and cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

*** This may also be had handsomely bound in morocco with gilt edges.

BENNETT, Dr. W. C.—**Narrative Poems and Ballads.** Fcap. 8vo, sewed in coloured wrapper, 1*s.*

BENNETT, Dr. W. C.—continued.

Songs for Sailors. Dedicated by Special Request to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. With Steel Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*
An Edition in Illustrated Paper Covers, 1*s.*

Songs of a Song Writer. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

BEVINGTON, L. S.—**Key Notes.** Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

BILLSON, C. J.—**The Acharnians of Aristophanes.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BOWEN, H. C., M.A.—**Simple English Poems.** English Literature for Junior Classes. In Four Parts. Parts I., II., and III., 6*d.* each, and Part IV., 1*s.*

BRYANT, W. C.—**Poems.** Red-line Edition. With 24 Illustrations and Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*
A Cheap Edition, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BYRNNE, E. Fairfax.—**Milicent:** a Poem. Small crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Calderon's Dramas: the Wonder-Working Magician—Life is a Dream—the Purgatory of St. Patrick. Translated by Denis Florence MacCarthy. Post 8vo, 10*s.*

Chronicles of Christopher Columbus. A Poem in 12 Cantos. By M. D. C. Small crown 8vo.

CLARKE, Mary Cowden.—**Honey from the Weed.** Verses. Crown 8vo, 7*s.*

COLOMB, Colonel.—**The Cardinal Archbishop:** a Spanish Legend. In 29 Cancions. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

CONWAY, Hugh.—**A Life's Idylls.** Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

COPPÉE, François.—**L'Exilée.** Done into English Verse, with the sanction of the Author, by I. O. L. Crown 8vo, vellum, 5*s.*

David Rizzio, Bothwell, and the Witch Lady. Three Tragedies by the author of "Ginevra," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

DAVIE, G. S., M.D.—**The Garden of Fragrance.** Being a complete translation of the Bostán of Sádi from the original Persian into English Verse. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

DAVIES, T. Hart.—**Catullus.** Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

DE VERE, Aubrey.—**The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age.** Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Alexander the Great: a Dramatic Poem. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

The Legends of St. Patrick, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

DE VERE, Aubrey.—continued.

St. Thomas of Canterbury: a Dramatic Poem. Large fcap. 8vo, 5*s.*

Legends of the Saxon Saints. Small crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Antar and Zara: an Eastern Romance. **Inisfail,** and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. Fcap. 8vo, 6*s.*

The Fall of Rora, The Search after Proserpine, and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. Fcap. 8vo, 6*s.*

The Infant Bridal, and other Poems. A New and Enlarged Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

DILLON, Arthur.—**River Songs and other Poems.** With 13 autotype Illustrations from designs by Margery May. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra, gilt leaves, 10*s.* 6*d.*

DOBELL, Mrs. Horace.—**Ethelstone, Eveline,** and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

DOBSON, Austin.—**Vignettes in Rhyme,** and Vers de Société. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5*s.*

Proverbs in Porcelain. By the Author of "Vignettes in Rhyme." Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Dorothy: a Country Story in Elegiac Verse. With Preface. Demy 8vo, 5*s.*

DOWDEN, Edward, LL.D.—**Poems.** Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5*s.*

Shakspere's Sonnets. With Introduction. Large post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

DOWNTON, Rev. H., M.A.—**Hymns and Verses.** Original and Translated. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

DUGMORE, Rev. Ernest Edward.—**From the Mountains of the East:** A Quasi-Dramatic Poem on the Story of the Prophet-Soothsayer Balaam. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

DUTT, Toru.—**A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields.** New Edition, with Portrait. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan. With an Introductory Memoir by Edmund W. Gosse. Small crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, 5*s.*

EDWARDS, Rev. Basil.—**Minor Chords;** or, Songs for the Suffering: a Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*; paper, 2*s.* 6*d.*

ELDRYTH, Maud.—**Margaret,** and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

ELLIOTT, Ebenezer, The Corn Law Rhymer.—**Poems.** Edited by his son, the Rev. Edwin Elliott, of St. John's, Antigua. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 18*s.*

English Odes. Selected, with a Critical Introduction by EDMUND W. GOSSE, and a miniature frontispiece by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A. Elzevir 8vo, limp parchment antique, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Epic of Hades, The. By the Author of "Songs of Two Worlds." Thirteenth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

*** Also an Illustrated Edition, with 17 full-page designs in photo-mezzotint by George R. Chapman. 4to, extra, gilt leaves, 25*s.*; and a Large Paper Edition, with Portrait, 10*s.* 6*d.*

EVANS, Anne.—**Poems and Music.** With Memorial Preface by ANN THACKERAY RITCHIE. Large crown 8vo, 7*s.*

GOSSE, Edmund W.—**New Poems.** Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

GROTE, A. R.—**Rip van Winkle:** a Sun Myth; and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, limp parchment antique, 5*s.*

GURNEY, Rev. Alfred.—**The Vision of the Eucharist,** and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Gwen: a Drama in Monologue. By the Author of the "Epic of Hades." Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5*s.*

HAWKER, Robt. Stephen.—**The Poetical Works of.** Now first collected and arranged. With a Prefatory Notice by J. G. Godwin. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 12*s.*

HELLON, H. G.—**Daphnis:** a Pastoral Poem. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

HICKEY, E. H.—**A Sculptor,** and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

HOLMES, E. G. A.—**Poems.** First and Second Series. Fcap. 8vo, 5*s.* each.

Horati Opera. Edited by F. A. CORNISH, Assistant Master at Eton. With a Frontispiece after a design by L. Alma Tadema, etched by Leopold Lowenstam. Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.*

INGHAM, Sarson, C. J.—**Cædmon's Vision, and other Poems.** Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

JENKINS, Rev. Canon.—**The Girdle Legend of Prato.** Small crown 8vo, 2*s.*

Alfonso Petrucci, Cardinal and Conspirator: an Historical Tragedy in Five Acts. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

KING, Mrs. Hamilton.—**The Disciples.** Fourth Edition, with Portrait and Notes. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Aspromonte, and other Poems. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

LANG, A.—XXXII Ballades in Blue China. Elzevir 8vo, parchment, 5*s.*

LEIGH, Arran and Isla.—Bellerophon. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

LEIGHTON, Robert.—Records, and other Poems. With Portrait. Small crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Living English Poets MDCCCLXXXII. With Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo. Printed on hand-made paper. Parchment, 12*s.*, vellum, 15*s.*

LOCKER, F.—London Lyrics. A New and Revised Edition, with Additions and a Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

*** Also a New and Cheaper Edition. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Love Sonnets of Proteus. With Frontispiece by the Author. Elzevir 8vo, 5*s.*

LOWNDES, Henry.—Poems and Translations. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

LUMSDEN, Lieut.-Col. H. W.—Beowulf: an Old English Poem. Translated into Modern Rhymes. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

MACLEAN, Charles Donald.—Latin and Greek Verse Translations. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.*

MAGNUSSON, Eirikr, M.A., and PALMER, E. H., M.A.—Johan Ludvig Runeberg's Lyrical Songs, Idylls, and Epigrams. Fcap. 8vo, 5*s.*

M.D.C.—Chronicles of Christopher Columbus. A Poem in Twelve Cantos. Small Crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

MEREDITH, Owen, The Earl of Lytton.—Lucile. With 160 Illustrations. Crown 4to, extra, gilt leaves, 21*s.*

MIDDLETON, The Lady.—Ballads. Square 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MOORE, Mrs. Bloomfield.—Gondaline's Lesson: The Warden's Tale, Stories for Children, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

MORICE, Rev. F. D., M.A.—The Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar. A New Translation in English Verse. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

MORRIS, Lewis.—Poetical Works of. New and cheaper Edition, with Portrait. Complete in 3 vols., 5*s.* each.

Vol. I. contains "Songs of Two Worlds." Vol. II. contains "The Epic of Hades." Vol. III. contains "Gwen" and "The Ode of Life."

MORSHEAD, E. D. A.—The House of Atreus. Being the Agamemnon, Libation-Bearers, and Furies of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo, 7*s.*

NADEN, Constance W.—Songs and Sonnets of Spring Time. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

NEWELL, E. J.—**The Sorrows of Simona and Lyrical Verses.** Small crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

NICHOLSON, Edward B.—**The Christ Child,** and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

NOAKE, Major R. Compton.—**The Bivouac; or, Martial Lyrist.** With an Appendix: Advice to the Soldier. Fcap. 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*

NOEL, The Hon. Roden.—**A Little Child's Monument.** Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

NORRIS, Rev. Alfred.—**The Inner and Outer Life Poems.** Fcap. 8vo, 6*s.*

Ode of Life, The. By the Author of "The Epic of Hades," etc. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

O'HAGAN, John.—**The Song of Roland.** Translated into English Verse. Large post 8vo, parchment antique, 10*s.* 6*d.*

PAUL, C. Kegan.—**Goethe's Faust.** A New Translation in Rhyme. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

PAYNE, John.—**Songs of Life and Death.** Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

PENNELL, H. Cholmondeley.—**Pegasus Resaddled.** By the Author of "Puck on Pegasus," etc., etc. With 10 Full-page Illustrations by George Du Maurier. Second Edition. Fcap. 4to, elegant, 12*s.* 6*d.*

PFEIFFER, Emily.—**Glan Alarch: His Silence and Song:** a Poem. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Gerard's Monument, and other Poems. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Quarterman's Grace, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Poems. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Sonnets and Songs. New Edition. 16mo, handsomely printed and bound in cloth, gilt edges, 4*s.*

Under the Aspens; Lyrical and Dramatic. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

PIKE, Warburton.—**The Inferno of Dante Allighieri.** Demy 8vo, 5*s.*

POE, Edgar Allan.—**Poems.** With an Essay on his Poetry by ANDREW LANG, and a Frontispiece by Linley Sambourne. Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.*

RHOADES, James.—**The Georgics of Virgil.** Translated into English Verse. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

ROBINSON, A. Mary F.—**A Handful of Honeysuckle.** Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Crowned Hippolytus. Translated from Euripides. With New Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

SAUNDERS, John.—**Love's Martyrdom.** A Play and Poem. Small crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

Schiller's Mary Stuart. German Text, with English Translation on opposite page by LEEDHAM WHITE. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Shakspere's Sonnets. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. With a Frontispiece etched by Leopold Lowenstam, after the Death Mask. Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Shakspere's Works. In 12 Monthly Volumes. Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.* each; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

SHAW, W. F., M.A.—**Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Catullus.** An Experiment in Translation. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe.—**Poems Selected from.** Dedicated to Lady Shelley. With Preface by Richard Garnett. Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Six Ballads about King Arthur. Crown 8vo, extra, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

SKINNER, James.—**Cœlestia.** The Manual of St. Augustine. The Latin Text side by side with an English Interpretation in Thirty-six Odes with Notes, *and* a plea *for the* study *of* Mystical Theology. Large crown 8vo, 6*s.*

SLADEN, Douglas B.—**Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and other Poems.** Small crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

Songs of Two Worlds. By the Author of "The Epic of Hades." Seventh Edition. Complete in One Volume, with Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Songs for Music. By Four Friends. Containing Songs by Reginald A. Gatty, Stephen H. Gatty, Greville J. Chester, and Juliana Ewing. Square crown 8vo, 5*s.*

STEDMAN, Edmund Clarence.—**Lyrics and Idylls,** with other Poems. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

STEVENS, William.—**The Truce of God,** and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

TAYLOR, Sir H.—Works Complete in Five Volumes. Crown 8vo, 30*s.*

TENNYSON, Alfred.—Works Complete:—

The Imperial Library Edition. Complete in 7 vols. Demy 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.* each; in Roxburgh binding, 12*s.* 6*d.* each.

Author's Edition. In 7 vols. Post 8vo, gilt 43*s.* 6*d.*; or half-morocco, Roxburgh style, 52*s.* 6*d.*

Cabinet Edition. 13 vols. Each with Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Cabinet Edition. 13 vols. Complete in handsome Ornamental Case. 35*s.*

TENNYSON, Alfred.—continued.

The Royal Edition. In 1 vol. With 26 Illustrations and Portrait. Extra, bevelled boards, gilt leaves, 21*s.*

The Guinea Edition. Complete in 13 vols. neatly bound and enclosed in box, 21*s.*; French morocco or parchment, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Shilling Edition. In 13 vols. pocket size, 1*s.* each, sewed.

The Crown Edition. Complete in 1 vol. strongly bound, 6*s.*; extra gilt leaves, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Roxburgh, half-morocco, 8*s.* 6*d.*

*** Can also be had in a variety of other bindings.

In Memoriam. With a Miniature Portrait in *eau-forte* by Le Rat, after a Photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron. Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Princess. A Medley. With a Miniature Frontispiece by H. M. Paget, and a Tailpiece in Outline by Gordon Browne. Parchment Library Edition, 6*s.*; vellum, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Songs Set to Music by various Composers. Edited by W. J. Cusins. Dedicated, by express permission, to Her Majesty the Queen. Royal 4to, extra, gilt leaves, 21*s.*; or in half-morocco, 25*s.*

Original Editions :—

Ballads, and other Poems. Small 8vo, 5*s.*

Poems. Small 8vo, 6*s.*

Maud, and other Poems. Small 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Princess. Small 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Idylls of the King. Small 8vo, 5*s.*

Idylls of the King. Complete. Small 8vo, 6*s.*

The Holy Grail, and other Poems. Small 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Gareth and Lynette. Small 8vo, 3*s.*

Enoch Arden, etc. Small 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

In Memoriam. Small 8vo, 4*s.*

Harold : a Drama. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Queen Mary : a Drama. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

The Lover's Tale. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Selections from the above Works. Super royal 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*; gilt extra, 4*s.*

Songs from the above Works. 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*; extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Idylls of the King, and other Poems. Illustrated by Julia Margaret Cameron. 2 vols. folio, half-bound morocco, £6 6*s.* each.

Tennyson for the Young and for Recitation. Specially arranged. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Tennyson Birthday Book. Edited by Emily Shakespear. 32mo, limp, 2*s.*; extra, 3*s.*

*** A superior Edition, printed in red and black, on antique paper, specially prepared. Small crown 8vo, extra, gilt leaves, 5*s.*; and in various calf and morocco bindings.

Horæ Tennysonianæ sive Eclogæ e Tennysono Latine Redditæ Cura A. J. Church, A.M. Small crown 8vo, 6*s.*

THOMPSON, Alice C.—**Preludes:** a Volume of Poems. Illustrated by Elizabeth Thompson (Painter of "The Roll Call"). 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

TODHUNTER, Dr. J.—**Laurella,** and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Forest Songs. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The True Tragedy of Rienzi: a Drama. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Alcestis: a Dramatic Poem. Extra fcap. 8vo, 5*s.*

A Study of Shelley. Crown 8vo, 7*s.*

Translations from Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Vittoria Colonna. Fcap. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

TURNER, Rev. C. Tennyson.—**Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations.** Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Collected Sonnets, Old and New. With Prefatory Poem by ALFRED TENNYSON; also some Marginal Notes by S. T. COLERIDGE, and a Critical Essay by JAMES SPEDDING. Fcap. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

WALTERS, Sophia Lydia.—**The Brook:** a Poem. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Dreamer's Sketch Book. With 21 Illustrations by Percival Skelton, R. P. Leitch, W. H. J. BOOT, and T. R. PRITCHETT. Engraved by J. D. Cooper. Fcap. 4to, 12*s.* 6*d.*

WATERFIELD, W.—**Hymns for Holy Days and Seasons.** 32mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

WAY, A., M.A.—**The Odes of Horace Literally Translated in Metre.** Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.*

WEBSTER, Augusta.—**Disguises:** a Drama. Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

In a Day: a Drama. Small crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Wet Days. By a Farmer. Small crown 8vo, 6*s.*

WILKINS, William.—**Songs of Study.** Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

WILLOUGHBY, The Hon. Mrs.—**On the North Wind—Thistledown:** a Volume of Poems. Elegantly bound, small crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

WOODS, James Chapman.—**A Child of the People, and other Poems.** Small crown 8vo, 5*s.*

YOUNG, Wm.—**Gottlob, etcetera.** Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

YOUNGS, Ella Sharpe.—**Paphus, and other Poems.** Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

WORKS OF FICTION IN ONE VOLUME.

BANKS, Mrs. G. L.—**God's Providence House.** New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BETHAM-EDWARDS, Miss M.—**Kitty.** With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Blue Roses; or, Helen Malinofska's Marriage. By the Author of "Véra." New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

FRISWELL, J. Hain.—**One of Two; or, The Left-Handed Bride.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

GARRETT, E.—**By Still Waters:** a Story for Quiet Hours. With 7 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

HARDY, Thomas.—**A Pair of Blue Eyes.** Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

The Return of the Native. New Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

HOOPER, Mrs. G.—**The House of Raby.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

INGELOW, Jean.—**Off the Skelligs:** a Novel. With Frontispiece. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

MACDONALD, G.—**Malcolm.** With Portrait of the Author engraved on Steel. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

The Marquis of Lossie. Fourth Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

St. George and St. Michael. Third Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

MASTERMAN, J.—**Half-a-Dozen Daughters.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MEREDITH, George.—**Ordeal of Richard Feverel.** New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

The Egoist: A Comedy in Narrative. New and Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

PALGRAVE, W. Gifford.—**Hermann Agha:** an Eastern Narrative. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Pandurang Hari; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With an Introductory Preface by Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, G.C.S.I., C.B. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

PAUL, Margaret Agnes.—**Gentle and Simple**; a Story. New and Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

SHAW, Flora L.—**Castle Blair**; a Story of Youthful Lives. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*.

STRETTON, Hesba.—**Through a Needle's Eye**: a Story. New and Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

TAYLOR, Col. Meadows, C.S.I., M.R.I.A.—**Seeta**: a Novel. New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

Tippoo Sultaun: a Tale of the Mysore War. New Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

Ralph Darnell. New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

A Noble Queen. New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

The Confessions of a Thug. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

Tara: a Mahratta Tale. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

THOMAS, Moy.—**A Fight for Life.** Crown 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Within Sound of the Sea. New and Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Aunt Mary's Bran Pie. By the Author of "St. Olave's." Illustrated. 3*s*. 6*d*.

BARLEE, Ellen.—**Locked Out**: a Tale of the Strike. With a Frontispiece. Royal 16mo, 1*s*. 6*d*.

BONWICK, J., F.R.G.S.—**The Tasmanian Lily.** With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

Mike Howe, the Bushranger of Van Diemen's Land. New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Brave Men's Footsteps. A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. By the Editor of "Men who have Risen." With 4 Illustrations by C. Doyle. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Children's Toys, and some Elementary Lessons in General Knowledge which they teach. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

COLERIDGE, Sara. — **Pretty Lessons in Verse for Good Children**, with some Lessons in Latin, in Easy Rhyme. A New Edition. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*.

COXHEAD, Ethel.—**Birds and Babies.** Imp. 16mo. With 33 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*

D'ANVERS, N. R.—**Little Minnie's Troubles:** an Every-day Chronicle. With 4 Illustrations by W. H. Hughes. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Parted: a Tale of Clouds and Sunshine. With 4 Illustrations. Extra fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Pixie's Adventures; or, the Tale of a Terrier. With 21 Illustrations. 16mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Nanny's Adventures: or, the Tale of a Goat. With 12 Illustrations. 16mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

DAVIES, G. Christopher.—**Rambles and Adventures of our School Field Club.** With 4 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

DRUMMOND, Miss.—**Tripp's Buildings.** A Study from Life, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

EDMONDS, Herbert.—**Well Spent Lives:** a Series of Modern Biographies. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

EVANS, Mark.—**The Story of our Father's Love,** told to Children. Fourth and Cheaper Edition of Theology for Children. With 4 Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

FARQUHARSON, M.

I. **Elsie Dinsmore.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

II. **Elsie's Girlhood.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

III. **Elsie's Holidays at Roselands.** Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

HERFORD, Brooke.—**The Story of Religion in England:** a Book for Young Folk. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

INGELOW, Jean.—**The Little Wonder-horn.** With 15 Illustrations. Small 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

JOHNSON, Virginia W.—**The Catskill Fairies.** Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. 5*s.*

KER, David.—**The Boy Slave in Bokhara:** a Tale of Central Asia. With Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Wild Horseman of the Pampas. Illustrated. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

LAMONT, Martha MacDonald.—**The Gladiator:** a Life under the Roman Empire in the beginning of the Third Century. With 4 Illustrations by H. M. Paget. Extra fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

LEANDER, Richard.—**Fantastic Stories.** Translated from the German by Paulina B. Granville. With 8 Full-page Illustrations by M. E. Fraser-Tytler. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

LEE, Holme.—**Her Title of Honour.** A Book for Girls. New Edition. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

LEWIS, Mary A.—**A Rat with Three Tales.** New and Cheaper Edition. With 4 Illustrations by Catherine F. Frere. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MAC KENNA, S. J.—**Plucky Fellows.** A Book for Boys. With 6 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

At School with an Old Dragoon. With 6 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mc CLINTOCK, L.—**Sir Spangle and the Dingy Hen.** Illustrated. Square crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

MALDEN, H. E.—**Princes and Princesses: Two Fairy Tales.** Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Master Bobby. By the Author of "Christina North." With 6 Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

NAAKE, J. T.—**Slavonic Fairy Tales.** From Russian, Servian, Polish, and Bohemian Sources. With 4 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

PELLETAN, E.—**The Desert Pastor, Jean Jarousseau.** Translated from the French. By Colonel E. P. De L'Hoste. With a Frontispiece. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

REANEY, Mrs. G. S.—**Waking and Working; or, From Girlhood to Womanhood.** New and Cheaper Edition. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Blessing and Blessed: a Sketch of Girl Life. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Rose Gurney's Discovery. A Book for Girls. Dedicated to their Mothers. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

English Girls: Their Place and Power. With Preface by the Rev. R. W. Dale. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Just Anyone, and other Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Sunbeam Willie, and other Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Sunshine Jenny, and other Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*

ROSS, Mrs. E. ("Nelsie Brook")—**Daddy's Pet.** A Sketch from Humble Life. With 6 Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1*s.*

SADLER, S. W., R.N.—**The African Cruiser: a Midshipman's Adventures on the West Coast.** With 3 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Seeking his Fortune, and other Stories. With 4 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, *2s. 6d.*

Seven Autumn Leaves from Fairy Land. Illustrated with 9 Etchings. Square crown 8vo, *3s. 6d.*

STOCKTON, Frank R.—**A Jolly Fellowship.** With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, *5s.*

STORR, Francis, and TURNER, Hawes.—**Canterbury Chimes;** or, Chaucer Tales retold to Children. With 6 Illustrations from the Ellesmere MS. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, *3s. 6d.*

STRETTON, Hesba.—**David Lloyd's Last Will.** With 4 Illustrations. New Edition. Royal 16mo, *2s. 6d.*

The Wonderful Life. Sixteenth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, *2s. 6d.*

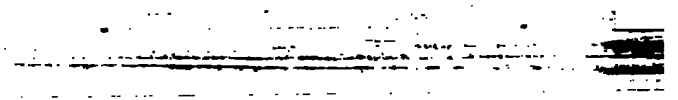
Sunnyland Stories. By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Bran Pie.' Illustrated. Second Edition. Small 8vo, *3s. 6d.*

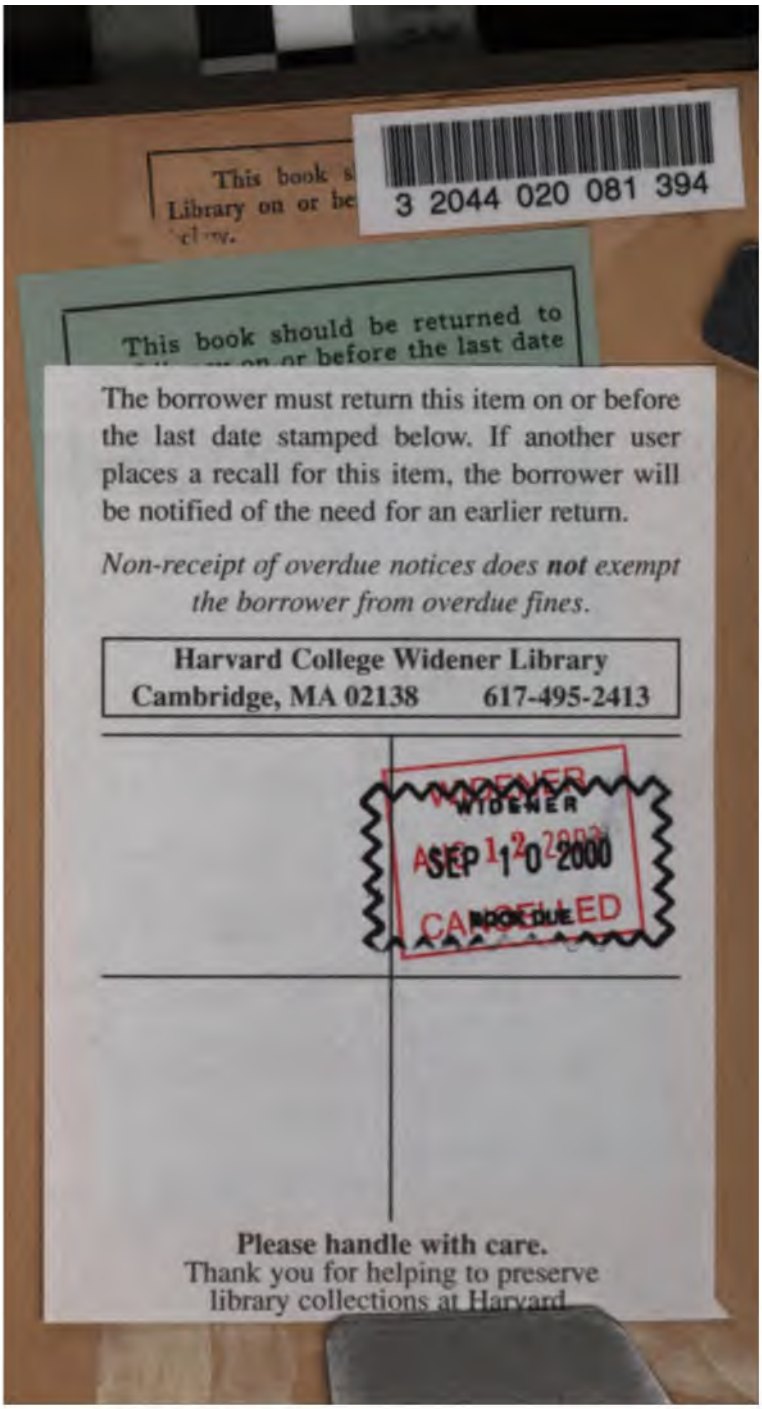
Tales from Ariosto Re-told for Children. By a Lady. With 3 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, *4s. 6d.*

WHITAKER, Florence.—**Christy's Inheritance.** A London Story. Illustrated. Royal 16mo, *1s. 6d.*

ZIMMERN, H.—**Stories in Precious Stones.** With 6 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, *5s.*

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.





This book s
Library on or be
clay.

3 2044 020 081 394

This book should be returned to
on or before the last date

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

*Non-receipt of overdue notices does **not** exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413

WIDENER
WIDENER
AUG 12 2003
SEP 10 2000
BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to preserve library collections at Harvard.